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All communications of a business nature should be addressed to the Managing Editor.

THE staff of 1888-9 makes its little bow to the JOURNAL readers, and offers them herewith its first contribution to volume sixteen. They will see that it is not wholly the JOURNAL of the past. We shall show them something in the line of dress in our next issue which will make it, we hope, yet more agreeable to the eye.

* * *

OF one or two things our readers may be assured; chief among which is this—we are going to make this JOURNAL read if we have to make the town red to do it. Does any one hint that it has been asleep for the past three years? We answer that this staff only pays for recent intelligence. But an if such an one should enrol himself among the sons of the prophets and affirm that it will slumber this year also—Bismillah! but we will gird up our loins and smite him hip and thigh for an infidel devourer of the truth.

A UNIVERSITY paper should have two especial characteristics. It should represent every phase of college life, and it should have a high literary character. We have not lost sight of these two requirements in the present issue, and we shall not forget them in the future.

* * *

IT will be observed that there is a theatrical column in this issue. This has been added for the sake of the students in Divinity—a very worthy class of young men, who have been neglected by the JOURNAL in the past, but to whose interests we propose to give a personal and paternal attention in the days to come.

* * *

WE take this opportunity of tendering Mr. W. C. Martin our thanks for the seat in the Opera House which he has so kindly placed at our disposal for the season. At the same time we congratulate the JOURNAL readers on the opportunity which they will have of keeping in touch with the news of the theatrical world. May the season be such an one as shall bring to the opera house and its genial proprietor a very material increase in shekels.

* * *

WHAT connection is there between the production of a poem, a play, a novel, and algebraic or geometric formula? And yet they who propose to devote their lives to the creation of the former are compelled to wear their hearts out in grinding up the latter. Now we do not propose to ask whether such a course is right or wrong absolutely. We only desire to call attention to this fact—that the literary spirits of the University are a unit in thinking that they are unfairly treated in the matter.

* * *

CERTAINLY the curriculum of the University, while it has undergone about as many metamorphoses as Proteus of old to suit the requirements of all other classes of students, has remained for the literary man like the law of the Medes and Persians, which altereth not.

* * *

DOES any one ask what is our chief cause of complaint? We answer with the brevity of a Spartan and the stern wisdom which cometh of practical experience—Mathematics. Now, certainly, to write a novel, a poem or a play furnishes as good evidence of having merited a degree as to pass an examination in Junior Mathematics. It needs only a very ordinary per-

son indeed to do the latter; but it requires a quite uncommon one to do the former. To create is certainly as conclusive evidence of ability as to imitate. And when all these creations must conform to certain well known canons of good literature, such a literary product is quite as good proof of hard work as passing an examination which is the result oftentimes of either cramming or cribbing—or both.

* * *

FOR these, and other reasons which might be urged, we hope that the time is near when there will be in Queen's an option between Junior Mathematics and original literary work; and when such a step is taken, and not till then, will this University, in the opinion of many of those who love her best, exercise the highest function of a University—act as a nursery for the national literature in the days to be.

* * *

WHILE we extend to Professor Cappon our congratulations upon the gallant following of young ladies and gentlemen which he already has, and while we hail every accession to the ranks of students of literature as an omen of good for the future of our University, it must not be forgotten that attendance upon a course of lectures, however excellent, will not create a literary spirit; nor will it give one literary culture. Nothing can do this save study of the works which make up our literature.

* * *

“STRIKE—but hear me!” said the Athenian to the Spartan; and if we offend the prejudices of any of our readers by the views we hold, to them we say the same. One of the greatest curses in the systems of education of our century is their superficiality. We meet on every hand and every day of our existence, people of both sexes who are, as far as literary knowledge goes, infants in swaddling clothes, who can yet write you out a critique of Browning, Shelley, or Shakespeare *a la mode*; who can sum up their beauties and defects in a single sentence—caught at first or second hand from some modern authority in *belles lettres*—while at the same time they know no more of the works of these men than they do of the Zendavesta.

* * *

COLERIDGE, for example, has given us an analysis of Shakespeare. “How much better he knew Shakespeare than we can ever know him! The wisest of men tell us that they are seeing every day beauties in him which they had never before known. How worse than foolish of us, then, to attempt to study him by ourselves!” And so the farce goes on; and, as a result, instead of the virile independence of mind which gave our fathers the literary supremacy of the earth, we bid fair to present to after times the spectacle of a generation which not only lacked the genius to create anything of its own, but even the ability to read intelligently what other ages had created for it.

THE cause of this is not far to seek. Lectures, oral and written, have taken the place largely of individual effort. “Of making many books there is no end.” If this was true in Solomon's time, how much more in ours. All great authors of the past, and some of the present, have commentators *ad infinitum*; and men to-day, instead of studying the poet or novelist himself, study—what other men think of him.

* * *

WHAT a contrast to all this hypocritical humility, or mental bankruptcy, is the brusque language of Dr. Johnson! “When should we commence to study Shakespeare? In boyhood. Take him up then and read him *through*. If the boy does not sound all the depths of the great bard at first, neither does he at once fathom all of life.” This is the sum of the whole matter. Every day's practical experience of life increases his knowledge, and therefore his appreciation and understanding, of Shakespeare. And conversely every day's study of Shakespeare increases his understanding and appreciation of the responsibilities and duties of life. There is a mutual interaction between them.

* * *

IF this be true of the greatest of our poets, how is it less so of the less? So that lectures in English literature are of advantage to two classes of people, and in two ways. They point the ignorant to the authors whence they may derive knowledge; and they tend to render more definite and accurate the knowledge which they already possess who have studied these works beforehand. But as for those who attend and get up the lectures and nothing more, they are apt to come forth from the classroom with a conceit of knowledge quite out of proportion to that which they actually possess, and with a superficiality of culture which, while satisfying to the individual, is more than hurtful to the community. We are aware that it is out of the fashion to quote Pope in these times, but we care as little for fashion as we do for the modern educational methods, and he serves here to clinch a truth as well as anyone we know:—

“A little learning is a dangerous thing;

Drink deep—or taste not the Pierian spring!”

* * *

“HEAR the conclusion of the whole matter.” If the above argument is of force to the students, and we hold that it is, it is of no less importance to the Faculty itself. The University which shall have the widest influence in our new country is not of necessity that which has the largest equipment or the most extensive endowment. But it is that one which shall do most to the encouragement and development of the literary spirit. We cannot hope to compete, with any measure of success, against the laboratories of Toronto and some American Universities. But in literature we can, and should, hold our own against the world.

✻ LITERATURE. ✻

TANTALUS.

Magnus inter opes inops.—Horace.

Like to that Lydian King whose palace towers
 Rose 'neath the craggy steep of Sipylus,
 And whom, for foul impiety to Zeus,
 A gracious heavenly guest, the cruel powers
 Forever mock with shows of fruits and flowers
 And cooling streams in shadowy Tartarus,—
 But his parched lips those waves may never sluice,
 And hunger's gnawing pain his frame devours,—
 I, while my heart with nature's loveliness
 Is thrilled, life's grandeur, and love's ecstasy,
 And while the beckoning hours pass smiling by,
 Vainly would grasp a dream of happiness.
 Health lights our seasons with the bloom of joy,
 Else are we cursed with gifts which seem to bless.

R. W. SHANNON.

Kingston.

HORACE.—ODE XI, BOOK IST.

Strive not, Leuconoë, to know what end
 The gods above to thee and me will send :
 Nor with astrologers consult at all
 That thou may'st better know what may befall.
 Whether thou liv'st more winters, or thy last
 Bethis, which Tyrrhene waves 'gainst rocks do cast ;
 Be wise, drink free, and in so short a space
 Do not protracted hopes of life embrace.
 Whilst we are talking, envious time doth slide :
 This day's thine own, the next may be denied.

SIR THOMAS HAWKINS.

MATERIALISM.

The shores of Styx are lone forevermore,
 And not one shadowy form upon the steep
 Looms through the dusk, far as the eye can sweep,
 To call the ferry over as of yore ;
 But tintless rushes all about the shore [sleep,
 Have hemmed the old boat in, while, locked in
 Hoar-bearded Charon lies; while pale weeds creep
 With tightening grasp all round the unused oar.
 For in the world of life strange rumors run
 That now the soul departs not with the breath,
 But that the body and the soul are one ;
 And in the loved one's mouth, now, after death,
 The widow puts no obol, nor the son,
 To pay the ferry in the world beneath.

EUGENE LEE HAMILTON.

MY DOG.

We two are together in the study, my dog and I....
 Outside a fearful storm is raging.
 The dog sits before me, and gazes straight into my eyes.

He seems as if he must say something to me. He is dumb, has no language, no ideas of his own. Still I understand him.

I understand that the same feeling exists in him as in myself : that there is no distinction between us. We are homogeneous ; the same flickering little flame glows and shines in each of us.

Death draws near, one single touch of his cold, mighty wing.... And that is the end !

Who can discern, then what special flame glows in each of us ?

No !.... It was not merely a man and an animal gazing mutually at each other. They were not two pairs of eyes, belonging to equal beings, that criticized each other. And in each of these pairs of eyes—in the animal's as well as the man's—one existence anxiously humbled itself before another that was its equal.

IVAN TURGENIEF.

Feb., 1878.

A POSTAL.

To John Rhode, Esq., Boston.

From Tybee, John, from joyless Georgian Tybee,
 From godless, graceless Tybee by the sea,
 Whereon at present a sojourner I be,
 A word from me.

Fill high the bowl and fill it to o'erflowing ;
 High let the flagon flash and flare and foam !
 For Thursday next I'm going, going, going,
 I'm going home.

I hate to leave (God bless the loves !) the ladies
 With their dark eyes and smiles that thrill me so ;
 But *peste !* the atmosphere is hot as—Hades,
 And I must go.

So, please the gods, then, and the wind blows steady
 And favoring, Thursday next I'll blow the foam
 From off a cup—be sure and have it ready !—
 With you at home.

From "Lyrics" by

GEORGE F. CAMERON.

LITERATURE OF THE WORLD.

GREECE.

C. Zographos, a wealthy Greek, has given the Greek Philological Society of Constantinople the money to bring out better editions of the ancient writers of his country. The first two instalments have been published and are of importance. M. Semitelos has edited the "Antigone," and suggested in his notes many excellent emendations. The "Phoenissae" of Euripides, edited by M. Bernardakis, is the second, and is a distinct contribution to classical literature. Alexander Paspatis has written a work upon the dialects of modern Greece. M. Dimitras has published a monograph upon Olympias, mother of Alexander the Great, in which he defends her warmly.

AUSTRIA.

The Archduke Joseph has written a book upon the language of the Hungarian gypsies. It is a notable contribution to Aryan philology. Partly to philology and partly to history belongs "The Origin of the Roumanian Nation and Language," by M. S. Réthy. It furnishes unmistakable proof that the Roumanians cannot be the offspring of any Roman colony upon the lower Danube, but are a conglomeration of Dacians and Thracians, who borrowed from their conquerors some popular Romance language. Bela Grimwald has written a fascinating book, "Old Hungary," which has created a profound sensation. M. Alexander Varady's "Dr. Faust" is perhaps the most important novel of the year.

RUSSIA.

The death of V. Garshin has taken away one of her most promising writers. He went through two Balkan wars and his "Four days of a Wounded Soldier," showed strength akin to Tolstoi's. Losing his mind he was for some time in an asylum, and when he recovered wrote "The Red Flower," a striking tale of madness, in which the insane man, knowing himself to be insane, makes superhuman efforts to destroy a red poppy, because he thinks it stained with the blood of all who have suffered. Sadness is a marked characteristic of all the novels of the past years. There is in Russia a special branch of literature created by Gleb UsPENSTER, which belongs at the same time to fiction and to ethnography in the best sense of the word. In his "A Ticket," and in "Figures in Life," he discusses the woman question among the peasantry.

ITALY.

The founding of professorships of Dante at Rome, and by Leo XII. in the Theological Seminary, have resulted in much work upon the great poet of Italy. So far, however, the result has been rather barren. The movement towards historical studies continues and some noted works have been produced. Few works of fiction have been published, and those are second class.

GERMANY.

The unlimited flow of lyrical sentiments in Germany bears a natural relation to the anarchical dislike to law and authority, and the poetic socialism of authors can tolerate the inner bonds of common intellectual and artistic views, but no government form without nor compulsion in externals. The "Song of Humanity" by Heinrich Herf is an epic of the human race. Some portions of the work are beautiful, but it is terribly long. Max Nordan has published his first novel, "Illness of the century," and he denounces Pessimism as the special disease of the age. Bleibtre in his "History of English Literature," proves himself a warm admirer of Byron, and shows great hostility to Disraeli.

LITERARY GOSSIP.

There has been considerable talk lately about Mrs. author Humphrey Ward, the intellectual and erudite of "Robert Elsmere." She is a niece of Matthew

Arnold and bears a strong resemblance to him. Her expressions in conversation are brilliant. She has a fine figure and is extremely graceful. She has the good fortune to be the wife of a man whose scholarly tastes and literary achievement must insure the closest sympathy between them of thought and aim. So says Louise Chandler Moulton.

* * *

Ella Wheeler Wilcox is writing one or two novels for the papers. She does not care for this sort of literary work, however. She prefers to write verse. But the novels pay better and she likes money with which to buy pretty, new *Directoire* gowns. She is said to have beautiful red-brown burnished hair, and to have improved in appearance since her marriage.

* * *

The erotic character of her work has produced three legitimate offspring—Amelie Rives, Laura Libbey and Laura Daintrey. They have founded a school which may properly be called the fleshly-sensational. Of the books of the three above mentioned Laura Daintrey's *Eros* is at once the best and the worst.

* * *

Miss Hutchinson, the talented and scholarly collaborator of Mr. Steadman in the Library of American Literature, is a tall, fair haired, extremely good looking woman, who cares little for society and gives her days and evenings to work. She is the book reviewer of the *Tribune*, and with Hazelton of the *Sun* stands at the head of the New York critics.

* * *

Marion Crawford may be fairly conceded first place among the young American novelists. His style is irreproachable. He combines poetry, imagination, intellect and epigrammatic strength in his work, and has not been guilty of a touch of crudeness from the beginning. Many of the American and English critics deny him genius, but this is a matter on which there is not perfect unanimity of opinion between these gentry and the world.

* * *

Mr. George Moore, the author of "Confessions of a Young Man," is a little over thirty. He is tall and slight and his face has a curious V-shaped look, wide at top and narrow at the bottom. He is an Irishman by birth and a Frenchman by preference. His youth and money he spent in dissipation in Paris. Returning to London, he offered his work "A Mummers Wife," to nearly every house in England without success. He then rewrote it in French and going to Paris found a publisher there. One of the English houses had the work translated, and published a pirated edition, an action which raised the wrath of Mr. Moore. The sale of his works in London has been largely stimulated by his quarrel with Mudie, who threw them out on the ground that they were unfit for reading. Mr. Moore has retorted with some choice articles on the subject of "Mudie—The Dry Nurse of Literature." We may hear more of Moore anon.

FROM GEORGE MOORE'S CONFESSIONS OF
A YOUNG MAN.

"MY soul, so far as I understand it, has very kindly taken color and form from the many various modes of life that self-will and an impetuous temperament have forced me to indulge in. Therefore I may say that I am free from original qualities, defects, tastes, etc. What I have I acquire, or, to speak more exactly, chance bestows, and still bestows, upon me. I came into the world apparently with a nature like a smooth sheet of wax, bearing no impress, but capable of receiving any; of being molded into all shapes. Nor am I exaggerating when I say I think that I might equally have been a Pharaoh, an ostler, an archbishop, and that in the fulfilment of the duties of each a certain measure of success would have been mine. I have felt the goad of many impulses, I have hunted many a trail; when one scent failed another was taken up, and pursued with the pertinacity of an instinct rather than the fervor of a reasoned conviction. Sometimes, it is true, there came moments of weariness, of despondency, but they were not enduring: a word spoken, a book read, or yielding to the attraction of environment, I was soon off in another direction, forgetful of past failures. Intricate, indeed, was the labyrinth of my desires; all lights were followed with the same ardor, all cries were eagerly responded to: they came from the right, they came from the left, from every side. But one cry was more persistent, and as the years passed I learned to follow it with increasing vigor, and my strayings grew fewer and the way wider. I was eleven years old when I first heard and obeyed this cry, or, shall I say, echo-augury? Scene: A great family coach, drawn by two powerful country horses, lumbers along a narrow Irish road. The ever recurrent signs—the long ranges of blue mountains, the streak of bog, the rotting cabin, the flock of plover rising from the desolate water. Inside the coach there are two children. They are smart, with new jackets and neckties; their faces are pale with sleep, and the rolling of the coach makes them feel a little sick. It is seven o'clock in the morning. Opposite the children are their parents, and they are talking of a novel the world is reading. Did Lady Audley murder her husband? Lady Audley! What a beautiful name; and she, who is a slender, pale, fairy-like woman, killed her husband. Such thoughts flash through the boy's mind; his imagination is stirred and quickened, and he begs for an explanation. The coach lumbers along, it arrives at its destination, and Lady Audley is forgotten in the delight of tearing down fruit trees and killing a cat. But when we returned home I took the first opportunity of stealing the novel in question. I read it eagerly, passionately, vehemently. I read its successor, and its successor. I read until I came to a book called *The Doctor's Wife*—a lady who loved Shelley and Byron. There was magic, there was revelation in the name, and Shelley became my soul's divinity. Why did I love Shelley? Why was I not attracted to Byron? I

cannot say. Shelley! Oh, that crystal name, and his poetry also crystalline. I must see it, I must know him. Escaping from the school-room, I ransacked the library, and at last my ardor was rewarded. The book—a small pocket edition in red boards, no doubt long out of print—opened at the *Sensitive Plant*. Was I disappointed? I think I had expected to understand better; but I had no difficulty in assuming that I was satisfied and delighted. And henceforth the little volume never left my pocket, and I read the dazzling stanzas by the shores of a pale green Irish lake, comprehending little and loving a great deal. Byron, too, was often with me, and these poets were the ripening influence of years otherwise merely nervous and boisterous. And my poets were taken to school, because it pleased me to read '*Queen Mab*' and '*Cain*' amid the priests and ignorance of a hateful Roman Catholic college. And there my poets saved me from intellectual savagery; for I was incapable at that time of learning anything. What determined and incorrigible idleness! I used to gaze fondly on a book, holding my head between my hands, and allowing my thoughts to wander far into dreams and thin imaginings. Neither Latin, nor Greek, nor French, nor History, nor English composition could I learn, unless, indeed, my curiosity or personal interest was excited,—then I made rapid strides in that branch of knowledge to which my attention was directed. A mind hitherto dark seemed suddenly to grow clear, and it remained clear and bright enough so long as passion was in me; but as it died, so the mind clouded and recoiled to its original obtuseness. Couldn't, with wouldn't, was in my case curiously involved; nor have I in this respect ever been able to correct my natural temperament. I have always remained powerless to do anything unless moved by a powerful desire. The natural end to such school-days as mine was expulsion. I was expelled when I was sixteen, for idleness and general worthlessness."

After a curious boyhood, a delirium with books and a wild mental dance with English literature, the young man becomes possessed with the sudden idea that he must go to France.

"France! The word rang in my ears and gleamed in my eyes. France! All my senses sprang from sleep like a crew when the man on the look-out cries, Land ahead! Instantly I knew I should, that I must, go to France, that I would live there, that I would become as a Frenchman. I knew not when, nor how, but I knew I should go to France. Then my father died, and I suddenly found myself heir to considerable property—some three or four thousand a year; and then I knew that I was free to enjoy life as I pleased; no further trammels, no further need of being a soldier, of being anything but myself; eighteen, with life and France before me! At last the day came, and with several trunks and boxes full of clothes, books and pictures, I started, accompanied by an English valet, for Paris and Art."

The portion of the book devoted to the young man's life in Paris and France is a delight and a wonder. The reader is swept over the subject with the rush and the recklessness of the wind. One is brought face to face with pictures beyond the ordinary sight and ken. Art, Music, and the Drama, high and low life—everything in broken but delightful bits. Philosophy and dissipation stroll together hand in hand. French literature is picked up and the wonderful gamut run with an indescribable touch, and in a manner the very essence of abandon. The reader will be fascinated. If not empty-headed the reader will also learn. We give but a few queer paragraphs.

"A year passed: a year of art and dissipation—one part art, two parts dissipation. We mounted and descended at pleasure the rounds of society's ladder. One evening we would spend at Constant's, Rue de la Gaîté, in the company of thieves and housebreakers; on the following evening we were dining with a duchess or a princess in the Champs Elysées. And we prided ourselves vastly on our versatility in using with equal facility the language of the 'fence's' parlor and that of the literary salon; on being able to appear as much at home in one as in the other. Delighted at our prowess, we often whispered, 'The princess, I swear, would not believe her eyes if she saw us now;' and then in terrible slang we shouted a benediction on some 'crib' that was going to be broken into that evening. And we thought there was something very thrilling in leaving the Rue de la Gaîté, returning home to dress, and presenting our spotless selves to the *élite*. And we succeeded very well, as indeed all young men do who waltz perfectly and avoid making love to the wrong woman.

"I still read and spoke of Shelley with a rapture of joy,—he was still my soul. But this craft, fashioned of mother-o'-pearl, with starlight at the helm and moonbeams for sails, suddenly ran on a reef and went down, not out of sight, but out of the agitation of actual life. The reef was Gautier; I read Mlle. de Maupin. The reaction was as violent as it was sudden. I was weary of spiritual passion, and this great exaltation of the body above the soul at once conquered and led me captive; this plain scorn of a world as exemplified in lacerated saints and a crucified Redeemer opened up to me illimitable prospects of fresh beliefs, and therefore new joys in things and new revolts against all that had come to form part and parcel of the commonalty of mankind. Till now I had not even remotely suspected that a deification of flesh and fleshly desire was possible; Shelley's teaching had been, while accepting the body, to dream of the soul as a star, and so preserve our ideal; but now suddenly I saw, with delightful clearness and with intoxicating conviction, that by looking without shame and accepting with love the flesh I might raise it to as high a place and within as divine a light as ever the soul had been set in. The ages were as an aureole, and I stood as if enchanted before the noble nakedness of the elder gods: not in the

infamous nudity that sex has preserved in this modern world, but the clean pagan nude,—a love of life and beauty, the broad fair breast of a boy, the long flanks, the head thrown back; the bold, fearless gaze of Venus is lovelier than the lowered glance of the Virgin, and I cried with my master that the blood that flowed upon Mount Calvary '*ne m'a jamais baigné dans ses flots.*'"

THE FOOTLIGHTS.

STANDING room only," were the words which met the eyes of those who frequented the opera house, on Wednesday evening, Nov. 7th, to see Mr. Palmer's company produce "Jim the Penman." One of the heroines, for the drama has two, was Miss Petrie, ("which her stage name is" Evelyn Campbell), an old acquaintance of Kingstonians. We append

THE CAST:

James Ralston	Joseph Whiting
Louis Percival	C. Handyside
Baron Hartfield	H. Fytinge
Captain Redwood	W. J. Ferguson
Lord Drelinecourt	Hardy Vernon
Jack Ralston	J. B. Hollis
Mr. Chapstone, Q. C.	W. H. Pope
Dr. Pettywise	Lysander Thompson
Mr. Netherby, M. P.	John Findlay
George—A Servant	Edwin Stancliff
Nina Ralston	Ada Dyas
Agnes	Evelyn Campbell
Lady Dunscome	Jennie Eustace
Mrs. Carpenter	Courtney Raymond

* * *

There is nothing particularly striking or original in the plot, which is simply that of a forger who has covered his tracks so carefully that he is received in London society as a financier of repute, an intimate of the party in power in the House of Commons, and later a member of the House himself. His wife he won from his "own familiar friend" by forging letters from one to the other; and these letters are in the end the means which lead to the discovery of his true character as "Jim the Penman." The parts were excellently sustained throughout, those of Nina Ralston, Baron Hartfield, James Ralston and Capt. Redwood being worthy of especial notice. Miss Petrie in Agnes, the forger's daughter and *fiancee* of Lord Drelinecourt, had a simple, light part, requiring no great powers, and which for this reason she satisfactorily filled. As to the *higher* histrionic ability which some of her admirers claim to find in her, while we do not deny its existence, we saw none of it in this programme, and we should be greatly surprised to find it in any other.

* * *

At the reception tendered Miss Petrie by the wives of the officers of the Barracks, there was a good sprinkling of Queen's men and cadets, and the votaries of Terpsichore

cultivated her assiduously to the "wee sma' hours." The guest of the evening is certainly a social favorite here, and is to be congratulated upon the reception tendered her by her admirers in the old Limestone city.

* * *

The American stage, on September 21st last, lost, in the death of William Warren, its most eminent comedian. In days like ours, when effrontery passes coin for ability, and superficiality is the rule and not the exception, the stage could ill afford to lose him whose genius has been for nearly half a century one of her chiefest glories. The total number of his impersonations is 580 in 13,359 performances. Light lie the dust upon him!

* * *

M. Coquelin, who is to France what Gilbert has been and is to England and Warren to America, the greatest name in the Comedy of his country, is making a tour of the United States, and lectured a few days ago on "The Art of the Comedian" in the theatre of Harvard college. The building was packed to the doors and the students gave the old artist a royal welcome. The lecture was in French and closely read from the manuscript. The Boston press speaks highly of the effort.

* * *

The star of the season will be Campanini, the famous tenor. He will appear on December 5th.

ADDRESS TO LORD STANLEY.

SHORTLY after 12 o'clock on Thursday, Sept. 14th, many of the friends of Queen's and quite a number of the graduates residing in the city assembled in Convocation Hall to receive the Governor-General. A few minutes after the half-hour the Governor-General and suite entered the hall, when Chancellor Fleming presented him with the following address:—

To the Right Honorable Lord Stanley, G.C.B., Governor-General of Canada, etc.:

May it please Your Excellency:

Your Excellency has been good enough, in your first visit to this part of Canada, to honor Queen's University by entering within the walls of the college building.

This is the period of vacation, and we regret the absence of the Principal, many of the Professors and the students.

We take upon ourselves, however, to represent them, and on their behalf, and on behalf of the Council, the Trustees, the Senate, and the body of benefactors, we desire to give an expression of cordial welcome to Your Excellency.

With Your Excellency's permission, we embrace this opportunity of supplying a few words of information with respect to this seat of learning.

More than half a century back Kingston was selected as the most central and suitable locality for establishing an institution for the higher education of the youth of Canada.

In the year 1841 Her Majesty granted the royal charter under which the work of higher education has ever since been carried on, and graciously permitted the University to bear her name.

Like all the ancient Universities of the old world, Queen's has had her trials and vicissitudes; but we are pleased to state to Your Excellency that she has now been placed on a sound and permanent footing.

This seat of learning opens its doors to all, and its great aim and object is to provide an education unsurpassed in usefulness and excellence.

That satisfactory progress has of recent years been made may be judged from the steady increase of the number of students in attendance.

At the period of the Confederation of the Canadian provinces (1867) the number of students was 197; in 1877, 172; and in 1887, 425.

Queen's University is established and maintained by private munificence. Last year, in honor of Her Majesty's Jubilee, the friends of the institution added to the Endowment Fund a quarter of a million dollars.

Queen's has enjoyed the sympathetic interest of Your Excellency's immediate predecessors—Lord Dufferin, Lord Lorne and Lord Lansdowne—and Her Royal Highness the Princess Louise assisted at the laying of the foundation stone of this building.

Your Excellency has already, since your arrival in Canada, evinced a desire to encourage sound education, and your presence here to-day is an earnest of that desire, for which we are most grateful.

Your Excellency will feel with us how much the future of our Dominion depends on the character of the education given and on the means taken for its diffusion. It has been in the past, and it shall be in the future, our earnest endeavor to impart to our students a high literary and scientific culture, and to induce to independent search after truth. At the same time it shall always be our desire to cultivate a high morality and to promote a feeling of loyal devotion to Her Majesty the Queen.

It affords us a double pleasure that Your Excellency is accompanied on this occasion by Lady Stanley, to whom also we would present our most respectful welcome.

LORD STANLEY'S REPLY.

Lord Stanley thanked the Chancellor and the members of the University for their cordial welcome to the academic halls. He regretted that his first visit had to be made at a time when the College was not in session, but hoped to be able at some future time to visit Queen's again and observe the work of education in progress. "All educationists," said Lord Stanley, "are agreed as to the necessity—I was going to say advisability, but I use the stronger word in preference—of an education that would carry into the heart of man a love for learning for its own sake, and not for what it would bring in the market. In a new country it is true that man's mind naturally is directed to the study of the practical, to the exclusion of the ideal as it exists in art, literature or philosophy.

There is therefore all the greater need for paying attention to these higher cravings of the human spirit. For this work Queen's, a happy combination of the practical and the ideal, was well qualified to fit men for the requirements of this country while carefully promoting the higher culture of its students. This he could say confidently, for he had heard more than once of the good work which this University had done and was still doing in the cause of higher education. His predecessors had encouraged the efforts of the University, and it would be his desire to do as much.

Thanking the Chancellor and the members of the University for their kind reference to Lady Stanley, he concluded by again expressing a desire to return when the classes were in session to inspect the work of education.

A number of ladies and gentlemen were presented to His Excellency, after which he was shown through the College buildings. Lord and Lady Stanley selected places for trees, which were planted Oct. 17.

COLLEGE NEWS.

FOOT-BALL.

FRIDAY afternoon, Nov. the 2nd, Queen's Rugby football team started for Montreal to meet the McGill College and Montreal City teams. The following boys represented Queen's in both contests: Back, Parkyn; half-backs, E. B. Echlin and Twitchell; quarter-backs, J. F. Smellie and J. M. Farrell; right wing, W. Rankin, F. J. McCammon; left wing, J. W. White, (captain), A. Gandier; forwards, T. G. Marquis, S. T. Chown, D. Cameron, G. Gandier, G. T. Copeland and E. Morgan. Montreal was reached after a trip of twelve, instead of six or seven hours, and the boys were ready to turn in at 2:30 a.m., when they reached the Balmoral Hotel. Saturday morning was spent in sight-seeing. In the afternoon the secretary telephoned to McGill and found out that the match was to come off at 3 o'clock on the College grounds. About 2:30 the team started in a 'bus for the grounds. On reaching them Capt. White and the McGills' Captain selected Mr. Kinghorn, of the Britannias, to referee the game. The boys, divesting themselves of all superfluous clothing, took their places on the field, and, as the *Montreal Gazette* says, their fine physique was the object of much comment among the spectators. At 3:30 the game commenced, the kick-off by McGill resulting in a scrimmage in our territory. After a few loose scrimmages the ball was passed back by our forwards, and Hughes captured it and secured a touch-down. This was allowed, notwithstanding Queen's protest that Hughes was off side. McGill's kick for goal was unsuccessful, so the score stood: McGill, 4; Queen's, 0. This looked blue for Queen's as the result of the first five minutes' work, but the boys, remembering a similar experience with 'Varsity last year, pulled themselves together and determined to score. Smellie kicked off for

Queen's, and the wings, following up rapidly, downed the half-back before he could get in his kick. The ball now hovered between the centre of the field and McGill's territory for some time. The Queen's' scrimmage finally prevailed, and the forwards, following up, dribbled the ball over McGill's goal line. Chown claimed a touch-down, which was disallowed, and the ball was taken back to the scene of the last scrimmage. Our forwards again got the best of their opponents, and, dribbling the ball down the field, kicked it behind McGill's goal line, forcing them to rouse in self-defence. McGill kicked off, and their forwards prevented our half-backs from returning the ball. Queen's' scrimmage, which, with Marquis in the centre, was now doing some fine work, forced the ball gradually back to the centre. Here McGill heeled out, and Queen's' forwards, following up, dribbled the ball over the goal line and secured a touchdown without the privilege of a kick for goal—5 to 4 in favor of Queen's. From the kick-off Queen's managed to place the ball in touch near McGill's 25-yd. line. Queen's quarters then tried some passing to the halves, but McGill followed up quickly and prevented the kick. The scrimmage formed up, and, Queen's heeling out, White secured the ball and made a brilliant run, only being prevented from securing a touch-down by the good tackling of McGill's back. The scrimmage formed up and McGill kicked the ball into touch in their own territory. Rankin, by a neat throw-in, dropped the ball in a vacant space left on the lining out. Farrell securing it passed through the forwards but was downed by one of the half-backs. The ball was passed to McCammon who, on being tackled, quickly passed it to Gandier, the latter passing over the line and securing a touch-down. Parkyn, with a beautiful kick, sent the ball flying over the cross bar. The referee allowed the goal at first, but not being in a position to see the kick properly he consulted some of the spectators and through their advice changed his decision. Parkyn, by a fine punt, returned McGill's kick-off, and half-time was called shortly afterwards with ball in centre field. The teams changed ends and resumed play by Queen's kicking off. Our forwards followed well up on the ball and rushed it down to McGill's goal line. Here scrimmage after scrimmage took place on the goal line, and even inside the goal line. One forward after another procured the ball and claimed a touch-down but they were all disallowed. Queen's, tiring of this, passed the ball to Twitchell for a drop on goal, but he was collared before he could get in his kick. The McGill men kicked the ball through the scrimmage, and Smellie securing it went through their ranks at a lively rate till downed by Hughes. In the fall his sprained ankle received fresh injuries but he would not leave the field. Shortly afterwards time was called with the ball about centre field. After the game the two enthusiastic friends who accompanied the team to Montreal congratulated the boys heartily. Allan McColl, B.A., and Herb. Horsey, M.A., who are attending college in Montreal, praised the boys

for their fine play and Herb. insisted on turning the team into lemon squeezers. In regard to the decisions of the referee the majority of them were disputed. This would not have been the case had he been more decided about his own ruling, whether it was right or wrong.

Sunday was spent in various ways by the boys. Quite a number turned out to hear the Rev. Mr. Barclay in the morning and Dr. Wilde in the evening. Most of the boys visited Mount Royal during the day and were well repaid for their climb. A number of calls were made with the result that the lady freshies are expected to predominate next session. Monday afternoon the Montreal team kindly sent the team a 'bus to convey them to the exhibition ground where the game was to be played. The game commenced at 3:30 sharp, Queen's playing against a slight wind. Queen's kicked off and the ball was returned by the Montreal backs. Rankin threw in, when a scrimmage occurred. Out of this scrimmage the ball was passed to Campbell, who punted it over the goal line forcing Parkyn to rouge. 1 to 0 in favor of Montreal. The Montrealers were playing a livelier game than our fellows and seemed to have "rattled" the Queen's team from the start. However, Queen's, remembering her weakness of always losing the first point, rallied, and although the kick-off was returned into our territory, the boys, by a series of well contested scrimmages and rapid following up, succeeded in forcing the ball to the centre of the field. Here it remained for some time both sides striving to gain the advantage but without success. After a quarter of an hour had been thus passed away and the spectators were growing impatient there was a break in the monotony. Cleghorn, getting the ball from the scrimmage, attempted to pass it to Campbell at half-back. Our forwards, however, with a brilliant dash, were on the ball before it reached its destination, and moving along in a body with the ball at their feet, succeeded in kicking it into touch in goal. Montreal 1, Queen's 1. The spectators, one and all, even our friends from McGill, had expected us to be defeated, but it began to dawn on them that Queen's might hold her own with the champions. The McGill boys now began to cheer for Queen's in regular collegiate style while the Montrealers urged on their team the necessity of scoring. Both teams were now on their metal and some brilliant plays were made on both sides, which, however, were not resultant, and half-time was called with the score a tie. After a few minutes rest play was again resumed by Montreal kicking off. The kick-off was so well followed up that for a time it looked as if Montreal would cross Queen's' touch line. The scrimmage, however, with the aid of the quarter-backs forced the ball down the field. The Montrealers again and again rushed down on Queen's' touch line determined to score. No sooner would the ball get in the vicinity of our goal line than the forwards would, by quick tackling and good dribbling, take it to the centre of the field. The Montrealers, when they had approached within kicking distance of our goal, would pass the ball to Campbell for a

drop kick. Our wings, however, were always on the alert and rushing on the back would tackle him before he could kick. In some cases they reached the ball before the Montreal half-backs and dribbled it some distance before a Montrealer captured the ball by falling on it. Finding their efforts at kicking of no avail they endeavored to get a run in. Time after time the ball was passed to Lowson, for this purpose, but Echlin at half was impassable, frequently saving us from defeat by his fine tackling. Queen's claimed a free kick in a case of off-side, which was allowed and Smellie kicked the ball into touch, in close proximity to the Montreal goal. It looked as if the boys would score but again the ball returned to the Queen's end of the field. Three minutes more play and time will be called with the game a tie. Both sides work hard, encouraged by the cheers of their respective admirers. It seemed to be taken for granted that Montreal would score or, if not, that the game would end in a draw. Consequently the Queen's boys were encouraged to keep the Montrealers from scoring. But, Queen's had a surprise in store. One minute from time: Montreal passes the ball to their backs. Queen's does not miss the opportunity and the forwards, making a brilliant rush, take possession of the ball, dribbling it as they run. On the goal line the Montreal back endeavors to save his side and kicks the ball back over the heads of our forwards. But Echlin is there and with a heavy kick sends the ball so far into touch that Montreal is forced to rouge. Before the ball can be returned time is called and the Queen's boys are champions of Quebec. The McGill boys congratulated Queen's heartily on their success, and a contingent of them turned up at the train to see us off. One of our boys was absent on a "goose" chase when the train left Montreal and is still missing. Cornwall looked after the interests of their forward for a few days and Gananoque rejoiced in the right wing of the team for a day, but at the end of that time returned it to the college pronouncing it tough.

ALMA MATER SOCIETY.

THE first meeting of the Society for the session '88-'89 was held on Saturday evening, October 6th, the Vice-President, Mr. H. A. Lavell, in the chair. The athletic committee presented the programme which they had arranged for the annual sports. After a stormy discussion, on motion of Mr. Strachan, the report of the committee was received and the committee given full power to carry on the sports. The Society then appointed Hon. G. A. Kirkpatrick, Hon.-President; D. D. McDonald, President; and E. Ryan, B. A., Vice-President of the annual sports.

At the second meeting of the Society, October 13th, the Secretary-Treasurer of the *Journal* for last session gave a partial report of its finances, showing a small balance on hand. Mr. Ryan, managing editor of the *Journal*, handed in his own resignation and that of the staff. It was decided to call for tenders from the city

papers for the publication of the *Journal*. Mr. Charles Counter then favored the Society with an address.

At the meeting on the evening of October 20th the Society appointed to the management of the *Journal* the powerful staff, whose names appear on the first page. Recognizing the defectiveness of its present constitution the Society requested Messrs. Cameron, Lavell, Wright, Ryan, Patterson, Strachan, Bethune and Carmichael to prepare a new one.

The A. M. S. met again on Saturday, October 27th, the Vice-President, H. A. Lavell, in the chair. On motion of Mr. Binnie, seconded by Mr. Muirhead, Messrs. Mills, Minnes, Walken, Shaw, Heap, Gandier, Black, McRae and Gallup from Arts, Ryan and Scott from Medicine, Orr Bennett from Divinity Hall, were appointed a committee to take charge of the gymnasium for the session '88-'89. On motion of Mr. Farrell, seconded by Mr. Gandier, Professors McGillivray and Cappon were admitted into the Society as honorary members, and the class of '92, whose names appear in another column, as ordinary members. The Society then decided to petition the Senate to extend the hours during which library books may be consulted. We are glad to learn that the Senate has seen fit to grant the request. Mr. Kellock favored the meeting with a reading, after which Drs. Horsey and Whitney, who were present, were called upon for short addresses.

The meeting of the Society on November 3rd had the peculiar feature that at different stages the chair was occupied by every officer of the Society, who was present, excepting the Secretary; the President, as is his custom, being absent. The advisability of giving the Principal a suitable reception upon his return was discussed and referred to the executive committee. Mr. C. J. Cameron reported the progress of the *Journal*. Proceedings were enlivened by a solo from Mr. Lavell and a violin solo from Mr. McPherson. The meeting closed with a practice of college songs and three cheers for the football team, whose victory over McGill had just been learned.

Y. M. C. A.

HOW the rain did come down that Friday evening, October 19th, but the annual reception to freshmen is now too well established for any rainstorm to affect it. This was the fifth of its kind and the fact of its usefulness was only the better demonstrated.

Convocation Hall was comfortably filled with Y. M. C. A. members, their city friends and freshmen. Quite a number of our Professors, including some from Medicine, were also present.

The programme was a satisfactory one; the speeches of Messrs. Fitzpatrick and Kilborn, the respective Presidents of the Arts and Medical associations, being characterized by Spartan brevity.

An interesting lecturette, "Scotland's Scenery," was given to a roomful of people by Professor Short, and another by Professor McGillivray on "Student Life in

Germany." Mr. H. A. Lavell, B. A., gave an excellent song, as also Mr. Kellock.

The freshmen seemed to enjoy themselves, and the people were pleased to welcome the strangers to the city, to their churches and to their homes.

The members of the association extend their hearty thanks to their friends in the city for their generous support on this occasion as on all others.

The work of the association goes steadily, vigorously forward. The Friday meetings are exceptionally well attended. The freshman class evince a lively interest in this work and there are among its members many able and willing workers.

NOTES.

THE Campus has been unusually lively this fall, football matches being almost a daily occurrence. The junior men have gone into practice with a vim, and have started what the *JOURNAL* has always suggested, matches between the different years.

The freshmen have got a lot of heavy men among them this year, but unfortunately they were not heavy enough for the K. C. I., who defeated them by a score of 11 to 0.

We are glad to see the new arrivals from the Maritime Provinces. The man who gets the Gaelic Scholarship this year will have to work for it.

We see signs of improvement on every hand. Six new class-rooms have been fitted up for the college, which are used by the Modern Language classes.

The Principal's house has been made to look a little more modern by some much needed additions.

The college authorities deserve much praise for the new board walk which has replaced the old one from Union street to the college. The next wise step would be, when the Science Hall is built, to grant us use of the present science room for our students' meetings and our club meetings, with the Professor's room in connection for the use of the committees. This is a much felt want among the students and we hope the trustees will take it into consideration.

Complaints are heard from every side just now about the hours allowed for the consultation of books in the library. We would like to see a change.

There are 31 ladies attending classes in arts. Jim Cochrane says Queen's will soon be a ladies' college.

Professor Cappon has the largest class in the college. It numbers about sixty. The ladies' side of the house is well supported.

Collections are the order of the day.

We were glad to see that the disturbers in science were sat on.

The Honor French class are still looking for another lady. We advise them to advertise in the journal.

On Saturday afternoon, Oct. 20th, Professor Fowler and a few of the students went out geologizing in Barriefield. Some of the boys got a few very good specimens. Didn't they, R. R. R.?

W. A. Logie, B. A., and E. Pirie, B. A., are playing with the Hamilton football club, and from all accounts are keeping up the reputation of A I players which they had at Queen's. Both are studying law in Hamilton.

W. D. McIntosh, '89, and Geo. Varcoe, '90, are attending classes at Varsity.

R. L. H. Sinclair, B. A., and W. McE. Thompson, B. A., are attending Princeton.

Geo. Malcolm, '86, is teaching school at Mitchell.

S. S. Burns, '89, is teaching school at Billing's Bridge.

Geo. Hartwell, B. A., is attending Drew Theological Seminary, Madison, N. J.

Lost, strayed or stolen,— J. Bedard '91, W. Coleman '90, R. J. Hutchinson '90, M. H. Leggatt '91, Jno. Nelson '90, Ed. North '90, J. W. Fulford, '90, Paul Pergau '90, Joseph Snell, '89, Oscar Young '91, R. Knowles '90, H. A. Percival, '89.

We are all pleased to see Dr. Wardrobe, of Guelph, with us for a few days. He is one of Queen's oldest sons.

D. R. Drummond, '89, was the representative of Arts at the Trinity college Dinner. The Trinity men gave Dan. a good reception and treated him well.

A. W. Beall, B. A., is teaching in the "Oriental Anglo Japanese Academy," the boys' school of the Methodist church in Japan.

Rev. M. McKinnon, B. A., was ordained and inducted into the Pastorate of St. Andrew's Church Elders on the 7th inst.

Rev. A. McAuley, of Snow Road, who has been sick, is able to be out again.

Rev. Wm. Meikle, B. A., the Evangelist, is holding revival services in Brockville.

Mr. Wm. Stewart, B. A., of Glengarry, is studying law in Toronto.

We congratulate A. G. Farrell, '85, on attaining the dignity of Barrister and Solicitor. He at once enters into partnership with J. R. Lavell, B. A., Smith's Falls. Having once tasted the joys of partnership we fear he will repeat the dose in a slightly different form.

Queen's again to the front. J. H. McNee, '85, headed the list in the final law exam., Toronto. Shake, Jimmy!

The members of the F. B. C. were much pleased to receive such warm congratulations on their success from the graduates.

On Thanksgiving day, after a very interesting struggle, the Seniors' 15 succeeded in defeating a 15 chosen from the three Junior years, by 7 to 4. The boys were glad to see so many of the citizens on the Campus.

We received a visit last week from Miss Alice Chambers, B. A., '88. She is now Senior Preceptress of the Ontario Ladies' College, and the position seems to agree with her.

Last month Rev. Allan MacRossie, of Corunna, N. Y., who was at one time Sec.-Treas. of the JOURNAL, was married to Miss Edith Weston, of Jersey city. We offer our congratulations.

LIST OF FRESHMEN IN ARTS.

TR. Anglin, A. W. Argue, F. W. Asselstine, Eliza Bolton, R. P. Byers, J. D. Brents, Alice Beveridge, Jessie C. Connell, P. McE. Campbell, Donald Cameron, W. H. Davis, H. D. Dynaut, J. W. Easterbrook, J. Elliot, J. J. Eldridge, J. C. Gibson, E. C. Gallup, W. A. Grange, H. J. Horsey, R. F. Hunter, H. A. Hunter, F. M. Hugo, C. S. Kirkpatrick, Mary King, J. Lamont, F. A. McRae, A. K. McLennan, J. McDonald, Jean W. McPherson, Minnie Murray, J. McJanet, R. McMullan, Bessie McArthur, Jennie Nicol, W. A. Newlands, E. J. O'Connor, G. W. Parnidee, E. Ryerson, A. E. Ross, Etta A. Reid, H. N. Robertson, A. C. Robertson, J. R. Sparling, J. A. Stewart, J. H. Sanderson, N. J. Sproul, J. H. Smith, T. C. Smith, Adeline Sherrick, A. B. Ventresse, B. E. Webster, J. W. Wheelan, P. H. Yeomans.

MEDICAL MATRICULANTS.

LAURA Bennett, H. A. Adamson, T. C. Bourns, W. H. Bourns, A. E. Barber, T. H. Balfe, F. H. Birmingham, Miss Britton, H. E. Douglass, J. C. Geoson, A. Jamieson, F. C. Lavers, E. J. Lent, G. McNamee, J. Neish, Octavia B. Ritchie, B. A., H. E. Luttle, J. A. McLellan, Agnes M. Turnbull.

PERSONALS.

QUEEN'S has been well represented on the football team in the Old Country during the present season by H. Pirie, B. A., who has been playing half-back in the Canadian football team. We expect him back in a few days to rejoin his class in the Royal.

Though a little late with our congratulations we take pleasure in noticing the marriage of Professor Dyde, D. Sc., of New Brunswick college, Fredericton, to Miss J. Farrell, which took place in Kingston on September 11th. The JOURNAL wishes them everything that is good.

Alex. Forin, M. D., a graduate of Queen's, was married on October 24th to Miss Winnifred Fair, of Collingwood.

Herb. Horsey, M. A., has decided to enter the ministry of the Episcopal church and with that end in view is attending college in Montreal.

John Kelly, M. A., of the Belleville separate school board, has resigned to study medicine at the Royal college here.

DIVINITY HALL.

THE classes opened promptly on time; as promptly returned the "Theologues" from the various summer resorts to avail themselves of the opening lectures. They are heartily welcome to their place in our midst.

The staff is quite incomplete without the Principal, and his classes have double reason for looking forward to his safe return.

We are pleased now and again to find a man whom passing years affect but little. Who retains as the days go by all the vigor and freshness of youth. Thus we extend to our beloved lecturer on Church History our warmest congratulations and best wishes, for the increased brightness of his face and the elasticity of his step have not been unnoticed nor the cause unknown.

Misses Scott and Sinclair, esteemed members of the Mission Band, have been designated by Dr. Wardrobe, in behalf of the foreign mission committee, for service in Indore, India. On the eve of their departure a farewell social was given in Convocation Hall and a suitable presentation made to each of the ladies. In these ways they who remain show their sympathy with the cause and with those who seek its furtherance.

The places, left vacant in the band by the not small number who have already gone into active service, have been more than filled by new members who responded to the appeal made by Mr. W. J. Wilder, M. A., of Princeton, in several pointed addresses to the students. Mr. Wilder has a quiet, plain and very effective way of presenting the subject so near his heart. The Hall gave him a hearty welcome.

* EXCHANGES.

THE *Columbia Spectator* is published in good style, but we would suggest that the editors ease up a trifle on the faculty and direct their surplus attention to the editorial department of the "*Spec.*" that it may assume better proportions.

We are pleased to see that the staff of the *Owl*, College of Ottawa, has determined to improve the character of its work this year. It deserves especial notice because of its extreme youth, for we observe, this is but its second volume.

The *Dalhousie Gazette* presents a pleasing appearance, but devotes more than half of its space to one subject. Of course this is the first number for this session. It claims to be the oldest college paper in the Dominion of Canada. It ought to feel proud.

The *Sunbeam*, which now lies on our table, is an exchange that is distinctively characteristic of the hands from which it comes. It, however, reveals a state of

affairs among the lady students that is somewhat appalling; a state which evokes our warmest sympathies. Could not some of the college authorities be interviewed in regard to letting out the students more than once in a session to buy desired eatables, so that they would not be apt to dream of "buns of awful dimensions and miles of bologna?"

The *Roanoke Collegian*, Salem, Virginia, promises to be one of the best of the exchanges this year. Its editors deal fearlessly with important subjects. In another number we may call attention to some of its articles.

There are also on our table copies of *Coup d'Etat*, *The Chironian*, *Hamilton College Monthly*, *King's College Record*, *Student Life*, *College Times*, *College Mercury*, *Varsity*, &c., &c.

* DE * NOBIS * NOBILIBUS.

Young Student Physician (to charity patient)—I—I think you must have a—a—some kind of a fever; but our class has only gone as far as convulsions. I'll come again in a week.—*Ex.*

Scene—Dissecting room. Demonstrator in anatomy is earnestly assuring detachment of police that the "sub" on the table has been there several weeks. Enter freshman, who loudly remarks to the surrounding students: "Hello, boys, when did the new sub come in?" Tableau, with blue fire.

About the fifth of October a prominent member of the football committee was approached by a medical freshy—since a victim of the court—and addressed thusly: "I want to know if I am on the team. I have been out kicking football three times, and unless I am on the team I am not going to miss physiology any more."

The following extract, from the Macdonald's Corners *News*, points to a tendency to overestimate slightly the importance of one branch of study here; for if the number of students plucked every year is any criterion of importance—and it certainly is to the undergrads—the palm should be given, in preference, to *Phesics*:

"The Rev. T. Scott, who labored here during the past five months, has left for the *Philosophy*-college at Kingston."

Last Sunday our sanctum was invaded, before breakfast, by the back of our Rugby team, who had the following item of news, which he insisted should be inserted. We insert it accordingly at full advertising rates: "Yesterday me and fourteen little fellows from the K.C.I. went down to play football against Brockville. Brockville played an old Interprovincial quarter, an old Toronto University half, and all the rest of their team were International players. We beat them, 29 to 8. They

had the fastest wing men in Canada, but Cumie would pass the ball to me, and I would run up the field and kick goals. I kicked six goals from the field," etc.

The occasional prevaricator of the sophomore year was recently overheard describing the football match between the freshmen and the K.C.I. Part of his description ran as follows: "Yes, big C——n's jersey was badly torn around the neck, and after one of the scrimmages the Collegiate played for a while with only fourteen men in sight. I could not make out where their fifteenth man had gone, until at last, after another scrimmage, during which mysterious, muffled howls startled the players, when big C——n was running, with six of the other side hanging on to the tail of his shirt, that garment split up the back—and out rolled the missing player."

A junior and two sophs were recently engaged in investigating the theory of probabilities (with an ante thrown in, to make things interesting.) After several hours' play, resulting in the pockets of the sophs being depleted, one of them rose, gazed sadly at his companions, and, drawing two aces from his sleeve, remarked: "Boys, honesty is the best policy. Here I have been playing all afternoon, with these two-aces in reserve, waiting to draw another one before I used them, and I'll be hanged if one would come to me at all." The other soph gazed blankly at the cards, squirmed for a moment on his seat, then rose, and as he rapidly made his exit revealed on the chair on which he had been sitting the other two aces. As the junior selected from his boodle a five-cent bit with an extra large hole in it, for the contribution plate, he gently murmured, "Put not your trust in kings."

The excavations for water pipes which adorn many of our streets prove a source of frequent misfortune to the unwary. The lushy sophomore, wending his homeward way half seas over, has not been the only victim of the civic improvements. A short time ago a "grave and reverend senior," one of the highest officials of the "most ancient and venerable C. I. et V.," came to grief in the ditch on Clarence St. The poet laureate of the junior year has commemorated the misfortune in an epic poem, from which we quote four stanzas:

"The night was dark and lowering
As a senior picked his way
Through the mud, and slush, and water,
Lit by no electric ray.

"A chasm stood before him,
Opening wide its awful jaws;
But the senior's steps were heedless:
Came a fall—a splash—a pause.

"From the murky depths and darkness
Crawled a figure—woe-begone;
His pants were torn and tattered—
His Christy was not on.

"And the atmosphere grew hotter,
And assumed a tint of blue,
As the senior hurried onward,
Hustling homeward P.D.Q."

And between the cursory remarks which shot from his lips—partly directed at the corporation, and partly referring to the ditch—he was heard to mutter, "I'll see what Bill Harty has to say about this."

A Turk who went to a neighboring (U.S.A.) medical college, on the score of Mohammedan customs, obtained permission from the authorities to smoke during the lectures in the class rooms. He was to be seen with his legs doubled up under him, calmly puffing away, the while taking notes and listening intently to the professors. It did not last long, however. The entire class professed to join the Mohammedan religion, and on that score wanted the faculty to give them permission to blow gentle clouds of the seductive weed while they drank into their Oriental ears the words of wisdom. The imperturbable Turk had to be "fired," and the class has returned to its old religion.

A MODERN NOVEL.

CHAPTER I.

During the summer a certain senior was camping, in company with a few other students, on an island not a hundred miles from Kingston. One afternoon a large party of friends visited the camp, and after supper a game of baseball was indulged in, the ladies taking the principal positions. All did not play, however, for just before the game commenced our senior, with a very particular lady friend, escaped the vigilant eye of the chaperone and wandered off for a quiet stroll.

CHAPTER II.

A few weeks later the lady was wickedly asked by a friend what part she had taken in the game. An answer was immediately forthcoming. She had played "catcher." Turning then to the senior, who had not heard the lady's answer, the same question was put to him. Imagine the roars of laughter from the company, and the confusion of the young lady, when the innocent answer came, "Oh, I guess I was *the ball*."

The continuation and conclusion of this thrilling tale is prayerfully waited for in the sanctum. [Ed.]

Our sister students long to possess a real, cosy, luxurious parlor. We hasten to announce that our sanctum is for sale and for a very small consideration we will also let the furniture and steel engravings go.

1st Soph—"S-a-y, why is a crow?"

2nd Soph.—"Why is a crow what?"

1st Soph.—"Nothing, only why is a crow!"

2nd Soph.—Moving off, "Oh dry up. You're away off. You've been taking too much."

1st Soph.—"*It's beak caws!* Ha-a-a-h!

The diagnosis is concussion of the brain.

WHAT THEY ARE SAYING.

ARE not the boys lovely for letting us vote?"
THE LADIES.

"What ' Bribery and corruption at this election?"
SHADES OF LORD RUSSELL.

"Homeward."
PRINCIPAL GRANT.

"Hurry up! We'll be at the Station."
THE STUDENTS.

"Just gaze at our advertisements."
THE JOURNAL STAFF.

"I'll have to do something big now to retrieve myself."
JIMMIE C—E.

"My election cry is 'The March of the Cameron Men!'"
E. R—N.

"Mine is 'The Watch on the *Ryan*.'"
C. J. C—N.

"I fine you f-i-v-e cents."
JUDGE O'C—R.

"I'll be so glad when my office in the A. M. S. expires.
I'm played out."
DR. C—LL.

"I've been called up suddenly, Mr. Chairman."
SM—L—E.

"We have a society too. We are thinking of calling
it 'Alma Pater.'"
LADY STUDENTS.

"'Taint fair for a fellow to get asked two questions in
one session—especially on Metaphysics."
C. B—NS.

"What's this dull town to me? She has gone away
and left me. Lend me a handkerchief somebody."
CHARLIE D—Y.

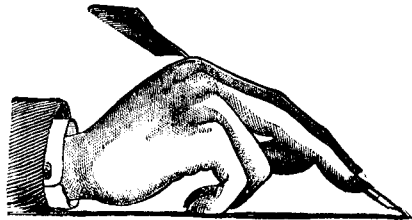
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QUEEN'S COLLEGE JOURNAL.

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All communications of a business nature should be addressed to the Managing Editor.

WE extend our congratulations to Mr. Edward Ryan, B.A., on his accession to the highest office in the gift of our students. May his reign be a bright one in the history of our society, and as happy in the days of the years of his life.

* *

One of the most noticeable features in the recent struggle was the enthusiasm of the Professors of the Royal for the medical candidate and the sublime indifference of the Arts dons for theirs. In all probability the position assumed by the latter gentlemen is a sound one. They are, most of them, graduates of larger and foreign Universities, and, naturally enough, the petty affairs of our students must be matters of very little moment to them.

* *

It is none the less worthy of notice that each and every one of these gentlemen is, *ex officio*, a member of the Alma Mater Society; and, inasmuch as none of them have seen fit to decline the honor of membership, it seems—to a purely colonial mind—in somewhat odd form to eschew its duties.

This is, however, in strict line with the unwritten code of 'Varsity etiquette which obtains in the British and larger American Universities. Between the don and his students, abroad, "there is a great gulf fixed," and no smile of the former was ever yet known—in history or tradition—to have bridged the chasm between. There are exceptions to the observance of this principle, but as a general thing these only serve to emphasize the law. The chief difficulty arises when social customs clash with those of the University, in which case, as Society recognizes only two classes of beings—those within her pale and the Pariahs without—she calmly ignores the traditions of the Quadrangle; and oftentimes beneath the one mahogany "the lion and the lamb lie down together," and the same pair of "shorts" removeth them.

* *

In our newer land, however, there is for many reasons a close *rapproch* between professors and students, and their acquaintance with one another is not despite, but in virtue of, their class relations. This is as it should be; and it is to be hoped that in the future our faculty may follow the example of the two gentlemen of their number who were present last Saturday night, and testify by their presence at the polls an active interest in the affairs of the most representative of our University societies.

* *

In an article in the current number of *The Educational Monthly*, Prof. Fletcher takes up again the question of matriculation classics. He deplores, in common with most of the teachers of classics throughout the province, the unfortunate character of the work prescribed by our Universities in this department. The amendments suggested by him are in line with those introduced at the last meeting of the Teachers' Association; and these, in turn, are virtual *fac similes* of the classical matriculation of Harvard.

* *

The matriculation work prescribed at present is, in Latin, Caesar, *Bellum Gall.*, I., §§ 1-33; Cicero, *In Catilinam*, I., and Vergil, *Aeneid*, V.; and in Greek, Xenophon, *Anabasis*, Book II., and Homer, *Iliad*, Book IV. A selection of authors more unsuited to give a boy a good foundation in Latin and Greek it would be difficult to find. It is refreshing, even at this hour, to see a Professor of Queen's setting his face against it.

* *

One of the peculiar charms of the above work is that as soon as a boy has begun to become acquainted with

Cæsar's vocabulary he is rushed into Cicero, whose language—that of the rhetor—is about as different from Cæsar's as the placid smile of a sophomore from the grin of a Zulu. But by degrees the boy comes to acquire a pretty fair vocabulary of Ciceronic words and phrases. By this time, however, he has forgotten a good part of the Cæsar-ean vocabulary which he had before. At this interesting period he is introduced to Vergil, whose language is, of course, poetical; and by the time that he has finished Vergil he is in an excellent condition to write Latin prose. If a piece of English is given him, he starts off with the historical Latin of Cæsar, he continues with the oratorical of Cicero, and polishes the piece off with a choice selection of poetical words and phrases borrowed from Vergil.

* * *

If we add to this exquisite mixture the work prescribed in Latin prose, the idea will be complete. We are not surprised at Prof. Fletcher characterizing the thing as an absurdity. The only wonder about it is that the classical masters of the province should have been held responsible at all for the defective character of their pupils' prose at matriculation. The changes proposed by Mr. Fletcher are that a single (prose) author be prescribed in Latin, and that a similar course be followed in Greek. The advantages of such a change are so obvious as not to require mention, and the only pity is that it was not made long ago.

* * *

We understand that there is quite a fluttering among the feathers of the mathematical fledglings over our way of estimating their pet subject. We are rejoiced to hear it. This falls out according to expectation. Truth never shuns the light. We court discussion. Too long has this department of University study remained

"Fixt beyond all change, or chance of change," while other subjects of equal or greater importance have suffered modification to such an extent as to be scarcely recognizable by their best friends.

* * *

For mathematics as a science we have the greatest possible respect—we were going to say veneration. Yet, while perfectly willing to grant that, like Dickens' friend, the mathematician is "only an odd boy, but he's got his feelin's," we may be permitted, we hope, without any slur upon the said "feelin's," and with the sublime calm of a mollusc, to say that until someone explains the present abnormality of the B.A. course in making Greek optional and mathematics compulsory, we propose to continue this discussion. And if any of the young Hotspurs of the College are dying to break a lance in behalf of the other side, it only remains for us to add, *inter angures*, that "Barkis is willin'."

* * *

We beg leave to remind the said fledglings, however, that it might not be indiscreet to look the matter up a little before rushing into print. Webster once said to

Clay, "The gentleman may find that in a contest of this character there are blows to take as well as blows to give." And we beg leave to submit, with all deference, that the result of the discussion justified Mr. Webster's remark. It is Pope, we think, who says, "And philosophers rush in where angels fear to tread," or something of this kind. Probably if we were mathematical we should know the exact subject of the verb "rush" in the above quotation; and it is equally probable that we would quote it.

* * *

Mathematics is, *par excellence*, the exact science. We hate exactness. It is also the science of system; and if there is one thing on earth more than another which excites our pity, it is system. As to seeking mathematics for its own sake, the idea is simply atrocious. We confess frankly that we have always had a very great respect for Shakespere since we first read the following little passage from him:

Moth.—How many is *one thrice told*?

Armado—I am *ill at reckoning*; it *fitteth the spirit of a tapster*.

Moth.—You are a gentleman and a gamester, sir.

Armado—I confess both; they are both the varnish of a complete man.

* * *

The third number of the present volume will, wind and tide favoring, appear on Dec. 30th. It is proposed to make it worthy of the occasion. Meanwhile, we thank our subscribers for the enthusiastic support and encouragement which they have given us; and, while assuring them that we shall do our utmost to deserve a continuation of their favor, wish them, one and all, a very merry Xmas and a happy New Year!

* * *

Principal Grant has arrived in Vancouver, and has sent a telegram saying that he started from there on Sabbath, so that he may be in Kingston on Friday, and will surely be here by Saturday evening.

* * *

We do not belong to that class of men who are ready at all times, and under the slightest provocation, to play the flunkey to a great name. But here is a gentleman whose name is known and honored wherever the English language is spoken; who has done as much to raise Canada and Canadians in the eyes of the world as any man of his generation. His abilities as a preacher made him in his youth a marked man in the church, and his sound judgment, literary powers, and broad Christianity have left an ineffaceable impress on all classes of our citizens. Kingston, in giving him a public reception, is honoring herself; and we hope that every student in the University will stay over to show him that those who have been so favored as to have the closest communion with him are his most enthusiastic admirers. Let every Queen's man be at the depot to give him a three times three that will show him and the city the estimation in which we hold him.

✻ ASSOCIATE EDITORIALS. ✻

COLLEGE CURRICULA.

IN an age of such rapid material advancement and marked progress in the development of human thought in all its departments it becomes every one interested in the progress of our race to enquire whether the fountains of truth, the treasuries of knowledge, are sufficiently easy of access to the race as a whole. Universities, the repositories and exponents of human thought in its highest form, have a special function to perform in the development of national character. With them rest the privilege and duty of determining how variously and how deeply the educated of the people shall have drunk at the fountains of knowledge. A nation's intelligence cannot be estimated by the intelligence of a few individuals in it, but rather by the intelligence of the masses. Any measure, therefore, which encourages and tends to secure a more general diffusion of knowledge is in the interests of the race. It is a trite saying that the stream will not rise above its head. No more will the stream of intelligence rise above its source. The intelligence of the parents of any given generation will never rise above that of the children of the preceding generation. The mental development of children is in turn limited by that of their teachers, and that in turn by public educators, so that ultimately the limit is fixed by the degree-conferring bodies of the nation. This is a truth so evident that we should be all the more surprised at finding it not generally acknowledged, at least in action. Is it not a fact that, though wealth is far more generally diffused than formerly, though the means of education are now practically within the reach of every person, and every facility for acquiring a more complete and extended knowledge is supplied, yet the main result has been the shortening of the educating process rather than a more perfect development of it? At present the principle of the division of labor is so rigorously applied in all large educational establishments, and the demand for specialists is in consequence so urgent, that a man of diverse attainments in the realm of knowledge is almost a relic of the past. With specialists we have no fault to find; we will gladly welcome more of them. We hope for the time when every teacher, at least, will be a specialist. What we have to criticise is the fact that depth has been obtained at the expense of breadth. The curricula of our Universities are being more and more framed on special lines, while the common basis of knowledge is being correspondingly narrowed. Our increased educational facilities have not given us more fully developed minds, but minds more fully developed in one direction. While the fountains and facilities for drinking have been increasing men have been more and more tending to sip from a few in order that they may drink more deeply from one.

In the early history of our country college, curricula were framed largely to suit the exigencies of the times;

but we believe the time has come when our Universities, if they would continue to exercise their proper influence, must make a decided step in advance and demand from their graduates a higher form of culture. They must no longer sacrifice breadth of knowledge in order to gain depth, but must seek to utilize the improved educational facilities of the nation in securing greater breadth combined with depth. How is this object to be attained? There are two methods usually suggested: First, to raise the standard of matriculation; second, to add on a post-graduate course. We believe in a little of each in its own order. Let the standard of matriculation be raised, not so much by widening as by deepening the knowledge required. Let the days of superficial preparation for a collegiate course have an end. Impose upon intending matriculants a longer term in the High Schools and Collegiate Institutes. In this way will the Universities not only help themselves, but they will help these High Schools and Collegiate Institutes, whose teachers justly complain that they are forced to be cramming machines by the natural anxiety of their pupils to rush into the Universities with the minimum amount of preparation. All, we believe, would be benefited by such a measure, and none more than the pupils themselves. With University College, Toronto, as the head of Ontario's educational institutions, rest the privilege and duty of inaugurating such measures as will lead to this result. Should her rulers take the initiative step we feel assured of a hearty response from the sister Universities of the Province. Already, more than once, we believe, Queen's has approached the authorities of the Provincial University with a proposal to effect such a measure. We anxiously await developments on this line.

The second measure proposed is the best available in the absence of the first. In the past, however, it has served rather to aggravate than to remedy the defect, since post-graduate studies are usually undertaken on the line which has already received the largest share of attention. We do not undervalue this in itself; we wish, not for less of this but for more of that. Unless, therefore, post-graduate work is undertaken on new lines, it must fail to supply the deficiency complained of. Moreover the majority of those seeking degrees desire to obtain them by the shortest road possible, so that a post-graduate course, even when special inducements are offered, will, from a combination of these causes, be undertaken by the few and not by the many.

Viewed from every standpoint, therefore, we fail to see any effective remedy but that proposed. We believe the measure will commend itself to all who desire to see our Universities and other educational institutions attain to that standard of excellence which is commensurate with the greatness of our country. Let no failure in the discharge of our duty cripple the energies of our public educators nor entail mental and moral decrepitude upon our posterity.

THE ELECTIONS.

THE elections are over, and have brought their lesson with them. As in all great movements we have learned the principles which must guide us for the next encounter. The representative system has never given entire satisfaction in the State, the Church, or the University, and the evils attending it were never more apparent than during this election, for the possibilities of its development were greater.

It is a significant fact that, were a vote taken by the *bona fide* members of the A. M. S., not more than five or six of the present officers would have been elected.

It is also worthy of notice that the members of the Royal, by a straight party vote, have won almost every election from time immemorial, and will continue doing so until they are either met on their own grounds or the relationship of the different Colleges to the A. M. S. has been placed upon another basis.

Again, the smile of the caucus in the "den" is sure victory and its frown immediate death; and when such influences are brought to bear upon every aspirant for office we cannot be surprised at the low rate for which they are frequently bought and sold.

THE LIBRARY.

ALTHOUGH Queen's is rapidly becoming invulnerable to the attacks of the critics, and even now it would require a certain amount of inspection to detect an assailable point, there is one small subject that might be mentioned in connection with the improvements, that has caused a good deal of comment. Why cannot we have a reference catalogue of the books in the library? Surely the labor expended on such a task would be more than compensated for by the benefit that would accrue to students and others. As it is we are completely in the dark as to what books the library contains. We ask for a volume, not from any absolute knowledge of its being in the possession of the University, but merely from a vague conjecture based on hearsay evidence. This scarcely seems in accordance with the recognized method of conducting such institutions. Frequently a student, in search of necessary information, will swell the coffers of Mr. Nisbet by the price of a certain book when that book, "unbeknownst" to him, the whole time is peacefully basking in the mellow radiance of the faded red curtains (which need renewing most shamefully). Now let a new order of things appear. Let us have a catalogue, even if we have to relinquish the nickle-plated cup in the drinking fountain and go back to aboriginal tin.

ENGLISH.

BEFORE any mischief is done it would be well if students taking the English classes were warned that the halcyon days of yore are past. The outlook is decidedly gloomy for those men who, receiving in perfect good faith the tradition that "English is a picnic," disdain to listen to lectures or peruse their text books. Gentle-

men, something will drop, sure as fate, next April, unless you meet half-way the zealous overtures of our new Professor. Remember that those well-thumbed copies of notes which in past years have been handed down from student to student are now of comparatively little value. New material demands new energies, and the sooner each and every undergraduate who intends to present himself for examination recognizes the fact in all its awful solemnity the more serene will be the countenances of those same undergraduates when the results are announced next spring. *Verbum sap.*

LITERATURE.

AWAY FROM ME!

THE beach sighed for the sea when it had lost it,—
Sighed for the sea it deemed too rude a sea
When from its breathing bosom forth it tost it,
Proud crying—"Away from me!"

"So be it, dear beach!" the sad wave said, receding,
"The time shall come when it shall come to pass
That you shall cry, and I shall hear, unheeding,
'Away from me, alas!'"

And here, dear maiden, may you find a moral:

Think—ere you spurn true men for butterflies;
Think—ere you slaughter in a needless quarrel
Life's opportunities!

Judge not by looks, but by immortal merit:

Worth dwells forever in the hidden parts;
And oft the roughest-seeming ones inherit
The very noblest hearts.

Pause—ere you turn to dearth and dust and ashes

A love divine, by bidding it go free!
So that you cry not, late, with wet eyelashes,
"Alas,—away from me!"

From "Lyrics" by
GEORGE FREDERIC CAMERON.

CONVERSATION.

A HUMAN foot has never yet ascended the Jungfrau nor the Finsteraarhorn.

The summit of the Alps . . . a perfect chain of steep rocks . . . the depths of the heart of the mountains.

Above the mountains a pale-green heaven, still and clear. Hard, severe frost; firm, glittering snow; from under the snow protrude gloomy, ice-encrusted, weather-beaten twigs.

Two Colossi, two giants, rise on either side of the horizon: the Jungfrau and the Finsteraarhorn. And the Jungfrau asks her neighbor: "What is the news? Thou canst gaze around more easily than I, what is happening there below?"

A thousand years elapse—a minute. And Finsteraarhorn thunders in reply: "Impenetrable clouds veil the earth. . . . Wait!"

Another thousand years elapse—a minute.

"What now?" asks the Jungfrau.

"Now I can see: there below everything is unchanged, confused, and small. Blue water, black forests, masses of gray, piled-up, towering stone. And all around those little beetles still swarm, you know them, those with two legs; who, hitherto, have never been able to sully my summit nor thine."

"Mankind?"

"Yes, mankind."

A thousand years elapse once more—a minute.

"And what now?" asks the Jungfrau.

"It appears to me as if a few of these beetles had become visible," thunders Finsteraarhorn; "it has grown clearer there below; the waters are diminished, the forests less dense!"

And yet another thousand years go by—a minute.

"What seest thou now?" asks the Jungfrau.

"Around us, close at hand, it seems to grow clearer," replies Finsteraarhorn; "but there, in the distance, there are still specks in the valleys, something still stirs there."

"And now!" asks the Jungfrau, after another thousand years—a minute.

"Now it is good," answers Finsteraarhorn; "it is pure everywhere; perfectly white, wherever one looks. . . . Our snow is everywhere, spotless snow and ice. All is frozen. Now it is good and quiet."

"Yes, now it is good!" assents the Jungfrau. "And now, thou hast chattered sufficiently, old one. Let us now sleep a little."

"Yes, it is time."

So they sleep, those giant mountains; and the clear, green heaven slumbers above the everlastingly silent earth.

February, 1878.

IVAN TURGENIEF.

ALEXANDRE DUMAS.

BY THEODORE MASSIAC OF FIGARO.

N OBODY in France is better known to the general public, nobody has addressed bolder words to the world at large, nobody has been more prodigal of his talent and good fortune, than Alexandre Dumas. And at the same time nobody guards himself more carefully from the intrusion of curious outsiders. You must be of his intimate circle if you would know the private life of this remarkable man. "I give the world the best of me," he once said; "my mind, what I know, what I find. In return I think I have a right to keep for my friends and those who have an affection for me something which they alone may see." As I have the honor of enjoying Alexandre Dumas' friendship I am able to speak with exactness about his inner life, about his charming home and his delightful family.

* * *

Alexandre Dumas de la Pailleterie is now sixty-three,

but he enjoys such good health and is always in such happy spirits that he does not seem to have entered his grand climacteric. Look at that proud, powerful head, without a wrinkle on its front, with the black hair of younger days now gray and frizzy, scarcely thinned even on the crown. The forehead is lofty and haughty, heavy brows arch the soft blue eyes, the lips are voluptuous, and disclose a fine set of white teeth when the face breaks into a smile. The heavy lower jaw ends in a prominent chin. The complexion is a dull brown, as if tanned, and is relieved by a delicate rose tint on the cheeks. Dumas is tall, robust, solidly built. His broad shoulders are a little rounded. He has muscular hands, streaked with veins en relief, the fingers being supple and delicate—the hand of a writer, or, if necessary, of an athlete.

* * *

Dumas lives at No. 98 Avenue de Villiers, in a fine new quarter of Paris, which was a sandy plain fifteen years ago. His hotel is three stories high. You enter from the street into a garden. The front door is on the left, while the servants' quarters, stables and carriage house are at the back of the garden. You are first struck by a large statue of the elder Dumas, one of the last creations of Gustave Doré, a copy of the statue which adorns the Place Malherbes, a few hundred yards away. On either hand are two remarkable ecclesiastic stalls of the Renaissance, while above them thick ivy leaves cover the high walls that shut in the garden. To enter the house you must ring again at the double glass door, which is opened by a man-servant, who shows you the way into the drawing-room, composed of two distinct parts. This salon was formed by pulling down a partition and throwing together two large rooms. The portion on the right, as you enter, is furnished in Louis XV style. The furniture is covered with rose-colored figured silk, the figures consisting of large white medallions, with bouquets of red and tea roses in the centre. To the left, in front of the mantel-piece, with a large mirror over it, is an admirable portrait of Mme. Alexandre Dumas, by the well-known artist, Jules Lefevre.

* * *

The other half of the drawing-room is separated from the part described by a life-size white marble nymph, standing on a dark purple velvet pedestal. And this portion of the salon differs entirely from the other half. Here everything is Chinese and Japanese. The chairs and tables are of stained bamboo, and are upholstered in faded rose-colored velours de Genes. The doors are made of bamboo, and the ceiling is decorated with Japanese drawings. On every hand are Chinese fans, screens of ancient Chinese lacquer and odd figures and knickknacks from the East, among them a gilded Buddha emerging from his shell. The skin of an enormous brown bear on the floor also attracts attention. Here it is that the host receives ordinary visitors and those who come to make ceremonious calls. Intimate friends climb two flights of

a fine old oaken staircase to the study of the dramatist, where the eye is gratified with a mass of pictures and books. In the middle of this well-lighted room is an immense writing table laden with letters, papers, books and a stand of penholders, where bristle as many as thirty yellow goose-quills. Dumas will have nothing to do with the steel nor the gold pen, and the legibility of his chirography suffers in consequence. Next to this study is the author's bedroom. Here are pictures and other objects of art, a beautiful set of Sevres and Saxe being especially noticeable on the mantel-piece. The bed is low and wide, with a spring and hair mattress. The only luxurious things in the room are objects of art. There is an admirable picture gallery, composed principally of modern pictures; everything in the dining-room is in the best of taste.

* * *

Some twenty-five years ago Alexandre Dumas married a noble native of Finland—Princess Narischkine, *nee* Knarring—by whom he has had two daughters—Colette, married about seven years ago to M. Maurice Lippmann, and Jeannine. But the father still preserves most of the habits acquired when a young bachelor. Dumas is an early riser. He is out of bed at 6.30 in summer and at 7 in winter. After dressing he goes to his study, where he lights his own fire, reads his letters, receives his friends and works a little. He does not read the papers, for he generally hears the news before it gets into the journals. His first breakfast consists of a glass of cold milk; the second, which occurs at noon, is a very plain meal. After eating, Dumas works until about four, when he goes out for a promenade. He walks rapidly, with head erect, rolling his shoulders a little. He dines at seven and goes to bed between ten and eleven. He is a light eater, but a heavy sleeper. He needs from eight to nine hours of repose. He enjoys exercise, and plays billiards with this in view. He is very orderly. I have seen him more than once, feather duster in hand, busily employed in dusting his study; at another time I have found him in his shirt-sleeves, aided by a servant, changing the place of a piece of furniture. It is on Sunday that he indulges in this house cleaning mania.

* * *

Toward the middle of May Alexandre Dumas leaves Paris for Marly, a few miles away, where he bought a place some time ago. One of his neighbors is Victorien Sardou. The whole family accompanies him, even M. and Mme. Lippmann and the grandchildren. At the end of June they all move on to Puits, near Étretat, on the Channel, where the dramatist has a fine establishment, and where he remains until the end of September. Here it is that Dumas does most of his literary work, and here will be finished his new five-act drama, which is to be brought out next winter at the Theatre Francais. The piece is already under way, but the author will not go seriously to work at it until surrounded with the quiet of the seaside.

ON A RAFT.

UNQUESTIONABLY the only true way to gain an adequate idea of the St. Lawrence is to secure a passage to Quebec on one of the numerous rafts that are sent down every year by the large lumbering firms near Kingston, Ont.

To anyone with a love for out-door life, a jolly companion and a fortnight or so at his disposal, I would recommend this ideal trip. It is true there is a line of steamers on the route that profess, among its many virtues, to afford to the tourist unsurpassed views of the 1,000 Islands and Rapids "by daylight," but owing to the speed of the steamers and the unfortunate fact that the sun flatly refuses to work overtime, a greater part of the scenery is lost. It is scarcely possible, however, that the rafts will ever prove formidable competitors to the steamers in the matter of passenger traffic. The majority of the travelling public will doubtless prefer the comfortable stateroom and well-furnished tables of the latter to the rude pine shanty and aboriginal pea-soup. As very few have hitherto undertaken the expedition with an eye to amusement on account of our trip last summer, may to some readers prove interesting. It was about 3 p.m. on a hot day in July that I received the first intimation of what was in store for me. A ring at the bell—"a young man wishes to see you," a short conversation in which he unfolded his plans, an "all right, I'm with you," and in half an hour we were both tearing about town investing in sundry articles indispensable to the amateur raftsmen, such as a "cow's breakfast" or two to preserve our immaculate complexions, canned goods of all sorts, fishing tackle, and such literature as "Hand-cook to the French Language," which, by the way, is full of extraordinary sentences that would never by any chance occur in a rational conversation—a bundle of those admirable "Rules for Treatment of the Apparently Drowned," handy to have in case of accidents—and some heavier artillery as Parkman and Marryat. The thrilling tales contained in the former's interesting volumes were peculiarly suited to the life we were about to lead, although the specimens of the noble savage that came under our notice did not inspire us with any considerable degree of horror. We had no time to lose, as the raft was booked to leave that evening at seven o'clock. At 6.30 I was at the boat-house with my goods and chattels, where my friend S— had agreed to meet me. After loading up the little skiff and bidding farewell to several inquisitive little boys and girls who had gathered on the wharf, we hoisted our sail and sped off before a gentle breeze in the direction of Garden Island. Here we found the tug puffing and panting away in the endeavour to make a start, for it takes more than the conventional twist of the wrist to induce the leviathan to move. The tow-rope was creaking with the strain, as if indignant at being pulled so tight. The men were shouting and swearing in half-a-dozen different languages, the huge logs were groaning, and the uproar generally was tre-

mendous. Presently we saw the great rope gradually slacken, and a slight ripple gather at the broad front of the raft. This increased until the ripple became a wave, and in a few minutes we could distinctly hear the regular plash ! plash ! of the water as it lapped against the bows, which announced the fact that we were off. But we had not yet gone on board. The breeze betrayed no signs of dying out, and the evening was so perfect that S—— and I decided to resurrect our trolling spoons and flies and follow the Wolfe Island shore in search of a bite, so off we went. Meanwhile the raft had not remained still by any means, and when we pulled in our lines in despair and looked about for our boarding-house, we could just see its lights twinkling about four or five miles ahead. It is surprising the distance that the tow will cover when one is not careful to watch it, considering the slow rate at which it moves—never more than three or four miles per hour without much current. After having swept the horizon carefully with his eagle eye, S——, who is an old hand at the business, declared that the wind was going down and that we must hasten to catch up to the raft. This we eventually did after an hour or so's hard work, and were very glad to find a comfortable little cabin awaiting us with two spacious "bunks," on which our beds had been made up, a lamp burning brightly in a bracket, and a deliciously clean odour of fresh pine boards. We tossed up for choice of sides, and after registering a bet as to where we would be in the morning, turned in and slept the sleep of the just. It must have been about five o'clock next morning when I discovered that my blanket had developed a tendency to fall off, and I was about to pull it on and congratulate myself on the prospect of a comfortable three hours' nap, when a tremendous hammering at the door and a squeaky voice calling out "Brakefass, shentlemens, come to brakefass," caused me to jump as if I had suddenly sat down on the business end of a tack. But it was no joke. After pounding my companion in the ribs for some time, I managed to bring him to, and remonstrated with him against this villainous outrage. He smiled faintly and muttered, as he pulled on his breeches, something about Rome and what the Romans do. I thought this a singularly thin explanation, but submitted with a good grace. We had a dip in the river and went in to a rattling good breakfast of beefsteak, potatoes, coffee and buttered toast, which repaid us somewhat for our exertions. Then we strolled out to see where we were—a few miles above Clayton and close to the American shore, about eighteen miles from Kingston.

(To be continued)

We want to remind our subscribers, especially the students, that it would greatly help us if the subscription fees were paid in soon, as we have constantly occurring expenses to meet and no capital to fall back on. They will find by reference to our first page that all subscriptions must be paid by the end of January.

THE FOOTLIGHTS.

OPERA HOUSE.

KINGSTON was fortunate in having a visit from the McGibeny family, of operatic fame. In this age, when there is so much that is sham and unnatural in the theatrical world, it is refreshing to meet a company like this, where the ties of the family and the claims of the stage do not run counter to each other. And when we reflect how sparsely the talents they displayed are distributed among the race generally we cannot help looking with admiration on the phenomenon of a family every member of which is an artist.

In their performances there was no strife for individual prominence. None particularly distinguished themselves, for the talents of the individual were hidden in the talents of the family. Still, if favoritism is permitted, the clarinet solo by Master Dockie, the double quartette, "Jingle Bells," and the musical reading by Miss Allie McGibeny will be longest remembered.

The audience which assembled in the Opera House on Dec. 5th to hear Campanini, the famous tenor, though decidedly select, was deplorably small. We will not attempt to account for this, but we suppose some good cause did exist, for usually the people of Kingston are not backward in supporting first-class musical talent. Somehow or other the majority of the audience retired disappointed in the great Italian tenor. Whether it was owing to his state of health or advanced age we know not, but certain it is that he is no longer *par excellence* the tenor of the world, although he still ranks very high. Mlle. de Vere, the soprano, was undoubtedly the star of the evening. She entranced her hearers by her clear, sweet, sympathetic tone and extraordinary range of voice. She certainly is by far the finest singer, except perhaps Mme. Valda, that we have had the pleasure of hearing for a long time. The other singers, especially Mlle. Groebel, were undoubtedly first-class, and altogether the concert was a genuine treat.

Another recent musical event was the St. Andrew's Society concert, which came off Nov. 29th. Most of the performers were excellent, but we have only space to mention the Schubert Quartette, of Boston, which is composed entirely of ladies. This was a novelty to us, but a decidedly pleasant one. Their singing was charming, and we cordially echo the encomiums showered upon them by all who had the pleasure of hearing them.

The Choral Union gave Haydn's Creation on Thursday evening last. We shall notice it more fully in our next issue.

Prof. Reynolds, the mesmerist, has been giving entertainments at the Opera House all this week to large and admiring audiences.

COLLEGE NEWS.

THE CHANCELLOR'S ADDRESS.

HE introduced the new professors to the graduates, students and friends of Queen's in the following words:—

In March last, the Board of Trustees resolved to strengthen the teaching powers of the University by the appointment of two professors, one to the chair of English Language and Literature, the other to the chair of French and German Languages and Literature. Notices were published in Canada and the United Kingdom, inviting applications. In all, there were twenty-five applicants, 10 for English Literature and 15 for Modern Languages. These with copies of testimonials were forwarded to each individual trustee, and every inquiry was made respecting the qualifications of the candidates. The high character of the applicants for these chairs was most remarkable, and can only be taken as a testimony to the position to which Queen's has attained as a seat of learning. Among the candidates there were not a few whose scholarship would have done credit to any University. The trustees had a full field of choice, and it became their duty to make a selection which in their opinion would give the greatest permanent satisfaction. After ample time had been given to the consideration of the information obtained a board meeting was held for the special purpose of making the appointments. The board met on the 18th of September, when the selection fell on Mr. Jas. Cappon, M.A., of Glasgow, Scotland, for the Professorship of English, and on Mr. John McGillivray, Ph. D., of Collingwood, Canada, for the professorship of French and German. It was a full board when the choice was made, 18 trustees being in attendance, and the appointment in each case was made with complete unanimity. No better proof can be adduced that, in the opinion of the governing body, the very best selection has been made. I have now to discharge the very pleasant duty of formally introducing the two new professors to the students and friends of Queen's. If Professor Cappon has not hitherto been associated with Canada, his future is to be with us and we are to have the fruits of his energy and trained intellect. I doubt not that he will prove as true-hearted a Canadian, as not a few of the staunchest friends of Queen's, who, by the accident of birth, first saw the light in other parts of Her Majesty's wide domain. Professor Cappon comes to us with a reputation of which any man of his years may well be proud. He has already distinguished himself as a student, a teacher, and an author. Professor McGillivray, by birth a Canadian, is better known to us; it is sufficient for me to recall the fact that he took first rank at Toronto University, and I need scarcely say that it is a pleasure to us to do honor to a sister University, in the person of one of her best students. Professor Macgillivray has greatly strengthened his position by devoting the past four years to the perfection of his

studies on the continent of Europe. He returns to the Dominion with testimonials of scholarship from some of the most famous seats of learning in the old world.

[We regret that owing to some oversight, the above words of our gifted Chancellor were omitted from last issue.—Ed.]

Y. M. C. A.

THE History class-room is no longer large enough to accommodate comfortably the numbers that gather to the Friday evening meetings. The next move will be to Convocation hall.

The devotional committee has arranged the programme for the spring term. Good leaders and interesting subjects have been chosen. Several new features have been introduced which the committee hope will be found in keeping with the progress of the Association. The programme will be gotten up in a new and attractive form. It will have upon its face, besides the usual information regarding the meetings, a calendar of the four spring months and a list of the red-letter days of that term. Much credit is due to Mr. Wright, chairman of the committee, for his active interest in this important part of the work.

Dr. Mowat leads the Sabbath morning class for the remainder of the Fall term. None better than he can expound the Old Testament lessons. The class is well attended.

A wise man said "I would not give a fig for a man's religion if his dog and his cat are not the better for it." How much less is a religion worth which does not present to the world the well-endowed, well-developed type of humanity? There are those who think that the days of chivalric christianity are gone, that our religion has become a weak, enervated thing, quite unfit for and unbecoming the robust and active. Too often alas, do appearances justify this conclusion. Yet often, too, are we pleased to find some who realize that the fullest, highest life is to be worked out, not in the seclusion of the cloister nor in isolation from the joys and sounds, the business, labor and pleasures of everyday life, but best where other phases of honest endeavor are most expressive, in the thronging mart and national games. Thus we meet with men who can be better christians because they are good footballers or first-class cricketers and who can also be better players because they are good christians. Two such have lately visited us from Yale, in the persons of Staggs and Reynolds. The former is rusher on the invincible Yale team; the latter, also a Yale student, zealous in christian work. They addressed a largely attended meeting in the history class-room, and certainly have left us the better because of their contact with us.

Dr. Smith's address at a recent Friday evening meeting was a capital one. The Dr. well understands the student's life and work, and also knows full well the qualities which alone can fit him for proper living and acting. We shall not forget your words, Doctor!

DIVINITY HALL.

PROF. Carmichael has completed his first course of lectures in Church History and has departed for King. Towards spring he will visit us again.

A class in Bible History has been organized under the Rev. Mr. Houston. Mr. Houston is most proficient in this subject and is quite qualified to instruct thoroughly the class in this important branch of bible study.

OSSIANIC SOCIETY.

AT the annual meeting of the Ossianic Society, the following officers were appointed for the ensuing year :—

Patrons—Dr. Lamont and Prof. Carmichael.
Hon. President—Rev. Mr. Mackie.
Bard—Evan MacColl.
President—J. D. Boyd.
Vice-President—Malcolm McKenzie, B.A.
Second Vice-President—Neil McNeil.
Secretary—A. K. MacLennan.
Treasurer—A. McKenzie, B.A.
Librarian—John A. McDonald, B.A.
Executive Committee—Profs. Harris and Nicholson, and Messrs. A. K. McNaughton and N. A. McPherson.

OFFICERS ELECTED.

AT the annual meeting of the Queen's College Missionary Association, held in Divinity Hall, the following were appointed officers for the ensuing year :—

President—James G. Potter.
Vice-President—James Ratray, B.A.
Recording Secretary—E. G. Walker, B.A.
Corresponding Secretary—J. Millar.
Treasurer—John A. McDonald, B.A.
Librarian—D. L. McLennan.
Committee—Theology, J. J. Wright, B.A., T. B. Scott, B.A.; Arts, T. L. Walker, J. F. Scott; Medicine, O. L. Kilborne, B.A., J. Kennedy.

ALMA MATER SOCIETY ELECTIONS.

THE annual election of officers for the Alma Mater Society took place in the City hall on Saturday, December 1st. The struggle for the offices was probably the most earnestly contested and exciting one that has ever been seen here; and the large vote polled testified to the interest taken in it, and brought many shovels into the coffers of the Society. Election meetings had been held almost every night during the week before the elections, the freshmen and ladies having particular attention paid to them. The friends of the candidates had a number of carriages out, and there were few people in the city entitled to vote, (except most of the Professors in Arts) who were not persuaded to cast their votes one way or the other. The bar, the pulpit, and the surgery furnished many distinguished voters; those of them who arrived after four o'clock—when the crush had subsided—

being greeted with hearty cheers. At 2 p. m. the voting began, and during the greater part of the first hour the ladies monopolized the polling booth. When the polls opened there was a slight dispute over the manner in which the votes were to be recorded, Mr. Cameron's scrutineers claiming that an amendment to the Constitution, passed at the last annual meeting, provided for the ballot being a secret one, while Mr. Ryan's representatives insisted that it should be open. For about fifteen minutes the fun was fast and furious and it appeared as if a row were inevitable; but before any blows were struck the President, Dr. J. C. Connell, settled the question in favor of the Meds. However, between three and six, the balloting was practically secret. The hourly returns elicited tumultuous demonstrations of enthusiasm from the supporters of the leading candidates. At three, four, and five o'clock the Arts' representative was ahead, but at six the Meds shouted themselves hoarse when the bulletin board showed that their man had a majority of 18, which had increased to 19 when the polls closed at nine o'clock. The excitement, which had been intense all afternoon, exceeded all bounds when it was seen that the entire Medical ticket was elected, and the cheers and yells from the victorious party made the staid portraits on the wall almost leap from their frames. Then the candidates, successful and defeated, addressed the crowd, and their efforts were received with renewed bursts of applause. About four hundred students fell into line when all was over and proceeded to serenade the Professors and the city generally. The day terminated by the victor and a number of his supporters celebrating their success in a banquet at the Windsor. About four hundred and sixty votes were polled and the office holders for 1889-90 are as follows:—Hon. President, Rev. Dr. Wardrobe; President, Ed. Ryan, B. A.; Vice-Presidents, W. Rankin, D. McPhail; Secretary, R. J. McKelvey; Treasurer, A. McIntyre; Asst. Secretary, — Argue; Critic, F. King; Committee, S. H. Gardiner, J. Farrell, T. J. Lockhart.

PERSONALS.

Dr. T. A. Bertram, of Dundas, was married a few weeks ago to Miss Jean B. Knowles, of New York. Shake, Tom!

Rev. Mr. Ande has accepted a call to the Brant Avenue congregation, Brantford.

A. G. Farrell, B. A., Smith's Falls, has been appointed a Notary Public.

H. L. Wilson, M.A., has been appointed Departmental Master in the Ridgeway Collegiate Institute.

W. Nicol, B. A., Science Master in the Guelph Collegiate Institute, has had two unsolicited offers, to Chatham and Lindsay, at \$1,000 a year. He declined both.

H. Pirie, B. A., has returned from England and is now attending to his work in the Royal. England seems to have agreed with Harry.

John Nelson, '90, came to cast his vote at the Alma Mater elections. Come again, John!

J. V. Anglin, M. D., '87, has been appointed chief mind-reader in the Western Pennsylvania Hospital for the Insane, near Pittsburgh.

Rev. E. B. McLaren, B. D., of Brampton, has received a call to the Presbyterian Church, Vancouver, B. C.

Hastings McFarlane, B. A., and his wife are comfortably settled in Tomoco, Washington Territory. Hasty has entered a law office.

One of our Staff received a letter from Rev. J. Steele, B. A., the other day with his subscription fee for the JOURNAL enclosed. Jake has always been a loyal friend to his Alma Mater. Success to you, old man!

Rev. Mr. Meikle, evangelist, will remain in Brockville for some time.

Mr. J. S. Gillies, '90, left to take a course in Mechanical Engineering at McGill. According to last reports he was in a bush or forest near Ottawa.

Dr. Whitney, '88, has gone to Dakota. When here, a few weeks ago, he received an offer of a partnership with a firm there and he accepted. May he continue to take life easy.

A few weeks ago, Miss Fraser, of the W. M. C., addressed missionary meetings at Snow Road, Elphin, and McDonald's Corners. On Wednesday evening, November 14th, at the close of the meeting she was presented with the sum of \$40.00 by the members of the Snow Road Club.

We have just learned that Miss Alice Cameron, B. A., '88, has been appointed teacher of Classics in the Renfrew High School. We have not only to congratulate Miss Cameron on her appointment, but also the High School which thus gains such a valuable addition to its staff.

We accidentally omitted to announce in our last number that A. D. Cartwright, B. A., '85, and H. V. Lyons, B. A., '85, had creditably passed their Barrister and Solicitor exams. These gentlemen have our best wishes.

COLLEGE NOTES.

HOW did you vote at the elections?

Jimmy reports two more ladies, Miss M. White, of Toronto, and Miss S. E. Anglin, city.

The seniors talk of having their dinner before Christmas.

Every student should subscribe for the COLLEGE JOURNAL, for without "you are accounted as nothing."

Our foot ball boys took it badly that Ottawa College did not accept their challenge.

The students think a change in the regulations, with regard to the distribution of the mail, should be made. We agree with the boys.

Messrs. A. K. McLennan and D. Cameron divided the spoils of the Gaelic Scholarship.

The din of the election has passed away and Brothers Hayes, Etherington and Taylor say they feel better. Isn't this a dandy combination? To sound their praises is like "gilding fine gold or painting the lily."

We understand the ladies have made application to the Senate for a larger room. We fully sympathize with them in their demand, as we fail to see how, with the increased number, they have been able to find standing room in their present box.

A nut for the gymnasium committee to crack:—The ladies have to pay a gymnasium fee, why could a day not be set apart to give them instruction in gymnastics? This should be attended to at once.

We fully agree with the Athletic association in the idea that a committee on Sports should be appointed early to make full arrangements for University day. But we do not agree with such long-sighted arrangements where-by a contestant making 46 points gets all silver in prizes and his opponent making 34 points gets all cloth. This needs reviewing.

T. R. Scott, B. A., has been suffering from ill health for some few weeks, and in consequence left for his home on the 8th inst. We hope to see him back next term fully restored.

The time has now come when the Alma Mater Society demands a new constitution. Recent events have proved the need of this beyond a doubt, and it is earnestly hoped that the committee to whose hands the work of preparing a new one has been entrusted will perform their work faithfully and well.

The partition between the consulting room of the library and the library proper has been raised by the addition of a neat-looking wire fence. Though there are no bars, it is hoped that the boys will take the hint and not climb over into the sacred grounds.

The venerable concursus of '88-'89 has dealt its first blow, which has had beneficial results. Even the lady freshies have assumed a more humble air since the awful tones of our crier pealed forth, carrying consternation to the minds of freshmen. The officers for the year are:—Senior Judge, A. S. Hay, '89; Junior Judge, C. O'Connor, '89; Senior Prosecuting Attorney, D. Strachan, '89; Junior Prosecuting Attorney, R. J. McKelvey, '90; Sheriff, J. H. Farrell, '89; Clerk, R. S. Minnes, '89; Crier, Chas. Daly; Chief Constable, E. B. Echlin, '89; Policemen, J. Muirhead, J. F. Farrell, J. Cochrane, Fred. Heap, J. Beattie, W. R. Stewart.

Well done, Cunny! Your little bow to the Alma Mater Society as retiring Secretary was worthy of a son of Queen's. It was your last innings and you made a home run! The work of both the secretaries fell on Mr. Cunningham's shoulders, but he has shown himself equal to the occasion. The past year has been a prosperous one for the society. Never before has there been so much business transacted in any one year, and this year sees

still greater advance. We would suggest this: At next annual meeting let the retiring treasurer come prepared to give a *report* worthy of such an office, that the society may have at least some idea of its financial position.

The question everybody is tired of asking now is: "are we going to have a glee club this year?" It seems too bad that, at a college where over four hundred students attend, a musical organization of some kind cannot be formed. The singing of college glees is not by any means an unimportant event in college life, and especially in "good old Queen's," where so much that is historical and traditional clusters round the old songs, the old spirit should not be allowed to moulder and decay. We have lots of talent in every department; we have always received sympathy and help from our musical Professors; then why not begin at once and organize a glee club that will astonish the natives.

The Medicals are busily preparing for their Re-union, which comes off next Wednesday, and promises to be a great success. Among the musical attractions is Mrs. Whitehead, of Rochester, formerly of Guelph. She comes very highly recommended, and there is no doubt but that she will meet our highest expectation. We understand that the dancing will not occur in Convocation Hall as heretofore, but will be relegated to a more exalted position. This is as it should be, for certainly no concert can be a success held in a crowded ball room.

COLLEGE WORLD.

A FOND mother called the other day upon President Patton, of Princeton, and asked anxiously if her son would be well taken care of at college. Said Dr. Patton: "Madam, we guarantee satisfaction or return the boy."—*Ex.*

Michigan University has established a course in the art of writing plays for the stage.

The largest library in the world is the Bibliotheque National, in Paris, founded by Louis XIV. It contains 1,400,000 volumes, 300,000 pamphlets, 175,000 manuscripts, 300,000 maps and charts, and 150,000 coins and medals. The collections and engravings exceed 1,300,000, contained in some 10,000 volumes.—*Ex.*

The oldest college periodical and the oldest monthly of any kind in America is the *Yale Literary Magazine*. Wm. M. Evarts was one of the five students who started it fifty years ago.

An astronomical expedition is being fitted out at Harvard for the purpose of observing the total eclipse of the sun in California, and of going to Peru to observe the Southern heavens.

A Sophomore, stuffing for examination, has developed the ethics of Sunday work in a way to render further elucidation on the subject unnecessary. He reasons that if a man is justified in trying to help the ass from the pit on the Sabbath day, much more would the ass be justified in trying to get out himself.—*Ex.*

The new Arts College for Women, affiliated with Trinity University, Toronto, was opened on the 15th October, in its temporary location, number 48 Enclid Avenue. The college is to bear the name of St. Hilda, who was abbess of Whitby in the 7th century, and took so prominent a part in the intellectual and religious progress of her age.

Of the 1,400 students in Michigan State University, President Angell states that the parents of 502 were farmers, 271 merchants, 93 lawyers, 83 physicians, 52 manufacturers or mechanics, 61 clergymen, and that 45 per cent. belong to the class who gain their living by manual labor.

Before another month there will be nearly 900 lights in the different university buildings. Notre Dame has now quite an electric light plant. There are no less than seven dynamos for the incandescence and arc lights with which the buildings and premises are lighted up, and for supplying current for experimental purposes in Science Hall.—*The Notre Dame Scholastic.*

Harvard College is progressive, not alone in its advocacy of electives, of the woman's annex, of "non-attendance at prayers," and other organic modifications, but the internal arrangements and class-room methods are continually advancing. In 1880 the professors, by the aid of the librarian, began to assist the pupils systematically in their reading and study. A professor has an alcove assigned him, under his name, to which his students have access at all hours of the day with the privilege of taking a book from the room over night. In this alcove are placed the volumes the professor wishes his class to study. In 1880, thirty-five professors reserved for their alcoves 3,330 books, and in 1886 fifty-six professors reserved 5,840 books. In 1880, 41,986 books were taken from these alcoves, and in 1886, 60,195 were taken. It is said that this simple departure has had a remarkable effect upon the intellectual activity and habits of the students.

DE NOBIS NOBILIBUS.

VENI! VIDI! —!

OR, A LEAF FROM A DESERTED NOTE BOOK.

I AM not sure whether I am generally recognized as a genius or not. But after all it matters little, for in every atom of my organism I feel and know that I *am* one. I was never more convinced of the fact than when, having wrestled with my first finals and having completely and gloriously vanquished them, I became a sophomore. A SOPHOMORE! True, I did not win any medals nor capture a scholarship; but let me earnestly assure you that this was not so much due to my ignorance as to the superior aptability of a few dozen other fellows to answer questions more correctly than I.

Having reached, then, this exalted position on the ladder of fame, I incidentally learned from my room mate that a few more rounds still remained above me. One of these he called Philosophy. This was said to unnerve me, to cast me down from the dizzy heights which I had

reached, again to flounder in the miry pool of freshman-ship. Vain hope! Delusive wish! This jealous thrust only served to spur me on, and next day, with majestic mien, and every step ringing with determination and defiance, I walked into class and took a seat on the front bench.

I noticed that some of my fellow-students took copious notes, catching the words as they fell from the Professor's mouth and materializing them in black and white. I did not. I merely oiled my rational threshing machine, and, feeding it with the thoughts and utterances of the Professor, set the machinery at work and sifted out the chaff. My companions, poor fools, thought they gleaned bushels of the precious grain daily. But what did I discover? How much did I carry home? *Just a handful.* The rest was thrown out and carried by the winds away.

I laid in quite an extensive collection of philosophical works, which I am still reading and criticizing. The light of my reason is penetrating the dark, unexplored corners of Psychology, and soon shall I open to the world regions of thought that have never been dreamed of.

But had I not better share some of this light with the Professor? Had I not better point out to him his errors and direct him to the true way? Happy thought, my first duty lies here.

Perhaps the kindest course to pursue in order to achieve the desired result would be to answer him, gently but firmly, as my superior wisdom dictates when fate calls me to appear before him single-handed in presence of the assembled class. My resolution is made. The die is cast.

* * * * *

That was some days ago. I have matured my plans, and will be triumphant at every point. Something within tells me I shall meet him to-morrow, but a great calmness has fallen upon me, and my heart is filled with hope and exultation. I feel as I believe Wellington must have felt before Waterloo. I wonder if a University will be called after me.

* * * * *

This is *to-morrow*. The boys say I struck a snag. I can't fully understand it yet, for the shock was great. Perhaps night or Blücher didn't come. I think I will leave Queen's forever, but will have to sell my books to pay the landlady.

P.S.—Farewell! A long farewell to all my greatness!

GROWLS

FROM OUR DYSPEPTIC EDITOR.

WHEN I came to Queen's my head and heart were filled with great expectations. What rare times were before me! I thought of four hundred young men assembled together, working in one another's interests, storing up golden associations, all alike striving to build up the student part of the University and to make it a powerful element in society. I saw in my mind's eye societies organized for various purposes, such as for athletic development, literary culture, debating power,

Christian influence, and many others. All selfish aims and personal interests were forgotten in the common weal. The students were as members of a democracy guided by those men who had proved their ability as citizens and had ascended to a higher plane.

This was what I *expected*. Before I had been here a month my castles fell, turret after turret, stone after stone, till not even the foundation remained. I found the Alma Mater Society divided into cliques, its officers but little assisted, and the debating element drowned by harassing business.

The Y.M.C.A. meetings were well attended, but owing to the exclusiveness, hyper-conscientiousness, unsociability and fun-hating disposition of the majority of the leaders in the association, its influence among the boys was minimized.

The Gymnasium offered no attractions, owing to its situation, incomplete apparatus and irregular management.

Football was indulged in by many, but this was for only two months in the year, and Association had been entirely deposed by Rugby instead of being equally supported.

The Concursus had lost its eagle eyesight, and deeds of cheek and darkness went on unchecked and unpunished.

This was what I found, and if you don't believe me—you needn't; but I know whereof I speak, to my sorrow. At any rate you will hear from me again.

CAMPAIGN ECHOES.

ENERGETIC canvasser (to grad.)—You are an alumni, are you not?

Grad.—No; I am an alumnus.

E.C. collapses.

Two members of a canvassing committee gained quite a little experience during their rounds. Shortly after dinner one day they tackled a city grad., Mr. S., and asked plump for his vote. He requested further information, and for three mortal hours they continued to inform him. They described the whole situation minutely, rattled off a list of Presidents since '49—chiefly from their imagination—discussed Commercial Union and Annexation, the next Mayoralty election, the split in '59, and everything else that ever has occurred or is likely to occur; and at last got the promise of Mr. S.'s vote. When they discovered, at the committee meeting that night, that Mr. S. had been canvassed in the *morning* and had promised their candidate his vote, the picturesqueness of their expressions could only be equalled by the force of their language.

One feature which gave considerable amusement to the "free and independent electors of Queen's" was the grammar of the sentence on the election cards of a candidate for a high office in the Alma Mater Society—the society having for an object "to cultivate a *literary* and scientific taste among the students." (Vide Constitution, I, 3 c.)

The levity-inspiring passage (the italics are ours) ran thus: "Your vote and influence *is* respectfully requested," etc. The Society need not wind up its affairs yet. There is still some material for it to work on.

The Ryan—the Ryan—the German Ryan!—*Old Song.*

It is understood that the proceeds of the last election will be devoted to presenting each member of the graduating class with a silk hat. This is as it should be.

The following is authentic: One of the candidates for A.M.S. honors, in his frantic efforts to win votes, called, it is said, at the house of a very pretty young lady, who, by the way, is not a student of Queen's. He was shown into the third-class reception salon, and when the maiden appeared, covered with blushes and a pink wrapper, began in his blindest tones by inquiring if she were not a great friend of Mr. So-and-So's (a giddy young junior in Queen's). After the girl had recovered sufficiently from the embarrassment consequent upon such a delicate question to bashfully acknowledge the corn our "hot-headed" young aspirant immediately implored her to exert her influence over the irresistible junior to "vote for me next Saturday." What the result of this intrepid scheme was is not known, but it is said the damsel is never seen now to smile, and contemplates going into a nunnery.

A WAIL FROM A MALE.

WITHOUT wishing at all to disparage the sex,
Or endeavor to show, in a roundabout way,
By arguments, discourse, or reasons complex,
Why women (God bless 'em) should not have their say
In affairs which seem proper for men to discuss,
I would like to remind every student in Queen's
Of the sterner persuasion—I feel that I must—
Of the dreadful increase (and you know what it means)
In the number of ladies who flock to our College
And pick all the plums from the scholarship tree.
It's going too far, though not yet, to my knowledge,
Have measures been taken to get a decree
From the Senate, that well-known mysterious clique,
To stop this effusion of feminine cheek.
'Tis sweet, I admit, to see the dear creatures
Go fairly flitting about in our halls,
But that look, "We mean business," that's stamped on
their features,
The boldest, most callous among us appals.
Tho' the face it be fair, and the figure bewitching,
Tho' the gown and the note-book complete the tableau,
Tho' the locks, in some cases quite short, needing "switch-
ing,"
Are draped intellectually over the brow—
What availeth all this when we have the suspicion
That the damsel continually smiles in her sleeve
With "I'll finger those bills at the end of the session,
"And don't you forget it—you'd better believe
"That the girls don't get left"—then the sweet's but
a sham,
Like a powder that's mixed up in strawberry jam.

When we opened our doors to the destitute sex

And extended a welcome—both student and Prof.—
Had we known the result we'd have "jumped on their
necks"

In short order, and sagely remarked, "Oakum off."
But politeness eloped with our judgment just then;

Bad luck to civility!—Don't you perceive
How we're fixed?—'T would be scarcely the cheese for
the men

To insist at this date that the ladies should leave!
'Tis the case of the adder all over again;

We gave them a place by our fire and got stung
For our pains, and it's lucky there's no other gen-
Der that's likely to snare us its meshes among.

But our name may be "Gallagher," "Dinnis" and
"Mud"—

'Rah! 'Rah for the ladies! We don't care a spud.

Moonlight talks,
Midnight walks,
Longing eyes,
Soothing sighs,
Front gate,
Very late.

Parlor scene,
Feeling mean,
Dearest Bess,
Answer yes,
Kind kiss,
Mutual bliss.

Interview,
Papa too,
Nothing loath,
Happy both,
Couple glad,
Have it bad.

Organ swells,
Marriage bells,
Honeymoon
Ended soon,
Double Brown,
Settle down.

One year,
Skies clear;
Years two,
Rather blue;
Years three,
Can't agree.

County court,
Splendid sport,
Sorrow, sin,
Jury grin,
Divorce given,
Fetters riven.

Worried life,
Lonely wife,
Husband roams,
Wife foams,
Care cost,
Love lost.

MORAL.

When you wed
Look ahead,
Night fall,
That's all.

—E.e.

We are in a state of quandary. We are not quite positive whether or not it was intended for a joke; but if it wasn't, a certain Prof. in this University has not yet quite accustomed himself to our Canadian speech. Not very long ago a lady, in conversation with this man of knowledge about people and things in far-away Scotland, inquired if wood stoves were used to any extent.

"No," replied the Prof. thoughtfully, "no, I believe, as a rule, the people prefer iron stoves."

We are still in a quandary.

WHAT THEY ARE SAYING.

I HAVE heard Campauini ! Oh my !!

R--ss--l.

Just wait till I catch Muirhead alone !

Charlie O'C--r.

Who says matematis isn't important ?

T. G. M--q--s.

We wonder what our Prof. lectures to the ceiling for.
The English Class.

Tell the boys I am teaching the Japs how to play foot-
ball.

A. W. Beall.

Mr. Chairman and gentlemen, --Here's my report : " I
think everything is all right."

F. H--p.

What's the matter with making me an honorary mem-
ber of the Alma Mater ?

John.

I wish there were twenty-two evenings in the week.
A fellow doesn't have time to get in any study now.

D. St--n.

I don't think the Prof. gives me any show in Philo-
sophy. I think he should let me answer for the ladies.

J. K--ll--ck.

I go to Alma Mater so as I can second motions and
move we adjourn. That is the easiest way to get your
name in the minutes, you know. Jimmie C--ch--ne.

Thanks, ever so much, for the offer of the Sanctum,
but we have the loveliest room now, that was given to us
by the Senate. Aren't they darlings? But--oh dear!
What *shall* we call our society? We had *such* a cute
name, but none of us knew what it meant, so we had to
let it go.

The Ladies.

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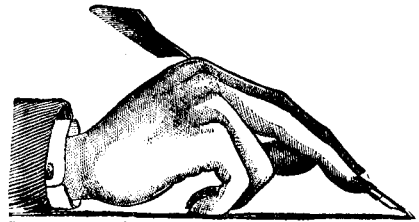
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QUEEN'S COLLEGE JOURNAL.

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The annual subscription is \$1.00, payable before the end of January.

All literary contributions should be addressed to the Editor, Drawer 1104, Kingston, Ont.

All communications of a business nature should be addressed to the Managing Editor.

WE do not think that our readers will charge us with being over-anxious to run an opposition sheet to the *Presbyterian Review*, the *Canada Presbyterian*, the *Dominion Churchman*, the *Canada Methodist Magazine*, or any of the well-known denominational periodicals of our country. Indeed, as we shall see a little later on, the *Review* seems to think that we have gone to the other extreme. But

"To everything there is a season, and a time to every purpose under heaven—a time to mourn and a time to dance,"

and a time to do several other things, as the inquisitive reader may discover by a reference to Ecclesiastes. Of course, there is an infant party in the University and the country who think they can improve the Word by striking out some of its wise sayings and inserting some amendments of their own; but, to paraphrase Principal Grant's words of the other night, "The Bible is a good enough book for us," and we are quite ready to take our chances with *It*.

There is a time, then, to write a New Year's editorial; and if we do not make it as long as the Westminster Confession, or the 119th Psalm, we hope that none of our good old Presbyterian readers will give it the go-by on this account. We are not bubbling over with a desire to rehearse all the fatalities of the past twelve months and hold them up as a warning to the miserable sinners of our acquaintance; but we do, nevertheless, believe that a very slight reflection on all the goodness of that God who is

"—not a God afar,
But ever present, ever nigh;
And ready still in every star
To hear his children's cry,"

will, while the record of the New Year is still a stainless one, beget the desire of having the succeeding pages of that record as bright and unsullied as the first. So long as men do not

"—wear their hearts upon their sleeves,
For daws to peck at,"

it must be true that any attempt to judge other men will be a very imperfect one at best; and any code of ethics, to be at all universal in character, must be on the broadest possible lines. There is, however, one point on which, we fancy, all men are agreed, and that is the folly of acquiring the habit of using intoxicants in student-days. Some of the very best men in the University to-day, men of the most charming manners and keenest minds, use intoxicants. We do not say that they are often intoxicated, for this is not, we are glad to say, true; but, nevertheless, they do indulge to a certain extent.

* * *

We think that there is a good chance for a set of resolutions in this line, as well as in many another, and, as we wish our readers A happy New Year! we hope that the boys will help to make it so for themselves by decisive action in this matter. We had intended to throw out a couple of suggestions to some of our Y.M.C.A. men, such as that if they took something off the length of their faces and added it on by way of breadth, if they smiled a little more and sighed a little less, they might increase their influence a trifle, but we forbear:

"To step aside is human,"

as dear old Robbie says, and the chances are that we do about as much in that line ourselves as any one. So to one and all—A happy New Year!

We regret that the editorial of the last issue, in which we spoke of mathematics as being "fixed beyond all change," should have been misconstrued to mean that there had been no *improvement* in the mathematical department during the last few years. Such an idea is perfectly preposterous, and we feel assured that our old professor will do us the justice of believing that it never entered our mind. If we did not take first-class honors and the gold medal in mathematics, we are quite satisfied that he does not on that account bear us an undying grudge, and we certainly can carry through life none but the very kindest recollections of one of the most perfect teachers and kindest hearted gentlemen it has ever been our pleasure to meet. The editorial in question could never be twisted to mean anything of the kind except by reading it wholly apart from the context. What it meant to say, and what it did say, was that this department had never yet been made optional. We said then, and say yet, it is time it should.

* * *

We have received a communication from some one unknown on the subject of literature, bees, dreams, Gulliver, philosophy and mathematics. It was probably intended as a Christmas present for the editor. We have accordingly laid it carefully away in tissue paper until what time the subscription list is all paid in, when we intend to frame it. One of its chief beauties, apart from the variety of subjects embraced, is that it will read either backwards or forwards with equal facility and force; or, in case of an emergency, one might begin in the middle and read up and down alternately. We beg to remind our friends that all contributions, to ensure insertion, must have the author's signature attached, not necessarily for publication, but etc.

* * *

There were several points made by the Principal in his address of the 22nd which are well worth the consideration of our students. In the first place his idea of patriotism was tersely expressed in the single sentence "Canada is a good enough country for me." In these last days when everyone is ranting about loyalty, and when loyalty may be taken to mean devotion to British interests, to the interests of one particular province at the expense of other portions of the Dominion, to the interests of the United States, or anything else under heaven except the one thing needful, it is encouraging to find one public man to whom patriotism means devotion to Canada and her interests first, last, and all the time—against any other country whatsoever.

* * *

Again, on the question of sectarianism, his opinions do not seem to have been much modified by his trip; or, if they have, it is only in the right line, that of greater breadth.

"Where do I place the Church? Along with political parties. I look more to the character of the man than

the Church he belongs to. If he is a good citizen and a true man in his family, I have no fear of the Church."

We have no desire to mar the beauty of this extract by commenting at length upon it. We only pause to notice that Principal Grant would never have reached the spiritual height marked by the above words through the course adopted by some men of reading only their own side of religious questions, and looking upon all others as devices of him who was once called the "Son of the Morning."

* * *

The reverend gentleman gave utterance to another idea well worth the thought of all who are interested in theological topics, when he said in his sermon of Sabbath morning that "the Bible was not a catechism but an organism," and that for this reason all of its truths were not of equal importance.

This idea, which is the outcome of an age of theological inquiry such as perhaps the Church never before witnessed, if taken to heart and made the watchword of practical homiletics, would do much to allay the bitterness of sectarian strife, and to hasten the coming of the time when all these petty lines of difference in the Church shall be destroyed, and Christianity shall present to the world an unbroken front such as has not been hers since the days of her infancy.

* * *

The discussion which the publication of Robert Elsmere has provoked both at home and abroad is an interesting comment upon the power which religious questions have to-day to stir the hearts of men. We propose at a later time to consider the work at some length. Meanwhile, for the benefit of our readers, we publish a single extract from the Rev. Joseph Cook's article in the current number of *The North American Review*:—

"'Robert Elsmere' is the echo of an echo. In its central anti-supernaturalistic contentions, it is largely a rehash of the anonymous work, 'Supernatural Religion,' which some years ago made considerable noise in England. That work was substantially an echo of a now decadent continental school of rationalistic criticism, led chiefly by Strauss and Renan. Matthew Arnold's own positions in relation to historic Christianity were largely such an echo. It is or ought to be well known that, after full and prolonged hearing, they have produced small effect upon real experts in the field of discussion to which they refer. Mrs. Ward's book echoes on this subject her uncle's now really belated and outgrown opinions. Roger Wendover is a disciple of a school of anti-supernaturalism that has been discredited in the highest circles of scholarship in Germany for nearly a quarter of a century. He is the echo of an echo after the original voice has ceased to be authoritative.

"Strauss himself abandoned the famous Mythical Hypothesis before he died. It was buried before its author, as every scholar knows. Professor Christlieb

and Professor Luthardt, foremost among thoroughly evangelical experts of Germany in the department of the Christian evidences, assure the world that Strauss' theory no longer needs to be answered in the theological departments of the German universities. 'It has been swept out at the back-doors of German intellectual workshops,' said Professor Christlieb once to the present writer, 'and it ill becomes Englishmen or Americans to feed on food that Germans have thrown out of doors as intellectual refuse.'"

* * *

We have noticed with much pleasure that one of the stories in the Christmas *Globe* is from the pen of our fellow-student Mr. T. G. Marquis. It is a tale of New Brunswick fisher life, simply and clearly told; and its descriptions of the scenery of the Miramichi are much above the ordinary. We should like to see more of this sort of thing from the students of Queen's. Her record in literature in the past surpasses that of any other of our Canadian universities, and we should see to it that she holds this position in the future. The tale in question did not give Mr. Marquis very much of an opportunity of showing what he can do; but, making allowance for the limitations of space and time, it was exceedingly well done.

* * *

The *Presbyterian Review* objects to our publishing extracts from George Moore's "Confessions," and virtually charges us with making light of the blood spilled on Calvary. With all due deference to the *Review*, we fail to see how it can support such a charge. Is it because, at one particular period in his life, that very wonderful young man became more impressed with the love of the flesh than of the spirit? If it is, we do not see why it did not go a step further and charge us with being at the same time a materialist like Ivan Turgeneff or a fatalist like Horace. We published extracts from all three not because they expressed our views on life or death, but simply because they were literature. And we do not think that shutting off our students from books of which the world is talking will make them any better Christians, but worse. The more our students know about the world, the more they know about human nature, its weaknesses, its failures, its foibles—the broader will be their sympathy and the greater the good which they will do in the Church and the world.

* ASSOCIATE * EDITORIALS. *

COMPETITIVE EXAMINATIONS.

IN the present crusade against competitive examinations it becomes thoughtful men to pause and consider whither we are tending. That our own educational system, as well as that of the mother country, has in late years developed a marked mechanical tendency, few will deny; but that competitive examinations have wholly, or even largely, contributed to this result, awaits proof.

True, in Britain, payment by results superadded to competitive examinations has certainly exercised a pernicious influence upon the cause of true education; and it may be admitted that, as far as that system has been adopted in this country, its evil influence has been felt. That which was intended to operate as a salutary spur to the indolent teacher has proved to be a thorn in the flesh of the pupil as well. This might have been anticipated, but was not. Now that teachers are more or less fully alive to a sense of duty, by all means discard the spur. But does it follow that, because the spur is found to be pernicious in its effects, the bridle should be discarded also? We think not.

COMPULSORY VOTING.

A WELL-KNOWN Canadian paper seems to think that some measure should be taken to compel all to whom the franchise is extended to vote at the elections. The object of this proposed measure is to rouse men from their state of indifference, and thus lessen the possibility of corrupting the elections. There does not seem to be anything fundamentally wrong in compelling those who have votes to cast them; still it is questionable whether such a measure would result in any practical advantage. Extreme advocates of personal freedom—men who are unable to distinguish between national license—men who have no conception of what is really implied in personal liberty—would, no doubt, cry out against compulsion on the ground that the state is interfering with the natural rights of the individual. Such an objection is based on a false conception of the relation existing between the individual and the state. Individual rights are not inherent qualities, nor appendages which are born with us, but they are possessions which we come to have from being members of a social and political organism. The state vests in the individual the right of voting, and this implies that the individual has a corresponding duty to perform towards the state. Therefore, when the individual ceases to observe this duty, by ceasing to exercise his franchise, the state may justly cease to extend the right to him on the ground that it is given only on the condition that it be used to further the national well-being. The withdrawing of the franchise from non-voters for a certain limited time might have a tendency to stir up a public spirit in the indifferent; but the imposition of a fine, though not in itself unjust, is a hopeless means of reform. For, in the first place, it would raise up an element hostile to the state; and, in the second place, no advantage can accrue to the state from the votes of men who are purely selfish.

Religion is the tie that connects man with his Creator, and holds him to His throne. If that tie be all sundered, all broken, he floats away, a worthless atom in the universe; its proper attractions all gone, its destiny thwarted, and its whole future nothing but darkness, desolation and death.—*W. Chester.*

THE FOOTLIGHTS.

"YEOMEN OF THE GUARD."

IN maintaining that Gilbert and Sullivan have scored another success in "The Yeomen of the Guard," we think we voice public sentiment. The Opera House was well filled on Friday evening, Dec. 21st, by that select audience which Kingston can so easily produce when anything worthy of its patronage is presented, and the consensus of opinion pointed decidedly to unqualified praise. The company is a good one, well balanced and effective, the choruses strong, and the leading voices well up to the standard. The costumes are magnificent, and, in our opinion, exceed anything of the kind that has ever been seen on the Kingston stage. The plot is laid in and about the historic Tower of London, the scenery of which the company carries with it. "The Yeomen of the Guard" contains scarcely as much dialogue as its predecessors, and will not, we fancy, from the superior style of music adopted, be as widely quoted. To appreciate the libretto it is a *sine qua non* that one must see it produced, the songs, etc., being so interwoven that one may not appear alone with advantage. Miss Helen Lamont, the prima donna, has a soprano voice of wonderful range and power, and her command over the technique of her art is certainly marvellous, but we failed to notice that sympathetic vein which is so conspicuous in the contralto of Miss Baker, who, by the way, is an old favorite, having, with N. S. Burnham, appeared in Ruddigore and Mikado.

In appending a few of the chief roles we refrain from adding an outline of the plot, which may be found complete elsewhere :

Sir Richard Cholmondeley, Lieutenant
of the Tower. Mr. Joseph C. Fay
Colonel Fairfax, under sentence of death. Geo. Traverer
Sergeant Meryll, of the Yeomen of the
Guard. Signor Brocolini
Leonard Meryll, his son. Edward Gervaise
Jack Point, a strolling jester. James Gilbert
Wilfred Shadbolt, head jailer of the tower
and assistant tormenter. N. S. Burnham
The headsman. C. Soule
Elsie Maynard, a strolling singer. Miss Lament
Phebe Meryll, Sergt. Meryll's daughter. Miss Alice Carle
Dame Caruthers, housekeeper to the
tower. Miss Mabella Baker
Kate, her niece. Miss Millard

The rendition of Haydn's grand oratorio, "Creation," by the Kingston Choral Society, some time ago, and which we briefly noticed in our last issue, was undoubtedly the most artistically rendered chorus that has been heard in this city. The soloists were Miss Smart, of Brockville, soprano ; Mrs. Betts, of Kingston, soprano ; Mr. Stancliffe, of Montreal, bass ; and Mr. J. Greenwood, of Kingston, tenor. Of the soloists the favorites were Miss Smart and Mr. Stancliffe, both of whom completely captivated the audience.

LITERATURE.

FROM KALLISTRATOS.

IN a myrtle bough will I wrap my sword,
Like Harmodios and Aristogeiton,
The day they struck the tyrant down
And Athens freed, their native town.

Harmodios dear, thou art not dead !
In the isles of the blest men fame thee,
Where swift Achilles lives in light,
And Diomodes, skilled in fight.

In a myrtle bough will I wrap my sword,
Like Harmodios and Aristogeiton,
When at the shrine of Athene they
Did the tyrant Hipparchos slay.

For aye thro' the world shall your deed be told,
Loved Harmodios and Aristogeiton,
Because ye struck the tyrant down
And Athens freed, your native town.

A. B. N.

FIRST LOVE.

I.
A H, love is deathless ! We do cheat
Ourselves who say that we forget
Old fancies. Last love may be sweet ;
First love is sweeter yet.

II.
And day by day more sweet it grows
Forevermore, like precious wine,
As Time's thick cobwebs o'er it close
Until it is divine.

III.
Grows dearer every day and year,
Let other loves come, go at will :
Although the last love may be dear,
First love is dearer still.

From "Lyrics," by
GEORGE FREDERIC CAMERON.

THE BEGGAR.

I PASSED along the street. . . . A beggar stopped
me, an infirm old man.

The inflamed, tearful eyes, and blue lips, the coarse
rags, the loathsome sores. . . . Ah, how frightfully
had poverty disfigured this being !

He stretched out his dirty, red, swollen hand towards
me, . . . he moaned, and whimpered for charity.

I searched all my pockets, . . . neither purse nor
watch, nor handkerchief could be found. . . . I had
brought nothing with me.

The beggar waited, . . . and his outstretched hand
shook slightly and quivered.

Distressed and embarrassed, I seized the soiled hand

and pressed it. . . . "My brother, blame me not, I have nothing, brother."

The beggar turned his red eyes upon me; his blue lips parted in a smile—and he pressed my fingers (which had grown chill) in return.

"It matters not, brother," he faltered; "I thank you all the same. For that was a gift, my brother."

And I realized that I also had received a gift from my brother.

February, 1878.

IVAN TURGENIEF.

A DAY ON THE RIDEAU.

THERE are, in this Canada of ours, regions of beauty and grandeur that but few eyes have gazed upon, and which, instead of being inaccessible and remote, are at our very doors, but hidden by the veil of our ignorance and indifference regarding them.

The Rockies, Niagara and the Thousand Islands, grand and awe-inspiring as they are, are not the only scenes of natural beauty in our native land worthy to rank as high as the highest of those in other countries. Let us look and see if we cannot chance upon one of these bits of fairyland.

How many of you, my readers, have seen the Rideau river? I need hardly wait for an answer, for I am convinced there are but few. Let us, however, in spite of the frost and snow which now are considerably more common than gently flowing waves and green-mantled hills, banish the calendar and in imagination take a summer voyage to Smith's Falls.

The sun has just risen, this cool July morning, on the old city of Kingston. The screech of the whistle calls us all on board, the ropes are loosed, the wheels revolve, and off we go.

Through a narrow, winding channel, which reminds us of the labyrinths of ancient Greece, we pass low banks on either hand until we come to the rocky gorge at the entrance to our first lock at Kingston Mills, six miles north of the city. Here we ascend, through four locks, about forty-five feet, and while this is going on we have plenty of time to look about us and admire the attractiveness of the surroundings. High, rocky hills, covered with verdure, rising on either side of the narrow river, which reflects their beauties on its calm surface, rapid, rushing waterfalls, sloping lawns, covered with a green velvet sod and shaded by graceful maples—a paradise for picnickers, an overflowing draught for the thirsty soul of an artist.

But our steamer is ready for us again, and on we glide through a maze of stumps and shoals which threaten our safety, but past which we smoothly run, thanks to our pilot's skilful arm, on and on toward the green rocky shore which seems to block the channel, till we begin to wonder if this is to be the end. Suddenly the land breaks and we see an opening—so narrow, indeed, that doubts arise within us as to the possibility of such a bulky craft as ours passing through. But on we go. The

opening widens and we rush through, almost touching the overhanging trees on either bank, emerging into one of those picturesque little lakes so freely distributed on this river.

The shores now are becoming less rocky and barren, and a mantle of green covers them all, stretching from the surface of the river to the summit of the high range of hills on either side. We almost feel the solitude and silence which reign here, and it is seldom we come across any evidences of man's handiwork. Everywhere wild, ragged hills, dense, impassable forests, and low, irregular shores meet the eye, until suddenly we round a point and approach the heavy masonry of a collection of locks.

These useful obstacles are scattered pretty freely on this peculiar stream, and serve to break the monotony which often oppresses the traveller in an unbroken run of several hours through even the most enchanting scenery. Most of them are beautifully situated, and the combination of the artificial with the natural makes a decidedly attractive picture. Unquestionably the finest of these is at Jones' Falls, which we reach after a run of several hours, and as there are here five locks to pass through in order to rise ninety feet, we may as well disembark and spend our time surveying the beauty of the place.

A short walk takes us to where the river leaps over a partially artificial barrier, and, rushing through a narrow cut in the rocks, winds its way in rapid, foaming waves to the foot of the gorge. The trees on either hand overhang the fall, their branches almost meeting in a natural arch, and, viewed from below, the whole scene is wonderfully grand.

But all this takes time, and before we have time to thoroughly digest what we have seen we must hurry on board in obedience to the sharp whistle, giving only a glance at the immense dam, which is one hundred and twenty feet high, and built of enormous blocks of grey sandstone.

The islands now become more numerous, and the channel shoots in and out among them in its erratic course till our minds grow bewildered and we hopelessly lose our bearings. But somehow or other the way opens up as we advance, and after passing through Newboro Cut we soon emerge into Rideau Lake, which is the largest on the river, and the highest point between Kingston and Ottawa. This may seem strange to many, but it is a fact that the Rideau flows both ways, and we now begin to descend.

Rideau Lake stretches for ten miles, and is full of small, nicely shaded islands, which are well patronized by campers in the summer months. Having crossed the lake, a short run brings us to the most beautiful part of this picturesque river, Pullamalee Cut, and just as we enter it the sun, bathed in golden splendor, is approaching the horizon, making the whole scene appear indescribably lovely. Pullamalee Cut is a narrow, artificial canal, about two miles long, and was constructed about a century ago, but since then the hand of Nature has been at

work clothing the once barren shores with a mantle of ivy, overhung with gracefully drooping trees. We almost hold our breath as we quietly glide along, and when we again join the river proper we reluctantly look back and feel as if we had had a glimpse of Paradise.

Just as the darkness is growing dense, and the shores are becoming indefinite and gloomy, we reach the end of our trip and go ashore at Smith's Falls, rather weary, but nevertheless full of enthusiasm and satisfaction. Fare, please!

* EXCHANGES.*

THE following is taken from one of our exchanges. It expresses our sentiments very fairly in regard to the narrow, illiberal spirit that is manifested in an article on "The Theatre and the Church":

"We have a certain hesitancy in opening the *Presbyterian College Journal*, because it is painful to find the broad, liberal thinking and universal charity of many of its articles marred by the narrowness and assumption of certain pages that the editors should not admit, and which go to spoil a whole number. The November number is so spoiled by the treatment of an article on 'The Theatre and the Church.' With the question itself we have nothing to do, but it is a mistake for so respectable a journal to give space to a contributor who affirms that one who goes to the theatre becomes 'intimate with the swearer, the Sabbath breaker, the infidel, and the liar.' Of course, if one wishes to make a crusade against everything artistic, he can be easily met; but one who asserts that it is the aim of the theatre to ridicule the religion of Christ, and to profane the name of God, and assigns it a place in Hades, has sadly missed the mark of modern Christian teaching. Such a tone savors strongly of the spirit of Alexander the coppersmith, and goes to discredit the truth when it is spoken. Young men should beware of cant; it blinds to higher things. There is much in the theatre to be condemned, and a high ground for censure, but the *Journal* can be assured that the age of gross violence in the treatment of moral questions has vanished with inquisitions of all kinds"—Catholic and Protestant.

The *Dalhousie Gazette* does not appear to have a "dread apprehension" of the Senate, but speaks out boldly, suggesting improvements in the curriculum. We agree with the *Gazette* that such subjects as history, political science and metaphysics are at least quite as valuable for developing the mind as classics, and that a knowledge of them will be, for many, more useful in after life, because it leads to a broader acquaintance with the world of to-day.

The *Notre Dame Scholastic* is always welcome to our table. It compares favorably with the best of the exchanges. Its continued articles on "The French Drama," contributed by Rev. S. Fitte, C.S.C., are extremely interesting and edifying, and will reward careful perusal.

* COLLEGE NEWS.*

THE PRINCIPAL'S RETURN.

WHEN the telegram came from Principal Grant announcing his safe arrival in Vancouver and the probability of his reaching Kingston on the 22nd, great was the disappointment felt by the students, as but few would be here to welcome him owing to the Christmas vacation. However, those who could possibly do so remained to meet him, and arrangements were quickly made by those few to make up for the deficiency in numbers by the warmth and cordiality of their greeting. With great thoughtfulness and kindness Mr. B. W. Folger, Superintendent of the K. & P. R.R., placed at the disposal of the students a comfortable car, and invited as many as possible to go to Sharbot Lake to meet the Principal there. His offer was promptly accepted, and when at 12.40 o'clock on Saturday afternoon the train steamed from the station, a good crowd of the boys was on board.

Whether it was owing to their anticipations regarding the Principal, or the necessary result of a free ride, or the inspiration caused by the Christmas vacation, we know not, but certain it is that—well, to put it mildly, one would hardly have thought a Quaker meeting was going on in that car. For war had been declared. Headed by the Y. M. C. A. President, a courageous few had attempted to take forcible possession of a seat upon which four seniors were lazily reclining. The charge was resisted, the spectators joined in, but just before any blood was spilled the brakeman shoved his head in at the door and yelled "Yoweraooo!" or something like that, and as the train slowed up open went all windows and out went all heads to view the situation and smile at any village damsel that hove in sight. Mighty few hove, however, fortunately for them.

Then screech went the whistle and they were off again—some, by the way, remained "off" all afternoon. A few minutes before three Sharbot Lake was reached, and not long afterward the train from Ottawa steamed into the station. Forming into a rather formidable phalanx on the platform, the students awaited their Principal, and all eyes were centred on the door of his car as the passengers streamed out. Suddenly a yell rent the air, then another and another until, no doubt, the startled passengers began to think they had come into contact with a menagerie or a Salvation Army detachment. But there was one who did not mistake those enthusiastic shouts, one to whose ear they were as pleasant as the softest music, for they meant a welcome home after months of travel. And as Dr. Grant stepped from his car, the well-worn but favourite chorus "For he's a jolly good fellow" burst forth, then hurrying forward the boys in turn grasped his hand, receiving from him kind words of recognition and greeting. When this performance had been gone through to the satisfaction of all concerned, the train was again boarded, the Principal

entering a special car and the students monopolizing another. But owing to the lateness of the train going east the start for home was delayed an hour, and all sorts of devices were employed to while away the time. Our worthy president of the Alma Mater visited an old settler, and procuring from him a pair of buckskin mits, returned in great glee to the train. These having been tried on all round were returned to their owner and pronounced O.K. Then our old friend Rev. Alex. McAuley, who was along, very gracefully presented our Managing Editor a mysterious-looking little parcel, "on behalf of the ladies of Sharbot Lake." This parcel on being opened was found to consist of a diminutive doll. A speech was demanded in return, but somehow before the bashful editor got well returned he got mixed up with a lasso, and descended rather abruptly from the back of the seat on which he had been perched. In the middle of this confusion Dr. Smith entered the car accompanied by the Principal, who, on being discovered, was received with great applause.

Silence having been obtained, the Principal thanked the students for their reception, which was all the more gratifying to him since it was entirely unexpected, for he had supposed that most of them had gone home for the holidays. He, however, thought it best to delay any formal address till after classes had opened in January, when he would be able to meet all the students. He was glad to say that his health was entirely restored, and that he had enjoyed his trip exceedingly. But wherever he was the most welcome news was about Queen's and Kingston. It was in the Antipodes—some perhaps would call that the "lower world," and in truth it *was* rather hot, though he felt quite comfortable there—that the news of convocation and the inauguration of the new professors had reached him. He was very gratified indeed at the three additions to the teaching staff of Queen's during his departure. Messrs. Cappon, McGillivray and Shortt were decided acquisitions, and the University could not but feel their influence. He was also greatly pleased at the news of the victories of the football team in Montreal, for he had learned from experience that athletics if not pushed to extremes were, instead of being a detriment to study, rather an assistant. While in Japan he had met both Beall and Dunlop, the latter of whom had come hundreds of miles to see him. He was glad to get home, however, and was fortunate enough to be able to do as he had prophesied and reach Kingston on his birthday. Again thanking the students for their welcome the Principal retired to his car amid enthusiastic cheers.

By this time the train was whirling toward the Limestone City, and darkness was fast settling on the surrounding country, so that all attention was turned from the windows to the interior of the car. One of the class of '88, home for the holidays, had joined the excursion, and for the entertainment of the rest now produced an interesting machine, which, when worked aright, resem-

bled two freshies fighting, much to the edification of their scholarly audience. Tired of this, and having exhausted all the songs ever heard of in this region, Jimmie Cochrane was called on for a recitation. Accordingly, supported on either side by an enthusiastic admirer, he launched forth in that magnificent oration, "*Friends, Romans and countrymen!*" He received wild applause at the end of each sentence, and worked on the feelings of his hearers to a tremendous extent, especially when, with trembling pathos, he called upon them to prepare to shed tears if they had any on hand. This ovation ended abruptly by the speaker forgetting his position and suddenly exclaiming, "Give me back my stick there, McCammon! You fellows won't let me retrieve myself." Then some more songs were sung, each man choosing his own melody, and altogether the effect was very grand. It was nearly six o'clock when the train rolled into the city, and being reinforced here by more students and citizens, a rush was made for the City Hall, where the Mayor, on behalf of the city of Kingston and in presence of a very large audience, read the following address of welcome to Principal Grant:—

To the Very Reverend George Monroe Grant, D.D., Principal of Queen's University.

REVEREND AND DEAR SIR,—As Chief Magistrate of the city of Kingston, I desire on behalf of the municipal corporation, and also on behalf of the citizens at large, to extend to you a hearty welcome home after your prolonged absence in a distant quarter of the globe. The cause of your absence was one which every person in the community deplored; but we doubt not that while spending an enforced vacation at the Antipodes you saw with delighted vision the far removed extremities of Britain's world-encircling empire, and that warmth of your patriotic sentiment was increased, as your personal acquaintance with our fellow-subjects under the southern cross widened.

When you first came among us, eleven years ago, you brought with you a high reputation for ability and public spirit, and, confiding in the accuracy of common report, we took your good qualities at the time upon trust. During the intervening period, a more familiar observation of your character has served only to deepen and confirm our previous impressions, and we now know you as a public man of rare judgment and capacity, untiring energy, thorough independence, outspoken honesty of conviction, and ardent patriotism. These qualities have not alone won for you the admiration and esteem of your fellow-citizens of Kingston, but they have made your name familiar in the mouths of the Canadian people in every part of the Dominion as a synonym for whatever is virtuous and distinguished in our national public life. The institution with which you are more immediately connected, Queen's University, owes its present flourishing condition principally to your arduous labors. In reviving its languishing vigor, in enlarging the staff, in completing its equipment, and in placing it upon a sound

financial basis, you have accomplished a great and noble work, a work of priceless benefit to the intellectual and moral life of Canada, one which will confer blessings upon society in the distant future, when the present generation shall be forgotten, and the noise of living fame shall have died into an echo.

We are thankful to learn that the health which gave way under your self-sacrificing exertions on behalf of the University endowment fund has been fully restored. We trust you may long be spared to your native country to continue in the plenitude of your powers a career of such great usefulness as yours has been in the past.

For Mrs. Grant and your family we pray that Providence may bestow upon them every gift that can make life fortunate and happy.

J. DUNCAN THOMPSON, Mayor.

The Mayor also read a telegram from the graduates of Queen's, Almonte, who desired to join the citizens and students in sincere congratulations upon the safe return of Principal Grant in renewed health.

The School Board also presented an address, which was read by the Chairman, Mr. T. C. Wilson.

REPLY OF THE PRINCIPAL.

Principal Grant was received with great applause. He thanked the Council and School Board for the high public honor paid him. He begged the School Board to excuse him replying to its address; he would do so when the students returned from their holidays. Then he would discuss educational matters. He would also have pleasure in sending a formal reply to the Council. Nothing remained for him but to address his fellow-citizens. He confessed that he found it difficult to express himself on this the first occasion he had received so signal a mark of approval from his fellow-citizens. Naturally he was at a loss how to respond. He felt almost as awkward as the poor fellows who are about to be married—for the first time. (Laughter.) Another reason was that he was unaware why he had received such a mark of public appreciation. Such honors were usually reserved for persons who had gone away and performed some public duty, but he had only taken a holiday and not of his own accord. He had done as his masters ordered, gone away, drawn on them for his expenses, and got well. (Cheers.)

During his absence of nine months he had crossed seven oceans, encircled the globe, touched on the five great continents—Europe, Africa, Asia, Australia, and Canada—besides touching at several of those marvellous groups of islands that stud the waters of the vast Pacific, islands he had long desired to see since his youthful fancy had been stirred by the poet laureate, in "Locksley Hall," where in his wanderings he went

"On from island unto island, at the gathering of the day,
Larger constellations burning, mellow moons and happy
skies,

Breadths of tropic shades and palms in clusters,
Knots of Paradise."

How beautiful the words, how rhythmical, but not all the truth. One needs to visit those sub-tropical and tropical lands and learn how poor are the people. There are not as many comfortable homesteads in them all as in this province. (Cheers.) "Larger constellations burning" there may be, but having seen the southern cross it could not at all equal our dear old friend the Great Bear. In that southern land he had stood in the tropic shades, and had had cocoanuts knocked down by natives, and had discovered what was meant by "the milk in the cocoanut," but he also found that men were afraid to sit down because of the deadly viper lurking near by, and the beauty and sunlight were but the preparation for the cyclone and typhoon, which tore to atoms the houses of the poor, or floods that swept away the results of their labors. "After all I prefer to stay in Canada," said the Principal, as the audience loudly applauded.

"Yes," he said, "Canada is a good enough country for me, (Cheers), and a great deal too good for any man who has doubts of its future. (Cheers.) Such men to be consistent should go to a country they think better. I can join an old friend of mine, in a nameless city, lamenting over its slow progress who said that things would never be better until a few first-class funerals occurred. (Laughter.) Canada would also be better for a few first-class funerals. However, as Providence had spared them we can do as well by them and a good many more." (Cheers.)

Canada, continued the Principal, never seemed so fair, so promising or so spacious as when he sniffed its air a week ago. Vancouver, with its beautiful site, backed with the magnificent Sierras clothed with Douglass pine and dusted on the summits with snow, was a fairer sight than viewed before on his trip. And then when he stepped on the C. P. R. Pullman he never travelled over a better equipped road in any of the five quarters of the globe. (Cheers.) He advised the people to take the trip to Hong Kong, and they would return better satisfied with their own land. Canada never seemed so fair as after he had seen other countries, for was it not his own land? He held that as a man thought his wife the fairest in all the world—and the man who did not should be shot; no, that was a soldier's death, he should be hung. (Laughter)—and his baby the best in the city, so he had the same right to think of his country. And no city seemed so important to him as Kingston. (Cheers.) He was reminded of it at every point. It seemed to him that it had spread from ocean to ocean. Before he landed his cabin was visited by Rev. Roderick McKay, a graduate of Queen's. On the C. P. R. dining car—and such a car, it would make one's teeth water to tell of the breakfasts given—was found Mr. Karch, who sends his regards to friends; then in the Pullman was found Hugh McLennan, President of the M. T. Co. At Medicine Hat was encountered Mr. Tweed, a member of the North-West Council, and a son of a Kingstonian; then came

Rev. Mr. Herald to send his love to the boys at College, and to his wife, who was looking after them. At Maple Creek, in uniform, was a Mr. Saunders and Major Antrobus, and other old friends. All these things made him think Kingston was spreading out, and then at Swift Current he heard from the Mayor, stating that a reception would be tendered him. At Port Arthur Judge Hamilton was met, who, after greeting the Principal, said: "By the way, I gave you nothing towards the Jubilee fund (cheers and laughter), but before my next birthday I intend to send you \$1,000." (Cheers.) "I tell you," said the Principal, "the judge never looked so handsome—and all the Hamiltons are handsome—and if there were any blemishes in his face I looked at them with my blind eye, for there was such a glow of rosy light in it that its best features were brought out in bold relief." (Cheers.) By the time he got through he felt that he was a citizen of no mean city. He was thankful to God for His goodness and to the citizens of Kingston for their kindness. He had watched for news from Kingston with the greatest eagerness. He was in Australia when he read about the convocation ceremonies, and he was grieved at the impertinence of some students. "Why I believe, Mr. Mayor," remarked the Principal, "that they asked you 'Where's your wig.' (Cheers and laughter.) Now I was annoyed at that, for I felt that they might, at the next convocation, ask me that question, and I would be more to blame, as I had just come from the greatest wool-producing country in the world (cheers), and I haven't brought back enough even to pull. (Laughter.) Why I am as bad as the poor darkey who 'Had no wool on de top ob his head, in de place where de wool ought to grow.'"

He hoped the Mayor was not annoyed, that he did not deprecate the horseplay, for probably he had asked similar impertinent questions under similar circumstances. The President said that on reaching Vancouver he found a batch of papers for him, and what a tale they unfolded. Why he was actually annoyed to think how much better the people had been getting along while he was away, and of how little consequence he was anyway (laughter.) But at what a rate their schemes had been matured. Railways to the east, railways to the west, dry-dock, loop line through the city, water works, "and every one of them good, I am sure." No doubt the improvements would cost something, but sacrifices must be made for the public good. They should not think whether the work would help or hinder them, but would it do good. This evidently was the spirit of every man "except one or two whom I will not venture to name, not knowing them."

And while the city had been advancing by leaps and bounds some citizens had seen dark days, many were in sorrow because strong men and winsome women had been taken. Mrs. Gunn, than in whom a kinder heart never beat, was gone, and Miss Macdonald—with her fine and Scotch stories, with her humour and sound sense, her

geniality ever bubbling from a full cup, always attractive and irresistible—who could associate death with her? And many others whom he did not know personally, but with whose friends he sorrowed. Grim death, indeed, had been knocking at the door of the poor man as well as at the mansions of the rich. Life was indeed short, and 'twere well if they "worked while it was called day, for the night cometh when no man can work." He urged his hearers to follow all that was good in those that were gone

—"And so to live,

That when the sun of our existence sinks in night,

Memorial sweets of mercies done

May shrine our name in memories bright:

And the blest seed we scatter

Bloom in a hundred days to come."

The Principal said that while he had travelled as a private citizen, yet he was continually appealed to in Australia to give his opinions touching Canadian affairs. The people there know as little of Canada as Canadians do of Australia. The little cablegrams about retaliation and the acceptance of Canada, on paying its debt by the United States, were very puzzling, and he was appealed to for enlightenment. He told them two things, (1) that Canada would settle its own future on its merits, and would neither be bullied nor bribed (cheers) by anyone, and (2) that Canadians love and respect the people of the United States—of course not all the politicians; we do not even do that in our own country, much less in another—and have no desire for any friction to mar their relations, and, while the people of the United States loved and respected Canadians, yet they would do neither if they thought that Canadians could be either bullied or bribed. (Cheers.) "Was I not justified in saying so much?" he asked, and the applause that followed was sufficient answer.

He asked no higher name than that of a citizen of Kingston, of Canada. The days of caste and class and privilege, in both spiritual and secular things, is past. All can aspire to serve the country; all can strive for the prize of serving it the most loyally and usefully, with the truest intent and for the farthest-reaching results. He considered that there were three forms of duty sacred to man, his duty to humanity, to the nation, to his family. He had learned to love mankind more than ever before, for he had discovered that no man, no matter his color or the skies he was under, refused to listen to the pleadings or claims of justice and mercy. (Cheers.) He thanked God that Canada was such a country as it was, and that the people, too, were of the right stock. He never, in his travels, saw brawnier or bigger-headed men than in Canada, and he hoped that they would ever seek to do their best for it, continually, ungrudgingly, without fee or reward, except the reward that comes by doing right. But where did he place the Church? Along with political parties. He looked more to the character of the man than the church he belonged to. If he was a

good true citizen and a true man in his family, then he had no fear of the Church.

"Excuse me," he said, "for having spoken at such length. Permit me to thank you for the honour and consideration bestowed on me. I am not ungrateful. Ask for my services whenever you like; they are at your disposal. (Cheers.) And now at this holy Christmas season I bid you good-bye, for I must go to my family, that third form of duty, and which is nearest my heart, but before we go I will conclude with Tiny Tim's blessing, as given in one of Dickens' works, "God bless us all."

The audience dispersed with cheers for Principal Grant, Mrs. Grant, the Queen and the Mayor. Many pressed forward to grasp the Principal's hand before he hurried homeward.

Active preparations are now going on in the city by students and alumni for a grand reception to be tendered the Principal as soon as classes re-open.

THE MEDICAL REUNION.

THE third annual reunion of the Royal College occurred on the evening of Dec. 19th in the Arts building, and was a decided success. Those who had the decorating in hand certainly did their work well, for never before did the corridors, rooms, and every other part of the building present a more attractive appearance. Bunting and evergreens everywhere abounded, and many and flattering were the exclamations from the fair guests as they gazed about during the evening.

Shortly after eight o'clock the guests began to stream in at the front entrance, where they were politely received by the students and escorted to the dressing rooms. The band of the 14th P.W.O. Rifles furnished inspiring music, until at nine o'clock Mr. John Duff took the chair in Convocation Hall, and in the name of the students bade all a hearty welcome. Then Dr. Henderson followed, representing the faculty, after which the concert began. The singer of the evening was Mrs. Whitehead, of Rochester, who captivated her hearers by the peculiar fulness and sweetness of her voice, her distinct enunciation and clearness of tone. The first song, "I have lost my Euridice," from "Orpheus," by Gluck, was rapturously encored, as was also the serenade, "Open thy Lattice," by Gregh. Her other selections were: "Thine Eyes so Blue and Tender," by Lassen; "Two Marionettes," by Cooke; and "The Last Rose of Summer," with orchestral obligato. This last-named song was, in our opinion, the gem of the evening, and it is to be regretted that it did not take place earlier on the program. Miss McCartney, though better known to a Kingston audience, quite astonished those present by displaying a sweetness and purity of tone hitherto unknown, and her natural and easy manner on the stage called forth much admiration. She sang "The Swallow," by Pinsuti, and "The Nightingale," by Gledhill, but excelled in her rendition of a lullaby which she gave in response to an encore demanded by the audi-

ence for "The Nightingale." Miss Telgmann, as a violinist, has few equals in this district, and received rapturous applause for her solo, "Kuywiak," by Wieniawski. The Telgmann orchestra delighted everybody by its selections, especially "The Galaxy of Song," by Ferrazi. The choruses by the students, which were characteristically bright and rollicking, were well received, the one meeting with greatest approbation being "De Royal am a-moverin along," which was a parody on an old plantation song, and dealt with the faculty of the Royal, individually and collectively.

But this was by no means the only entertainment offered. Between the parts of the program lecturettes were delivered by Hon. Dr. Sullivan on "The Nose," and Prof. Marshall on "Experimental Physics." Upstairs the bewitching strains from the orchestra had lured many to the ball-room,

"To chase the glowing hours with flying feet,"

and waltz, polka and lancers, lancers, polka and waltz followed one another rapidly until "God Save the Queen" was played by the band, and the weary, yet still unsatisfied, dancers sought their homes about two o'clock in the morning.

The caterer and his assistants did their work well, the refreshments being served in the English class-room, and also on the third flat for the dancers. Altogether the reunion was very satisfactory to both guests and students, and the committee feel amply repaid for their unsparing efforts to make the event a success.

NOTES FROM THE ROYAL.

THE med. were surprised a few days ago when one of their most punctual and painstaking Professors failed to appear at his usual hour. The surprise gave place to smiles and the splendid rendering of the chorus, "Dr. —'s Baby is the Picture of its Dad," when it became generally known that Santa Claus had presented the Dr. with a new babe the preceding night.

ENTHUSIASTIC SCIENTISTS.—Professor assures his class that the holding of pipes, cigars, etc., in the mouth while smoking is the great, and almost the only, exciting cause of cancer of the lip. The lecture is scarcely over when nearly every student in the class has a pipe in his mouth and a determined look on his face, which undoubtedly means that he is going to prove this law in the interest of medical science, even if he sacrifices his life in the attempt.

In a subject, recently dissected at the Royal, was found an interesting abnormality, especially so as no such case is on record in any work to which the writer has had access. The sigmoid flexure of the colon, instead of ending in the rectum at the left sacro-iliac synchondrosis, formed at that point an enlarged cul-de-sac, and was reflected across the abdomen to the right iliac region, being attached to the vertebral column by a well-defined mesentery, and passing under the caecum. It here ended in the rectum, which in its first part was to the right, but in its second and third normal.

ALMA MATER SOCIETY.

THE annual meeting of the A.M.S. was held on Dec. 8th, Vice-President Lavell in the chair. In the absence of the Secretary the retiring Assistant Secretary, Mr. A. B. Cunningham, read an excellent report of the society's progress during the past year. Mr. Heap, the retiring Treasurer, stated that there was a balance of over \$100 in the treasury. On motion of N. R. Carmichael, seconded by J. F. Smellie, the constitution was amended to make it possible for the society to adopt a new one at the second meeting in February, by which time it is hoped that the committee appointed for that purpose will have a satisfactory constitution prepared. Mr. E. Ryan, B.A., the newly-elected President, was then conducted to the chair by Messrs. Duff and Wright. He expressed the hope that all his past words and actions would be forgotten, and that every member of the society would support the staff of officers to the full extent of his power. He then declared the annual meeting adjourned and the first business meeting open.

The prizes won at the annual sports were distributed by Mr. Rankin. On motion of Mr. Smellie, the Secretary was instructed to investigate the possibility of securing the drill-shed as a skating rink. Mr. Telgmann rendered an excellent violin solo, and the meeting adjourned on motion of Mr. Cochrane.

At the second meeting, Dec. 15th, the business was hurried through, nothing of very great importance being done. The debate for the evening was, "Resolved, that Canada should have a standing army." Mr. R. S. Minnes was appointed chairman. The leaders were H. M. Mowat, LL.B., and W. J. Patterson, B.A., and they were ably supported by a number of the students. Col. Cotton, Commandant, Major J. F. Wilson, Captain of "A" Battery, and Major C. R. Mayne, of the R.M.C., were present, and took part in the debate. The chairman decided in favor of the negative.

PERSONALS.

PROF. FLETCHER has been appointed an examiner in Classics by Trinity College, Toronto.

T. R. Parker, '87, paid us a short visit before the close of College. He was looking well.

We regret to announce that T. Thompson, '91, is laid up with an attack of typhoid fever.

The first number of J. Poole's weekly paper, the *Star*, was published Dec. 18th, in Perth. We wish our old classmate every success.

J. J. Kelly, B.A., '88, has succeeded E. Ryan, B.A., as Principal of the Kingston Academy. He is the third medical student who has occupied this position.

Hear, oh Israel! Give ear, oh ye men of Queen's! We have learned by a late messenger from Japan that Dunlop has a beard. Wh-o-o-o-p! What a climate that country must have!

Colin Scott, who, by the way, is the designer of the cut on the cover of the JOURNAL, has been engaged by Lord Stanley to give his daughter, the Hon. Isabella, lessons in water-color painting.

We are glad to see the genial countenance of Ralph M. Lett amongst us again. He has been teaching school in the West during the past year, but has come back to take up the honors in moderns where he dropped them in '87.

A number of graduates spent Christmas in Kingston. Amongst them we noticed Dr. W. A. Lavell, J. R. Lavell, J. H. Kirk, Herb. Horsey, J. H. McNee, G. F. Henderson, W. Nicol, Harry Folger, Howard Folger, and A. G. Farrell.

Rev. Alex. McAuley has entirely recovered from his recent illness, and now weighs—shall we say it? At any rate when a certain senior heard the amount from the reverend gentleman's lips, he quite forgot himself, and quickly drawing back exclaimed, "Gosh! Don't step on me!"

H. V. Lyon, B.A., '85, has entered into partnership with Smythe & Smith, barristers, Kingston. We don't know whether it was owing to his peculiar surname or not, but somehow we have always thought H. V. would get on in the legal profession. He has our warmest congratulations.

Mr. C. J. Cameron, M.A., on retiring from the position of classical master of the Kingston Collegiate Institute a few weeks ago, was presented with an address and a well-filled purse by his pupils. He responded gracefully and eloquently as becoming one holding, as he does, such an exalted office as Editor of this paper. He will now devote his full attention to the study of theology.

It is not often that we have to chronicle the death of one so loved and esteemed as Dr. T. Cumberland. Few students have left the walls of Queen's leaving behind them a brighter and more enviable record than he, and when we heard of his death at Port Huron on Dec. 16th it was with genuine sorrow. The fact that he had been married but one month at the time of his death renders the circumstance still more painful, and we offer our sincere sympathy to the young widow in her bereavement.

We rise with as much grace as we can muster to thank Dr. T. M. Bertram, whose marriage was announced in our last issue, for the kind token of remembrance he sent to us. This was no less than a large portion of wedding cake, and, as we understand the custom is, we duly slept on a portion of it—we couldn't spare much, but there was at least two crumbs. Just now, however, we dare not recount what befel us thereafter. We hope at any rate it wasn't prophetic, or, if it was, that some other fellow will reap the consequences. Nevertheless we cordially wish Dr. and Mrs. Bertram every happiness, and they may rest assured when it comes our turn we will retaliate in the same way.

When Rev. J. McLaughlin, B.A., left last spring with his young bride for the mission field in Asia Minor, there to work together for the cause of Christ, they carried with them the good wishes of all who knew them, and when a short time ago the sad news of the death of Mrs. McLaughlin was cabled to Canada it caused widespread sorrow, and we can but faintly express the great sympathy the fellow-students of the bereaved husband feel for him in his loneliness and sorrow, but earnest prayers have been offered from loving hearts that the God of all grace may console and strengthen him and uphold him in this time of tribulation.

COLLEGE NOTES.

THANKS! Same to you!

What about that skating rink?

A good many of the boys remained in Kingston during the holidays.

After the Re-union some enterprising genius rummaged about in the various dark corners of the college and found several gloves, fans and handkerchiefs.

At that same Re-union the most patronized nook was the conveniently dark entrance to the Hebrew room. Some charitable being placed two seats there and veiled the entrance with a flag.

Although the "gym" is by no means perfect, yet it is infinitely better fitted for wrestling in than the reading room. There are some who go to the reading room to read, and it is not fair that they should be disturbed. If this hint is not taken look out for John with a club.

This question was asked in JOURNAL No. 2, "Are we going to have a Glee Club this year?" The rendering of several of the College songs at the Medical Re-union showed that it certainly is not from lack of talent in that direction. We believe that the only plausible excuse is the lack of a leader. Surely some one of our musical men is willing to sacrifice a little for old Queen's.

The opinion seems to have become general amongst the students that the Senate never intended that they should attend classes the "last day." The junior philosophy class was more considerate than the others, and kindly informed the professor (by note) that the class would not meet that day. Remember the old song, boys:—

"The British Lion is a noble scion,
But beware how you tread on his tail."

Some of the boys who remained in town during the holidays were busy for a couple of hours every day in the gymnasium laying in a good stock of muscle on which to fall back next spring, while others, just above them, were rapidly parting with what little they might have had.

While the boys were extending a hearty welcome to Principal Grant at Sharbot Lake and receiving a warm

grasp of the hand in return, a sudden hush fell upon all as the Secretary-Treasurer was observed to glide up with a far-away look in his eye and quote the following in a deep sepulchral voice:—

"I had a dream the other night,
When all was calm and still,
I dreamed that each subscriber
Came up and paid his bill.
But ere the printer had been paid
I woke without a red.
Does anybody see the point?
If so, why then, 'nuf said."

The chief of the posting department says it is not his fault if all the subscribers don't get their JOURNALS as they leave his hands O.K. But if for some other reason they don't turn up he would like if a card to that effect could be sent to Box 1104.

DE*NOBIS*NOBILIBUS.*

GROWLS

FROM OUR DYSPEPTIC EDITOR.

SOME fellows think that when they come to college all evil things, such as athletics, musical and literary culture, social pleasures and fun—especially fun—must be sent to the rear, and that to think of anything but study—oh, dear, *that* is awful! I think so too. Of course it doesn't matter whether a fellow is strong and healthy; it doesn't matter whether he knows how to use what voice he has, or cares to use it; it doesn't matter, either, whether he can, if placed on a platform and asked for a speech, make anything but a fool of himself. Certainly not. These are trivial matters. And then the very idea—the *very* idea of talking about social culture! What good is it ever going to do? What does it matter if you can't keep up your own end of a light and pleasant conversation, or walk across the drawing-room gracefully, or be an acquisition to society instead of being a bore? Who wants anything to do with ladies? They never—or very seldom—want to talk about sensible things, such as transcendentalism, or conic sections, or dynamics, or the origin of the Etruscans, or ancient Grecian literature, or—why, they can't talk of a blessed thing but dresses, and operas, and balls, and things like that. Of course I have never tried it, but that's what I hear.

And, then, please inform me what relation there is between *fun* and a noble, learned, studious life. Since coming to Queen's I have actually seen fellows desert their books to go out on the campus, kick a leather ball around, and call it fun. And I have seen them even skip classes for some little thing like a football match, or a meeting of that nonsensical thing they call the Concursus. Was man made to laugh, and joke, and make it pleasanter for other people to be in his company than not? Away with such nonsense! I come to college to study, *study*,

STUDY! And when I go out into the world I will be a walking book, a veritable tree of knowledge, so that people will point at me and say, "What that man doesn't know isn't worth knowing." And when I die I ain't particular about people being sorry for me—I don't care much about that, but I shall depart filled with a consciousness of having attained the end for which all true men ought to strive. Did anyone say, "Rats!"?

ADVENTURE OF A SENIOR.

THE other evening a grave senior, whose failing is, perhaps, absent-mindedness, set out to call on some of the boys. When he had reached the place, as he supposed, without ringing the bell he quietly opened the door and began walking upstairs. Suddenly a piercing shriek broke upon his ears, and a woman's form was seen rushing wildly through the hall away from him. Startled from his reverie, the truth began to dawn upon his mind that he had entered the wrong door, but before he could offer any apology the good man of the house appeared on the scene, and, mistaking him for a burglar, seized him by the throat as he descended the stairs and proceeded to pulverize him. Fortunately, however, he had taken one lesson in boxing in the gym., and consequently was able to parry the blows showered upon him by his excited assailant. In the end he managed to explain matters satisfactorily, and was permitted to depart in peace. He thinks the people must have been excited by reading reports of the Whitechapel murders, and believes that there should be a law to prevent such things from being printed. He has concluded, however, that it is always safer to ring the bell.

RESOLUTIONS

MADE AT THIS SEASON BY A FEW OF OUR FRIENDS.

I'LL sign the pledge and never taste another drop
S'elp me. T. B. S.—T.

As far as in me lies, I will endeavor to promote the
welfare of the Y.M.C.A. SM—LL—E.

I will buy a bowie knife and a double-barreled club,
and declare war on the twins. J. R—DD—N.

Henceforth I will never make more than four calls a
week at the same place, and positively swear I will al-
ways leave for home—if possible—before Sunday morn-
ing. A. E. L—V—LL.

Amen! Then's my sentiments tew.

A. M. F—NW—CK.

My endeavor will be to secure a place in the prayer
meeting for the dear girls. They are so sympathetic,
you know. J. SH—DR—PE.

After this I will always stop at the fifth glass of ice
cream. It doesn't pay to get sick on the sixth and miss
the reunion. W. R—NK—N.

To vary things, I will hereafter leave the girls alone—
if they will let me—and only occasionally go to Syden-
ham St. Church. J. F—RR—LL.

I will borrow a razor and get Cunningham to show me
how to use it. F. K—NG.

Just see me knock the tar out of those other philosophi-
cal beggars and cabbage the medal next spring.
T. TH—MPS—N.

Will the man who says I have a *hair* lip please step
over to the gym. ? W. C—R—L.

Prof. of Physics—What is the first law of gravity, Mr.
F—w—ck ?

Mr. F.—Never laugh at your own jokes.

Prof.—How do the Medusæ obtain their food ?

Mr. O'C—n—r—Through their mouths.

Score one for Charlie.

Prof.—I will now introduce to the class an animal that
is capable of turning inside out without the least incon-
venience.

Enter H—y—s, who is late.

Sensation.

The footlight column has already kindled the desire for
a theatrical life in the breasts of some of our students.
It is our pleasant duty to record the *debut* of Wilkie and
J. Kellock on the stage. They made their first appear-
ance in Reynolds' comedy company, and received round
after round of applause for the ease and grace with which
they took their difficult parts.

A young lady, at the close of the medical reunion, was
passing through the hall, on the way to her sleigh, in
company with her chaperone, when she suddenly stopped
and remarked, "Oh! where is my boa?"

A blushing junior, with a military step, advances from
the crowd of students and signifies that the object of her
search is present.

"Oh," says the young lady, turning crimson, "I mean
the thing that hangs about my neck."

The students go into convulsions, the junior rushes
wildly from the building, and the chaperone, after fasten-
ing her charge into the sleigh, gives way to immoderate
laughter, to the bewilderment of her younger companion.

Sometimes, in metaphysics, ideas launched forth at the
wisest heads fail to reach their destination untangled.

Prof.—Why, Mr. R—n, where did you get such non-
sensical ideas ?

Mr. R.—In "Kant and his English Critics," sir.

Apparently conclusive, but somehow unsatisfactory.

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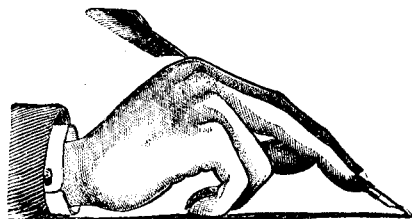
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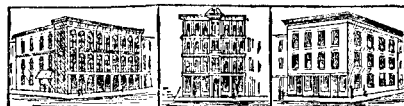


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QUEEN'S COLLEGE JOURNAL.

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The annual subscription is \$1.00, payable before the end of January.

All literary contributions should be addressed to the Editor, Drawer 1104, Kingston, Ont.

All communications of a business nature should be addressed to the Managing Editor.

HAD the authoress of Robert Elsmere laid aside her pen at the conclusion of chapter eighteen, book II., or had she written a single book more by way of epilogue in which the reader might catch a glimpse of a union near or far of Thought and Art in the persons of Rose and Langham, she might have done so with the pleasing consciousness of having written one of the most exquisitely charming novels of the age. True, a more appropriate name for the work in this case than "Robert Elsmere" would have been "Catherine," but

"A rose by any other name would smell as sweet," and after all what the world wants in these times is the fragrance. Up to this point the work is clear-cut, artistic, and as delightful as the Westmoreland hills and meads in which her heroine rejoices.

* * *

There are scenes in the first two books which for grace and finish will hold their own against anything in modern literature. We do not pretend that there are not more eloquent declamations on the subject of Love than are

found here, or that it will compare in the analysis of character and motive with the writings of George Eliot; but we have yet to find in the works of the latter a passage that will surpass in grace of touch or finish the scene between Catherine and Elsmere, in which she first becomes aware of his devotion, or the scene between Rose and Langham, which closes chapter sixteen. We consider the manner in which the last-mentioned scene is written to be simply perfect.

* * *

Indeed throughout the whole work there are individual passages, sketches of scenery and character, touches of thought and emotion, which are admirable. But, taking the work as a whole, it begins to be a failure from this time forth. From the *debut* of Squire Wendover, however interesting the work may be as a study of soul development or as a polemic upon theology, it ceases to have any interest as a work of art—a novel. The agony of spirit, which at first quickens our pulses in sympathy with the hero, begets in us at length a rude, but none the less natural, desire to yawn, when the torture is spun out through hundreds of pages.

* * *

There are other difficulties which present themselves in painting the hero's spiritual development in such detail which would, we fancy, deter most authors from such an experiment, and in many cases, if not in that of Mrs. Ward, prove fatal to the success of such an attempt. We think it has proven so with her also. Take, for example, the case of Langham. This character, up to the close of the second book, is, so far as we are able to judge, a perfectly natural, and it is certainly a possible one. That a tutor in a university such as Oxford,—given such a disposition as his,—would under like circumstances withdraw himself more and more—

"From the din of a world he despised," until finally although "in the world" he was literally "not of it," is, for a time at least, certainly possible.

* * *

But that, after the soul within him had been once aroused, as was Langham's by contact with Rose, he should turn him back with satisfaction to the old life, is, we believe, impossible. We think our own young poet a thousand-fold nearer the truth when he sings

And I—I who have sometime stepped
Upon the paths of Paradise,
Where odorous, opening roses crept
Up palms whose tops were in the skies,

Where waves of melody were swept
 Full tide from throats of birds who kept
 No reckoning of their song, nor slept,
 But made the day and happy night
 In perfect circles of delight,
How can I ever find again
 A pleasure in the desert wide
Where all the springs of life are dried.

* * *

The return is, from the nature of things, impossible. The reason which is given us for the cessation of Langham's attentions is absurd. To suppose him to have been self-deceived is to confute all that has been previously told us of his character. But if he was not self-deceived the position is yet worse. If he was influenced in his action—or, shall we say inaction?—by principles of self-abnegation, he should have felt their force earlier. His withdrawal at this time seems like the act of a scoundrel. But further, we contend that it is absolutely impossible that such a man as Langham could have acknowledged the force of the self-abnegation argument. The whole latter part of his life, as the whole latter part of the work, is a huge mistake. However pretty such a conception may appear in poetry, it is just a trifle ridiculous in prose.

* * *

As to the arguments which change the entire current of Elsmere's life, it is somewhat extraordinary that Oxford theologians were so remarkably conservative that he should never have heard from them anything of the views which the opponents of Christianity at that time held. As Mr. Cooke said in the *North American Review*, there is nothing new in them—they are third-hand. Mrs. Ward gets them from Mr. Arnold, Mr. Arnold from the Tübingen school. The Tübingen school has discarded them as untenable long since. In the face of all this there are few, we fancy, who will not with Mr. Gladstone wonder that this Oxford graduate could not find one word of defence for the faith which has charmed the world for eighteen centuries. Nobody, certainly, can object to Mrs. Ward writing a work on Polemic Theology. But to do so, looking solely at one side of the question and shutting one's eyes to all that may be said on the other, would simply bring down upon an author the contempt of fair-minded people. Nor can any one object to her writing a novel. But to use the name "novel" as an excuse for doing what she would not dare to do in a work professedly theological,—give a hearing to only one side of the case,—is not a course of conduct highly consistent with the purity of motive which should characterize a devotee of the Elsmere school.

* * *

Putting, however, all other considerations out of the question. Saying nothing of the antiquated character of this new theology; of the failure of the novel as a work of art; of the many opportunities which the authoress

had of making it a great work and her inability so to do; of the inconsistency, amounting at times to absurdity, of some of her characters during the development of the plot, the volume contains in itself the best refutation of its theories. What is the impression left upon the reader as he, or she, closes the covers and lays the work aside? It is a feeling of utter wretchedness. Robert Elsmere is a Jeremiad without the old seer's Jehovah. It is an Iliad without an Olympus. It is the human with the elimination of the divine. It is a sermon from modern culture on the text *Vanitas Vanitatum*—and it is pregnant with warning and instruction. *Qui currit, legit!*

* * *

In other sections of the Christian Church the work of the pulpit is largely supplemented, and at times supplanted even, by various other elements of religious worship and activity. Choirs, orchestras, experience meetings, guilds and particular forms of ritual and ceremonial have occupied the attention and aroused the enthusiasm of church members. But in Presbyterianism all the elements of church service are characterized by such a simplicity, we were about to say severity, of tone, that they have never served to distract the attention from, but rather to give emphasis to the great central point of public worship—the presentation of God's message to the church.

* * *

We owe an apology to the *Varsity* for our delay in noticing its proposition for the establishment of an Inter-collegiate Press Association. Owing to circumstances over which we have had no control we could not refer to the matter before. Of course the *Varsity* enjoys exceptional advantages for performing its part of the duties of such an association from the fact that it is printed on its own presses, &c. Other college papers which have their work done outside would need, we fancy, to have their contributions sent in on manuscript. However, perhaps the difficulty might be obviated.

* * *

The *Varsity*, in sending out its periodical News-Letter asking the other colleges to reciprocate, seems to us to be starting at the wrong end. If every Canadian college sends news-letters to Toronto, and all receive in return the same letter from Toronto, the affair would be too beautifully one-sided for anything.

The true plan seems to us to be that each Canadian college should appoint one of its staff to write a letter, say, once a month, and that a copy of this letter should be sent to every other college in the country. In this way each college paper would have as many letters as there are colleges, less one, and the process would be of equal advantage to each. We are prepared to support the *Varsity* in this proposition, and will within the next fortnight despatch such a letter to our contemporaries.

One of the best things we have read lately in the way of a novel is *Donovan*, a modern Englishman. It is the story of one upon whom fate frowned from birth; who through misfortune became a cynic and an atheist. It is a work with a distinct and noble purpose; and no one who is interested in the relation of Christianity to modern life will find the time taken in reading it anything but profitably spent. There is at once a broad Christian sympathy and a hardy common sense about the authoress which is only too rare in much of our modern literary work.

* * *

It is becoming the fashion now-a-days in certain quarters to look less to the pulpit and more to pastoral visitation as the great power in church work. While we have no desire to take from pastoral duties any of the honor which is due to them, nevertheless we do not believe that pastoral visitation either in this country or in any other country can ever become the ruling power in the Christian Church. It certainly cannot in the Presbyterian, without a radical change in the character of its worship. To assume that it may is, in the first place, out of accord with the traditions of Presbyterianism. From time immemorial the pulpit has been the rallying ground of all her greatest and noblest work. The battles which have made her immortal have been fought in the pulpit; any defeats she has suffered have been due to weakness in pulpit power; and from the pulpit has come the victory which at last crowned her work.

* * *

Every one is, of course, familiar with the cry about the decadence of pulpit power. It were small wonder if there was such a decline when we find leading men in the church publicly teaching that we must look no longer to the pulpit, but to pastoral visitation, as the allotted means for the increase of the church. We have no hesitation whatever in characterizing such a statement as a groundless one, and in the second place affirming that the public expression of such sentiments is, as D'Israeli would say,

"A political blunder and worse than a crime."

Never since Paul stood on the hill of Ares has the pulpit been the power in the Church and in the world that it is to-day. The press, so far from supplanting it in the instruction of mankind, is simply its best servant. The influence which Mr. Beecher, Mr. Spurgeon, Dr. Talmage and Mr. Joseph Cook have had upon religious thought and life in Europe and America for the last quarter of a century is simply incalculable.

* * *

There is an excellent article by Mr. G. Mercer Adam in the *Trinity College Review* on the influence of colonialism upon literature. Mr. Adam opens the argument by denying that our intellectual activity is in any degree commensurate with our material. Continuing and limiting his remarks to literary activity in the political sphere,

he asks whether it is possible to find "breadth of culture and power of vision" in a political dependence. The country is to-day within fifteen years of celebrating the three hundredth anniversary of its birth. That far-back event saw it a colony in the cradle of France; to-day sees it still a colony in the cradle of Britain. There are some advantages that belong to the colonial condition as there are some advantages that adhere to the cradling stage. If unduly prolonged, however, these advantages become disadvantages—the colony remains the infant colony, and the inmate of the cradle becomes the man-dwarf."

* * *

Mr. Adam goes on to ask whether it is true, as some affirm, that Canada is to-day a "nation," and a somewhat lengthy consideration of the subject brings him to the conclusion that the idea is ridiculous. We have not the time at present to consider the whole question as we would like, but we must confess that Mr. Adam has made out a very good case. Yet he does not offer us a complete solution of the difficulty. He does not say whether he thinks it lies in independence, in annexation, or in what. But, whatever may be the means employed, we are at one with Mr. Adam in holding that until Canada is a *nation*, while she may have an occasional son covered with immortality in the literary sphere, she will certainly have no literature as such that is worthy of the name. One swallow does not make a summer, and one great writer, or two, or three do not constitute a literature.

* ASSOCIATE EDITORIALS *

IS it not a fact that students are often sent to the mission field who are unfit for the positions entrusted to them? Some may say that from observation we cannot ascertain what men's inward character is, and that, therefore, we have no right to pass so harsh a judgment as this upon them. It is true we should be guarded in judging of our fellow-men; and that we should always read unto their actions the highest motives which their conduct will warrant; but, at the same time, we must not excuse all sorts of unbecoming and unchristian conduct on the ground that though the flesh is weak the spirit may be right with God. There is not, as is sometimes supposed, an eternal war declared between the flesh and the spirit; a war in which one triumphs to-day, and the other to-morrow. What is called the flesh is nothing other than the outward expression of a spirit that is out of harmony with the eternal will of God. If, therefore, the prevailing tone of a man's conduct distinctly expresses want of conformity with the highest principles of our being, how can we say that notwithstanding all this his spirit may be right with God? That men attend college whose conduct is doubtful while there, and that these are sometimes sent to the mission

field, no one with a fair conception of college life will attempt to dispute. This statement has no reference to any particular college or to any particular denomination more than another. Perhaps it is true of all. Knowing that such is the case, should not those who have the appointing of men seek to ascertain the character of those appointed. Men are sent to the mission field to be a living example to those over whom they are placed—to set before them by word and deed the highest ideal of life, and impress upon them the importance of conforming thereto. But how can he who, in his own life, tramples this ideal under foot, set it before others in its purity and grandeur; or how can he who feeds his own soul with the ever-changing and unreal break to others the true bread of life?

* * *

There are some facts connected with the Extra-Mural students which we fail to understand. They pay a larger registration fee than students who attend the classes. This may be quite proper, if we suppose it to cover the trouble and expense of sending them the work prescribed for weekly or monthly exercises in the classes which they are taking, of receiving and returning the work they do, and of furnishing them with all manner of information upon every real or imaginary difficulty connected or unconnected with their work.

We may suppose them to pay for this object four dollars, as they can scarcely be expected to pay the gymnasium fee, which is exacted from other students. They also pay two dollars of apparatus fee. This must be for the paper, postage, etc., used in sending them the exercises and returning their answers.

Now it is an extraordinary fact that in one class, in which there are, we believe, *twelve* Extra-Mural students, and in which there happens to be a librarian, this librarian is permitted to carry on all correspondence with all these students, to receive and return their exercises, and so on, for the satisfaction of having done his duty. And it is still more extraordinary that the Extra-Murals pay all expenses connected with this correspondence.

It appears to us, therefore, that a certain student receives *thanks* for doing work for which some one else is paid, and that Extra-Mural students pay for their apparatus *more than once*.

* * *

THE GYMNASIUM.

We are glad to learn that the gymnasium is again open for exercise, and that it is being patronized by a large number of the students. Though gymnastic exercise may be injurious to the few, yet to the majority it is highly beneficial, and should, by no means, be neglected. But in order to receive the full benefit of such exercise, it is necessary that a competent instructor be present as frequently as possible. This session the committee is unable to engage an instructor, and, in fact, can barely keep the gymnasium open. This unfortunate state of affairs is due solely to the fact that the lion's share of the

funds has been swallowed up by that mysterious and irresponsible body known as the Athletic Association. The members of the committee, however, have volunteered to render all the assistance they can in the absence of a regular instructor. While we recognize the importance of encouraging the college sports, yet, for reasons not far to seek, we believe it is of much greater importance that the gymnasium be kept in a flourishing condition. This cannot be done if the fund, established ostensibly for the gymnasium, is to be spent in purchasing silver cups for the sports, or in paying the travelling expenses of the foot-ball team. It is necessary, therefore, that a certain and sufficient amount from that fund be set apart each year, to be applied in the way in which it was at first intended.

The room now occupied for the gymnasium, as far as situation is concerned, is not all that might be desired; nor are its attractions such as to invite the attendance of the students; and, furthermore, it is becoming too small to accommodate the rapidly increasing number of students with athletic tastes that throng our college halls. It is time, therefore, to look around for a more suitable location. We heartily endorse the action of the Alma Mater Society in taking steps to secure the drill shed, which, we understand, falls in a short time into the hands of the Trustees. If this building can be secured, one end could be fitted up as a first class gymnasium, and the rest reserved for a skating rink. In this way suitable exercise would be provided for all, and no one would feel that his gymnasium fee is so much money thrown away. We would also suggest that the present fee, which is far too small, be doubled or even trebled, and that it be collected from Medical students as well as from Arts and Divinity. It is only fair that those who share equally in the benefits of a gymnasium should also share equally in its support. Enough money would thus be raised to equip and support a good gymnasium, and there would be a sufficient overplus to carry on the sports as successfully as ever.

* * *

The industrial problem cannot be solved by those who represent the anti-poverty societies of the present day, or by those who are their most direct opponents.

The *Mail* of Saturday, the 12th inst., contains an extract from the *London World*, which runs as follows: "The pauperism around us which is almost a national curse has its origin in some unwise legislation in the reign of Queen Elizabeth. But pauperism, like other branches of industry, does not flourish where it does not pay. Unfortunately at present it pays exceedingly well, and where the carcass is the birds of prey will assemble with mathematical precision."

The extract goes on to show how much money is expended annually on beggars. In London about \$10,000,000, with prospects of a speedy increase, and the natural suggestion which follows this seems to be a withdrawal of the charitable relief fund or a better or-

ganization for dealing with the armies of paupers frequenting our cities. We do not accept with unquestioning faith the doctrine of which Henry George is an exponent, and which he has expressed in the following words: "To extirpate poverty, to make wages what justice demands, they should be the full earnings of the laborer. We must, therefore, substitute for the individual ownership of land a common ownership. Nothing else will go to the cause of the evil—in nothing else is there the slightest hope."

We are aware that there are other causes of poverty besides those indicated, and we are not fully persuaded that poverty is the parent of all crime and misery. In the low vices which cluster round the Whitechapels of every large city, in the utter ignorance which characterizes the lower strata of society, and in the lack of Christian charity which rouses men to war when the only hope of a solution lies in the way of peace, we can see at least three factors in the universal depression. We are fully aware that there are other causes besides the monopolisation of land. And we can't help thinking that *Grip* has become too enthusiastic a champion of a theory directed towards the absorption by the country of the total rent, and the imposition of a uniform land tax on which it is claimed the salvation of the industrial world depends. The absorption of the total rent-values would make no material difference in the incomes of the citizens of a state, nor can the imposition of a uniform land tax affect the remedy proposed, at least in this country where so much land can be had for the mere settling upon it. It is not difficult to see that the remedy does not lie here. But the curtailing of pauper's rations, or any regulation connected with the pauper fund, is or further from the mark still. Pauperism will not be reduced by taking away a fund which has, we admit, too often tempted individuals into the miserable class. The causes of pauperism lie deeper than this. If we have no other reason, the inherent pride in the human soul and the effort to make progress where progress is possible would teach us to discard the idea that the institution of a pauper fund is one of the main causes of the reputed increase in pauperism. There are some to whom such a fund proves a temptation, but in the great social problem they form too insignificant a factor to affect its solution. We wage no war with those who seek to institute a better charitable relief fund in cities. We believe that this goes in line with the great industrial problem, but we consider it a very unimportant part. The ignorant rabble, who "rub the poor itch of their opinion" and "made themselves scabs," cannot be dismissed with a shrug now. The problem which their poverty and clamor forces upon us demands a solution, and though a well organized charitable relief fund may cause a temporary lull in the storm which is coming, yet we feel assured that such a remedy can be only temporary.

Some other time we may have something to say on what we consider a true remedy for existing social evils.

LITERATURE.

THRUSH AND POET.

(From *The Week*.)

THE thrush's song is strongest when he sings
Love messages to some enthralling bird;
His eager heart, with inner impulse stirred,
Gives untold sweetness to the lay that rings
Through the cool wood and by the laughing springs,
With melody she ne'er before had heard;
His song is to all other songs preferred,
And swift she joins him with love-quicken'd wings.

The poet bird-like sings his keenest strain,
When all his being pulses with love's fire,
When all his moments feel the thrilling reign
Of her who can ennobling thoughts inspire;
Each way he turns, sky, air, and land, and plain,
Receive new beauties from his soul's desire.

T. G. MARQUIS.

"OH, THAT WE HAD NOT MET."

Oh, that we had not met to part
As we are parted now,—
The stain of anger on each heart,
Of anger on each brow!

Would that the love which shone so bright
Had killed me with its blaze,
Ere I had seen it robed in night
And robb'd of all its rays!

Would that the hours so fleet and fair
Had never come to me,
Ere I had known that once they were,—
That they no more can be.

Would I had slept the dreamless sleep
Ere I had come to know
That Love may sow in joy, yet reap
A harvest wild with woe!

Would love had faded ere my birth
Or blossomed on my tomb:
Nor ever mocked my youth with mirth
To curse my age with gloom!

And oh, that we had never met
And dreamed a dream of bliss,
To wake again to cold regret
To wake again to—this!

From "Lyrics" by

GEORGE F. CAMERON.

We can be thankful to a friend for a few acres, or a little money; and yet for the freedom and command of the whole earth, and for the great benefits of our being, our life, health and reason, we look upon ourselves as under no obligations.—*Seneca*.

SKETCHES OF NEGRO CHARACTER.

NO. I.—CAPTAIN PETER.

CAPTAIN PETER is the master of a wherry trading between Port Royal and Kingston, conveying both passengers and cargo. The distance is about six miles; his passengers, "bum-boat men and women"; his cargo an odd barrel of flour, a puncheon of rum, or a few turtles. His ship is a noble vessel, about 30 feet in length, and capable of carrying more "human freight" than what the Board of Trade allows many a sea-going steamer. The crew over which he exercises sway numbers three men and a *frail excuse for a boy*.

Peter Dounel, or Captain Peter, as he is called, is perhaps the most striking figure of all the clamorous wherry-men on the itinerary, having withal a hearty naval swagger, his left cheek protruded with a bolus of the leaf that cheers but does not inebriate those who are used to it; the inevitable rings in his ears, and a decided nautical cut to his jib, which, I suppose, might refer to his clothes. He has never been known to wear boots, but rather inclines to a pair of leather soles strapped over his insteps after the manner of ancient sandals. He is often observed sporting a magnificent cane, the gift of a distinguished naval friend of his; his watch, the possession of which makes him greatly envied, is a vast source of pride to himself, and does duty far oftener than necessity calls for.

In stature he is about the middle height, short, burly, and powerful as an ox, capable of sending a barrel of flour or potatoes spinning into the boat, when he condescends to assist his lazy crew. His face is certainly not handsome, it being spoiled by a cross look which knits his features habitually, unless he happens to be among a party of his intimate cronies, or unless he is honored by the presence of a white gentleman who craves passage with him. Then does his face lighten up, losing its set hardness, and he becomes a pleasant, jovial man. His wit, though crude, is original, and, in general, good. His language, poor fellow, smacks not of grammar to any extent, and he even stoops to drag in a stray word of Spanish here and there to give *tone* to his discourse and to demonstrate his acquaintance with what he calls "dem furin langwidge." This generally subdues his crew, who consider him a "larnified man," and vastly superior to themselves. To them he is lord absolute, never permitting himself to be addressed by them without his title "Captain." How they jump to do his bidding, knowing that when required to speak twice about the same item of duty he generally brims to overflowing with true nautical *blue lights*, overwhelming them with many powerful adjectives and slight assistances in the way of ends of ropes, all unpleasant to the ear and to the delicate sense of touch. He is exceedingly jealous of his craft, and truly she sails well. He has been involved in many a "tipperary" to uphold his honor among his fellow "captains" ashore.

Captain Peter is a great theorist, and occurrences which are talked of in his hearing are turned over in his mind and brought with pride to his passengers of the next trip. Once when a comet was the subject of speculation as approaching the earth's orbit somewhat, the captain astonished his friends by propounding the theory that it will certainly *strike* the earth, knocking off a piece, and thus disturbing the equilibrium, haul us into space, the earth itself perhaps becoming a comet. On being asked where it will get its tail, he clinched it by saying, "Dem volcanoes would make quite big enough fire to make a good long tail." Now, this is startling, but not so much so as his theory and belief with regard to the return of departed souls to their old haunts on the earth. He claims to have seen several ghosts during his career, notably one of a naval officer who while in hospital used to occupy a seat in a shady spot in the garden, and who, after death, used regularly to return at his old "siesta" hour and sit and smoke in the same calm reflective manner he was wont to do during his sickness. He furthermore claims that there are naval officers who can corroborate his extraordinary statement.

Peter makes use of the most astonishing phrases during his remarks, one of the most frequent being "and what was the masterpiece" (meaning *consequence*), and this he would lay in at every opportune and inopportune moment. He also uses "I don't consarn wid it," or "I don't business wid it," (I have nothing to do with it.) His mildest and favorite oaths are "My guns" and "My mercy"; his more powerful ones we refrain from placing here. Like the generality of negroes, he lays not by for the rainy day, preferring to let to-morrow take care of itself, being able to procure always his dietary of bread and fish, and not being overburdened with family cares. His coin slips away easily, and he enjoys life in his own fashion, having a never-failing faith in "next v'yage."

COLLEGE NEWS.

THE PRINCIPAL'S RECEPTION.

FRIDAY, January the eleventh, was a great day at Queen's. An energetic committee, appointed by the Alma Mater Society, had completed their arrangements for a grand reception to Principal Grant, and students and trustees were about to present to him addresses of welcome and congratulation. And certainly success crowned their efforts. Never before has such a royal welcome been given by Queen's, and indeed never before has such a royal welcome been merited by anyone. The great question was how best to give vent to the enthusiasm which filled the heart of every student, and after mature deliberation a torch-light procession was decided upon, to take place immediately before the presentation of addresses. Accordingly, at seven o'clock in the evening, over four hundred of the students assembled at the college, and armed with about two hundred

flaming torches, proceeded to let Kingston know something was going on at Queen's. They succeeded admirably. Those who missed seeing could hardly miss hearing them, so energetically were horns and throats used. After walking through the principal streets about an hour the college was again reached, and lining up in a double row between the side entrance and the Principal's residence a few choruses were sung and cheers given. Then the Chancellor and Principal walked down this avenue of fire to the college, escorted by representative students, after which discarding the torches a break was made by the excited undergrads for the gallery, which was soon filled to its utmost capacity—indeed a little more so. Convocation Hall was very full, many having to stand. The ladies occupied the seats in the body of the hall, and certainly there was a magnificent array of them.

On the platform were seated members of the different faculties, graduates and friends, among whom were noticed Mayor Thompson and Major-General Cameron, C.M.G.

After a few remarks and choruses from the gallery, Rev. J. K. McMorine led in prayer, and Chancellor Flemming read the address of the trustees as follows:—

To the Very Reverend George Munro Grant, D.D., Principal of Queen's College and University:

DEAR PRINCIPAL,—In the name of the Board of Trustees, on behalf of every graduate and friend of Queen's University, we offer you a warm welcome on your return from a journey round the globe. Since your departure in March last, we have been gladdened from time to time by the letters which told us of your progress towards recovery from your late illness. We thank the Lord of all the earth for having had you in his holy keeping, for having given you journeying mercies by the way. We rejoice that you have safely returned with renewed strength and vigor.

Recognizing how much Queen's College is indebted to you for the high degree of prosperity it has reached, and especially for the success of the recent efforts to increase its resources, notably the "Jubilee Endowment" movement, we desire to express in the name of the friends of the institution the deep sense we entertain of the devotion to its interests displayed by you since your connection with the university, and of the manifold and arduous labors you have undergone in furthering its welfare, even to the sacrifice of your health.

We trust that the measures adopted for completing the endowment and for placing the university on secure basis will hereafter remove all anxiety on your part with regard to its financial administration, and will leave you free to devote yourself to more congenial work connected with its scholastic life and interior economy. Returning as you do with renewed physical energy, with a mind filled with fresh stores of knowledge and a heart stirred with enthusiasm and human sympathy, called forth by

contact with the people of many races and climes, you will be able to enter anew upon your duties, counselling and encouraging your colleagues in the professoriate, stimulating the intellectual powers of the students who crowd the halls of Queen's, and inspiring with lofty aims and noble sentiments those who look forward to be the guides to their fellow-men.

We offer you a cordial and heartfelt welcome. We congratulate ourselves individually and collectively. We congratulate all the friends of Queen's, all true Canadians on your safe return. We pray that you may long be spared to adorn the position which you hold as Principal of this university, and continue by voice and pen to influence the advancement of this fair Dominion in all that is generous and elevating. We pray that you may long continue to contribute to the upbuilding of a great northern nation, cherishing the wholesome traditions of the races from which we have sprung, and imbued with their love of civil and religious liberty, a nation in steadfast alliance with the mother land.

FROM THE STUDENTS.

The following address was read by Mr. Ryan, B.A., President of the Alma Mater Society:—

DEAR PRINCIPAL,—Nearly twelve months ago we bade you farewell for a long voyage, fervently hoping that stranger climes might give you again that strength which you had lost in noble devotion to a noble cause. Now we are glad to know that you have found and quaffed the elixir of youth. More than words can tell, we rejoice to welcome you again to Canada and Queen's. We have many reasons to feel grateful for your return. All of us have come within the influence of your personality, and have received from you the impulse for every good and manly action. Your wide liberal views are amply witnessed in the catholic spirit of Queen's. As young Canadians we rejoice in a leader whose broad national sympathies cannot fail to awaken in others the patriotism that animates yourself. As sons and daughters of Queen's we greet you as one who has done more than any other to make this university what her most devoted adherents would wish her to be. We have followed you in your journeyings, cheering again and again utterances which have won the hearty approval of colonists far removed from ourselves, but in the consummation of which they, as well as we, reap the glory. You have spent your life in behalf of the University, which, we are assured, shall remain a lasting monument of your earnest desire "that the higher training in learning and science ought, like the light of divine knowledge, to be made accessible to all." In conclusion, wishing you length of days, with accompanying health and happiness and an influence for good, ever widening and deepening with the coming years, we beg to assure you that we shall ever strive to keep worthy the heritage bequeathed us from the past, holding loyally your own brave motto—"Deeds, not empty words."

THE PRINCIPAL'S REPLY.

After the addresses had been read the Principal replied. He began by explaining that he had intended to give an address dealing with several points that would be interesting to all who appreciated the importance of higher education, and to criticise features in our own system that he considered defective. His recent journey had enabled him to see things from new points of view. He had learned lessons in the old world, and among the new communities that are laying the foundations of empires in South Africa, New Zealand and the Australias. He had followed "the stream like wanderings of that glorious street," where more than a thousand years ago Alfred had provided, amidst the fens of Oxford, a house for scholars, and where now towers and spires, venerable with associations of piety and learning, attracted new generations of students by every influence that exalts and inspires mankind. He had witnessed with interest the efforts that the descendants of the old Dutch settlers are making in the Cape Colony to give the advantages of collegiate education to their children. He had spent hours of delight in the marvellously well equipped museums of Dunedin, Christchurch and Wellington, the three principal New Zealand cities which he had visited.

With regard to Australia, he spoke with admiration of the munificent benefactions bestowed on the universities of Melbourne, Sydney and Adelaide, of the promise that the institutions were giving, and of the lessons which Canadians might learn from them. But while his attention had thus been drawn during his absence to educational institutions and questions, and while he was in consequence more fitted to discuss educational problems than before, he could not help feeling that the present was not an occasion on which jarring notes should be struck. He would, therefore, throw aside what he had intended to say and would confine himself to thoughts suggested by their addresses and by the progress the university had made during his absence. On a subsequent occasion, when addressing the university council, he would discuss the questions to which he referred, and would endeavour to call public attention to mistakes that were being made.

Proceeding he told his friends a secret—his former strength returned a week after he was on the ocean. What was the explanation? He had been made free from grave, moral and financial obligations in addition to heavy professional duties, and free forever. Queen's had, after eleven years, been brought up to the standard of the provincial university literally endowed with a million of dollars by the province. He was not opposed to the giving of the money to one institution, for it secured that there should be, from the outset, a reasonable university standard, and the historical development of the province would determine whether more were needed, and if so how many more. If the result proved that one was adequate to our actual necessities well and good. If other-

wise, the country would be all the richer. It would have in the end three or four universities, each as well equipped as Toronto, without any undue or unnecessary burdening of the general tax-payer.

"Well, last March," he said, "the task that had been given me was accomplished. The work, too, would abide, no matter what became of the present Principal and professors. I went on my long holiday, therefore, free from all care, because conscious that it mattered little to the country whether I lived or died, or what became of me or any one man. A work was done which, to quote the beautiful language of the city address, 'will confer blessings upon society in the distant future, when the present generation shall be forgotten, and the noise of living fame shall have died into an echo.'

"The trustees had also relieved me of all financial responsibility for the future by appointing Dr. Smith general secretary of the university. Its extension will depend upon him, or rather upon the support you give him. We all know that he is the right man in the right place. The feeling that I would be free hereafter to devote myself to higher and, as you truly express it, more congenial work, was enough almost to raise a man from the dead. Do you wonder now at my speedy recovery?

"You may ask, indeed, whether the task undertaken by me was one that should have engrossed all my strength. I think it was. There are features in connection with Queen's that convinced me that it was of special importance to the best interests of the country that it should be preserved, and in order to be preserved it had to be strengthened, at least up to the point which I have already indicated. A self-governing university has possibilities for good that are not possessed by mere denominational institutions; nor even by those specially styled "provincial," in which the whole power and patronage is in the hands of a politician, who may be a scholar or who may be the reverse, and who, at any rate, owes his place to political exigencies. This great feature of self-government Queen's had, in a measure, from its foundation. It has it now in perfection. The government of the University is in the hands of an independent board that makes every appointment and every change solely with a view to educational efficiency, and this board is practically in the hands of the alumni. Its work is for the whole country, without distinction of sect, race, or sex, and its special constituency is the body of benefactors and graduates, the men, that is, who are the fathers and children of the institution. What better constitution could be desired? Essentially it is that of all the famous universities of the old and new worlds, yet strange to say it seems not to be understood by some people, to whom every university must be either political or denominational.

"The possession of a theological faculty as an organic part of the University is also an important feature of Queen's, but perhaps that which strikes outsiders most is

the extraordinary love for it cherished by every son, and the pride in it that animates every citizen of Kingston and perhaps every man and woman in Eastern Ontario. There must be a cause for these feelings. What the cause or causes may be I shall leave others to say. They may at the same time explain why a member of the Anglican body was the one to suggest a public welcome to a Presbyterian minister; why a student who belongs to the Roman Catholic church should be the one to represent all the faculties on this occasion; why there should be, as I learn from the newspapers, about a hundred Methodists studying in what some people call a 'denominational' university, and that denomination not Methodist, as well as other facts of the same kind that every true Canadian rejoices in.

"Now, gentlemen, I have to admit that almost all that has been done hitherto has been for the university as a school of liberal knowledge. This is the ancient idea of a university. It considers the student as an end in and for himself, his perfection as a man being the end of his education. This is the true university ideal. I fear that it is being lost in some influential quarters in Ontario. If so the worse for us in the long run. On this high ideal I shall not speak, but content myself with asking you to read again Prof. Watson's inaugural delivered last University day. I have read it thrice, and intend so read it again and again. But there is another view of the university that must not be overlooked. Special schools devoted to the learned professions, to the mechanic arts, and to the varied industrial development of the country should be connected with the University. It is not necessary to centre all these in one place and to agglomerate all round one institution. When that is attempted it is quite evident that it is the glory of one particular institution that is desired, and not the general good of the country. There are special reasons why such schools should be established in Kingston. Not to refer to the Royal Military College, which is properly supported by the Dominion Government, already the Royal College and the Women's Medical College have obtained a deserved reputation. In the future it shall be my aim to do everything possible for their further development. The erection of the John Carruthers science hall, the site of which was selected to-day by the chancellor and trustees, will be another important step in the same direction. It will afford facilities for the study of metallurgy, of assaying, and of practical chemistry in its application to various industries, especially to agriculture. It will be built on a plan that will allow it to be extended at a small cost in the future. Still there is very much more yet to be done. Canada is in its infancy so far as these schools of practical science and technology are concerned. The municipalities of Eastern Ontario have called the attention of the Provincial Government to this matter so important to them, and with one accord pointed out Kingston as the proper site of such an institution."

After touching on the practical application that Mr. Rathbun was making of chemistry and his desire to see a school of science in Kingston, the Principal spoke eloquently on the changes recently wrought in Queen's. He touched on the lack of knowledge of Canada among the people of the Southern seas, and said it was only equalled by the ignorance of Canadians relative to Australasia.

"You must not measure their affection," he said, "by their knowledge. They are British as we are. Their wisest men are a unit in desiring that the connection shall be preserved forever, and in seeking how best to bring about a condition of stable political equilibrium so far as the mother country and the great self-governing colonies are concerned. Disintegration they sum up in the phrase 'All loss and no gain.' They are anxious to cultivate intercolonial trade, and to form as many links as possible between themselves and us. Cold will be my heart when I forget their warm welcomes, the hospitality absolutely ingenious in variety and multiplicity pressed upon a stranger, whose claims were only those of a fellow-citizen and a brother-colonist."

"I have come back with greater enthusiasm than ever for the wonderful commonwealth to which we belong, and with a deeper sense of the sin that would be involved in breaking its unity without sufficient cause. At the same time my conviction has deepened that we must rise to full citizenship, and that there must be commercial and other advantages for those inside the commonwealth that are not given to those who are outside. We owe duties to the members of our own families that we do not owe to our neighbour's families, and yet we love our neighbours. In the same way members of the same nation or commonwealth should have special advantages. Call them discriminations or what you like that foreigners are not entitled to. At any rate the flag is sacred. We did not weave it, and we dare not tare it into tatters, but we must make it represent realities. The Sybil is offering things of price. I pray the fatal cry, 'Too late,' may not be heard when statesmen are ready to purchase them."

"It was very pleasant to travel, but it is pleasanter to be home again and at work. Never before did I get so much good from travelling. On that account, and on Plato's principle that men should not travel till they are sixty, my hope is that before long I may be sent away again. I am more eager to learn than ever, perhaps because I was brought up long ago in the consulship of Plancus when educational red tape was not so much honoured as it is now coming to be. It is a sad thing to see a student leave college without a love of learning, to see him throw aside books with a sigh of relief when school days are over, or to hear him speak of his gladness in having 'knocked off' so many subjects in the prescribed curriculum. His education should be such that all his life he would echo the language of the wise law-giver, 'The older I grow the more I would become a learner.' It has been said that 'the greater aptness of

age than youth for learning is one of the thousand pledges and foretastes of immortality.' When the love of learning ceases to well up in my heart, count me among the dead.

"Mr. Chancellor, Gentlemen of the Board of Trustees, and of the University Council; Mr. President of the Alma Mater Society, graduates and students—I thank you for the addresses you have presented to me, and for the generous language in which you have spoken of my services. Your words are so flattering that everyone would esteem them meaningless were it not that the country knows well that you have, time and again, backed your words with deeds. The history of Queen's is a sufficient pledge for the future. As you say, 'The light of divine knowledge should be free to all.' This keynote was struck by our founders, and in this wider day we are not likely to forget it. As for myself all the strength and wisdom that God gives to me will be at your service. We must work for one another and for the community. One word more, a word that will find an echo in the hearts of the oldest and the youngest here, and in the hearts of our graduates, benefactors and friends all over the empire—'Prove yourself worthy of your fathers.' That was the cry of Greek patriotism. Are not our fathers as worthy of being followed as theirs?"

There were hearty cheers when the Principal concluded his address. Then came a cry for Hon. G. A. Kirkpatrick, and that gentleman spoke briefly. He referred to Principal Grant as a man who had wrought wonderful changes in Queen's, and added that he was doubly welcomed home by the people of Kingston because of the interest he always took in the institution. His high ideals and aims, and his wonderful devotion to duty, were the mainsprings of his success.

MUSEUM.

VISITORS to the museum cannot fail to notice that large additions have been made to the collections and a good deal of work done in labelling and arranging specimens during the vacation. The Herbarium has been increased by the addition of over 800 sheets of mounted plants, including the collection made last summer between Winnipeg and Vancouver. Our Canadian Flora is now largely represented on the shelves, and can be profitably studied by those pursuing a science course.

The Zoological department has received a valuable addition from the liberality of R. Bell, LL.D., who presented a large collection of skins of birds and mammals procured in Hudson Bay. Several of the specimens have, unfortunately, been seriously injured by the mode in which they were originally collected and preserved, and still further by the depredations of insects. Under the skilful hands of Mr. Horsey, however, most of them will become very beautiful specimens, while the others will be useful for the purposes of study. The college is indebted to Dr. Bell for nearly the whole collection of

animals in its possession at present, and this new addition will largely increase its usefulness.

A collection of Bay of Fundy shells and sponges has also been secured by the curator.

Donations in this department are earnestly solicited from friends of the University.

The Geological department has been greatly improved. A large number of rocks and fossils have been labelled and arranged. During the vacation the curator visited several interesting localities in Nova Scotia and procured some valuable materials for elucidating the geology of the country. At the Mount Uniacke gold mines specimens of the auriferous quartz and of the surrounding rock were procured. At Londonderry iron mines specimens of the different iron ores were obtained, and at Panslow a collection was made of the minerals in the Trap rocks.

A visit to Springhill coal mines was amply repaid by a fine collection of fossils presented by Mr. William Rees and Mr. Swift. These gentlemen are underground managers of part of the works and take an intelligent interest in procuring and preserving valuable specimens of the Carboniferous Flora. The curator desires to express in the warmest terms his appreciation of their kindness and readiness to assist him in the object of his visit.

One of the finest sections known in the world for the study of the carboniferous formation occurs at the Joggins, on the shores of the Bay of Fundy. Within a distance of nine miles a series of beds is exposed, amounting to more than 14,000 feet of vertical thickness, and bearing more than seventy seams of coal, with their roof-slabs and underclays. Large fossil trees stand erect at different levels, and the roots of the coal plants are seen running down into the underclays. The bold cliff and the clean-washed shore, which extends at low tide to a distance of two hundred yards from its base, furnish opportunities for examination which cannot be surpassed. A collection of interesting specimens was made here, but the difficulty of carrying such heavy masses rendered it impossible to secure any of the trees. One of these would be a most interesting object in the museum, and it is much to be desired that some friend of Queen's may supply us with it at an early date.

Dr. Goodwin also visited this locality during the vacation and forwarded a box of his spoils.

A number of specimens of volcanic rocks and fossils was procured at Cape Bon Ami, near Dalhousie, illustrating the geology of the locality.

Through the kindness of Dr. Williamson the curator was enabled to accompany him on a visit to the copper mines at Sudbury, where a good suite of specimens was obtained. The ore is Chalcopyrite, and if the present indications are reliable, immense quantities of it must exist in the neighborhood to reward the labors of the company. Some specimens are rich in nickel. Thanks are due to the gentlemen in charge for their great kind-

ness in furnishing information and the means for visiting the different mines.

Several students who labored in British Columbia during the summer months have brought interesting collections from their fields of labor.

The Principal also kept the museum in mind during his journey round the world and secured a number of valuable specimens of different kinds, which will be placed on exhibition as soon as possible. On the whole, the projects of the museum are most encouraging, and by the aid of friends it will soon be a most important part of our scientific outfit.

FROM A. W. BEALL.

HERE is a part of a letter received by one of the boys from our well-known friend in far-off Tokio. It is of special interest to any who may think of going to Japan. The letter explains itself:—

My opportunities for Christian work are chiefly among the students. Very frequently I go in among them, into their rooms in the dormitories adjoining the school. A great many attend this school for the English pure and simple. Some get interested in Christianity, but quite a number of them are becoming nominal Christians, a circumstance, speaking generally, in my mind, fraught with considerable peril to Japanese Christianity, as it is now becoming a politic thing to do. But to return to my students. I can always get a few who want to study the Bible. You can perhaps imagine the pleasure I feel at seeing their delight when finding some new passage in the Bible, especially in the Old Testament, which has been in their hands but a few months. I feel this most keenly, that what this land needs most of all is fearless preachers of Christ, of truth, of purity. For if any land under heaven needs Christ and Christlikeness it is Japan. To put it more plainly and terribly, falsehood and impurity are unknown in this land, or at least are not recognized as evils. There is a widespread impression in Canada that the men who come here as missionaries must come prepared to combat infidelity, to discuss Darwin, Herbert Spencer, Tyndall and Huxley, and that if he is not a born metaphysician he had better not come to Japan, where defeat will certainly await him, but had better go—no had better stay at home. Well, I boldly say that this country does not need such men, and when I say this country I do not mean the upper classes, who are eagerly grasping after Western civilization without inquiring into the nature of its foundation, but the rank and file, the toilers, the laboring classes, the millions who form the immense majority of the people. The men we do need are those who will be kindly but terribly truthful—men who will preach with whole-souled, loving earnestness “Ye must be born again,”—men who will act as evangelists, who will not give, may force upon the Japanese a knowledge of modern agnosticism, but will literally fulfil Christ's last command, “Go ye into all the world and preach the *Gospel*,” and not philosophy. Their

attitude should be the complete ignoring of all such subjects, and to bring this people face to face with the terrible fact that they are sinners, and then that Christ is a present Savior from sin. You may say, “Why, that's just what is preached at home, and I thought the Japanese demanded more than that.” Well, what is true of Canada's need is a thousandfold more true of this sinful, sinless country. You will understand this statement better when I say that this nation is devoid of a moral conscience. Our business is to create or awaken it. “Every cloud has a silver lining.” This pleasure is found in the faithful few Japanese who are turning out to be pure gold. We have such in our school, a goodly number. In the hands of such in this and the many other Christian schools is found the material for making Japan's future greatness truly great.

Yours faithfully,

ARTHUR W. BEALL,
13 Tani-Zaka, Azabu, Tokyo, Japan.

Y. M. C. A.

AN admirably written paper on “Temperance” was read by Malcolm McKenzie, B.A., at a recent meeting, and had the writer given his consent a vote of the meeting would have designated it for publication. The paper presented most clearly our country's situation in regard to the liquor traffic, pointing out the weakness of past legislation and the necessity for further educating the electorate on the subject of temperance. Addresses were given also by Dr. Anglin, W. J. Patterson, and the chairman, J. J. Wright, all of which were to the point and well received. The room was crowded, and much interest in the proceedings was evinced. The ladies of the two colleges kindly responded to an invitation, and were present.

The Y. M. C. A., as the name decisively implies, is exclusively for young men. Time and again at conventions has the advisability of throwing the doors open for a mixed audience been discussed, but, so far as we can learn, never sustained. Time and again has it been tried by associations struggling for an existence, and has only had the effect of hastening dissolution. The association has a work to do, an end to reach. That work is among young men, and that end the salvation of young men from the perils which surround their physical and spiritual lives. How zealously should all its energies be centred upon the realization of that end, upon the accomplishment of that grand work? Consequently when it is proposed to admit to our meetings our lady students, we must object, as we feel certain they also, knowing the design of the association, would do. We suggest instead that at intervals during the term special meetings be announced to which invitations be given our lady classmates, whom on such occasions we shall welcome most cordially.

The new programme has appeared and quite pleases everybody. It is neat in design and contains a store of

information. Suspended opposite the study table it will be both useful and ornamental.

During the holidays Sharbot Lake district was in the charge of Hugh Ross, divinity student. John D. Boyd held forth at Wilbur, and J. Binnie at Mattawachan. These fields are supplied by the Missionary Association. Several other stations in the presbytery were also supplied by our students.

PERSONALS.

REV. J. M. DUCLOS, B.A., was on June 8th married to Miss Nella Purvis, of Portage du Fort.

Rev. Jas. Murray was married not long ago to Miss Madge Webster, of Georgetown.

Rev. M. McKinnon, B.A., Eldon, was recently presented by the young men of the congregation with a handsome cutter and address. The young ladies also presented him with a sideboard and dinner set. Do you want any help to use these, Malcolm?

We have been informed that Dr. Dixon, of Frankville, has been obliged to relinquish his lucrative practice because of ill-health, and that in a few days he will remove to Florida's balmy clime. It is but a couple of years since Dr. Dixon graduated with honors, winning medals and scholarships during the period that he was a student in the college, and carrying off the gold medal when graduating. During his brief sojourn in Frankville he has made hosts of friends, and has also been accorded a very extensive practice, his treatment of his patients clearly proving him to be a skilful physician. In his departure to Florida, Leeds county suffers the loss of one of its rapidly rising medical practitioners. We trust that the change of climate will completely restore his shattered constitution.

NOTES FROM THE ROYAL.

A NUMBER of new students have come in since the vacation, making the freshman class an unusually large one.

Professor informs student, who has written a prescription without ordering any water, that "physicians, like Pharaoh's daughter, take a little profit from the water." Are our doctors so far behind the times as to still be looking for prophets?

A subject for a paper to be read at the Provincial Convention, which meets in Ottawa next month, has been assigned to the Royal Y. M. C. A. Accordingly at the last meeting of the association T. G. Allen, B.A., was appointed to prepare and read the paper.

We are glad to know that a long-felt want is to be supplied by the forming of a class for practical toxicology. Provision has also been made for a special course of lectures on pathology.

COLLEGE NOTES.

HOW do you do, old boy! Glad to see you. Did you have a good time in the holidays? Say, give us 10 cents to help pay for some torches.

Prof. Ross—(to class in Apologetics)—We'll meet no more below, but up above.

The long face of the Sec'y-Treas. of the JOURNAL is due to the fact that subscriptions are coming in very slowly.

The boys think the signs on our new wire fence in the library very elegant.

Say, Jack, if I pay 10 cents can I carry a torch in the procession on Friday night? Well, I should murmur.

Quite a number are wondering how many times they have to read exchanges before new ones are put on fyle. Ask our editor.

One of the usual items on the programme of our Y. M. C. A. prayer meeting every Friday night is, "Mr. Potter will now make the usual announcements."

For some time past we have been looking round for Joseph (the assistant in the physical laboratory), but up to time of writing no trace has been found of him. Joseph, Where art thou? or, What hast thou done?

What can have happened to our worthy Secretary of the Alma Mater? No notice was put up about our first meeting of '89.

THE LADIES' CORNER.

A PLEA.

THE room formerly placed at our disposal being much too small for our increased numbers, the Senate has given us, in addition, a large unfurnished room in the upper flat. As each of us is obliged to pay one dollar towards the gymnasium, from which we derive no benefit, we would respectfully suggest that the whole sum, amounting to thirty dollars, be expended in helping to furnish this room. All we ask for is necessary articles, and we do not think this request unreasonable, since a room where we could study between classes, without interruption, is very much needed.

Our society is flourishing to a remarkable extent, its meetings being largely attended and very interesting.

"To think of that bad, naughty man, Prof. Reynolds, taking me for a nurse. L. B.

"Oo's a little lamb now?" H. M.

"Chestnuts!" H. F.

"What on earth would the JOURNAL do without the ladies?" A. C.

"I'm never going to say anything when one of those editors are around. They always put it in the JOURNAL." M. C.

"What's that?" THOSE EDITORS.

✻DE NOBIS NOBILIBUS.✻

CELEBRITIES OF '89.

No. 1.

IT is somewhat difficult to catch a glimpse of No. 1. His visits to college are irregular and spasmodic and he is, moreover, usually late. But the scientific observer need not despair if after several days of stalking, he fails to meet the object of his search. The daring Nimrod in pursuit of the coveted Bighorn on the summit of the great Divide, considers himself in luck's way, if, for a fortnight's or perhaps a month's wearisome watching, he is rewarded by a single head. So we would again impress on the students of humanity the necessity of perseverance and untiring energy. To those, however, who have neither the time nor the inclination to devote to this, we purpose to offer a few remarks. To begin with, we shall endeavor to portray faithfully the subject of this sketch. Imagine to yourself a rather tall, slim youth, whose cast of countenance reminds you neither of a Spanish troubadour nor of an Esquimaux; whose figure might seem to your wondering gaze to approximate nearer to Bunthorne than to Apollo Belvidere; whose chronic semi-abstraction of manner might bespeak the venerable Professor were it not for the few straggling bunches of virgin fluff that one can see manfully pushing their way through the folds of his epidermis; whose shoulders have already, in well developed embryo, that well known stoop so redolent of midnight oil and Greek roots. His careless, swinging walk, with each limb pointing simultaneously to north, south, east and west, would sufficiently vindicate his merry, childlike, independent eccentricity of disposition did not his guileless, far-away smile confirm instant that impression. His large, dark eyes, which, in justice to their happy possessor, we must admit come nearer to our own ideal than anything we have ever seen, with the exception perhaps of those of a favorite bull dog, now long since dead (rest his soul!) light up with almost celestial brilliancy when he gets his prose back marked "very fair." We have known No. 1 ourself for several years and can say *coram omnibus* that we have never heard the breath of scandal blowing through his youthful whiskers. This is a reputation that not every student can boast of. But while the fair sex have, time after time, in vain assaulted the citadel of his affections, it must not be supposed that he is callous to the nobler feeling which possess the true genius—No! We have authority for the statement that, at school, he has been known to invade fearlessly the sacred precincts of the girls' exit hall—when the boys' door has been locked. No. 1 is not what one might call an athlete. He rejoices more in the exquisite beauty of the Odes of Horace (expurgated edition of course) than in the reckless impetuosity of the ubiquitous quarterback. At the same time we refrain from disseminating the idea that he is a book worm, blown-in-the-bottle. We ourself can testify to having seen him on the Campus

picturesquely scraping the real estate off his right boot after an abortive attempt to connect with the mysterious drop-kick. It is whispered also that he occasionally visits the gymnasium and disports himself with a pair of clubs. He usually has the gymnasium to himself soon after he starts swinging. But in spite of all these shortcomings he is a very good fellow. While he never unnecessarily obtrudes his opinions on others, he is ever ready for an argument, and any smart Alec who contemplates playing our friend for a sucker will find his victim with his loins girdled and his lamps burning and a tolerably wide range of information. The Professors themselves will bear witness to this. We know of no other individual, at this moment, with a corresponding inoffensive appearance who can so effectually rattle a Prof. and his class as our No. 1. His questions are all of the most pointed and searching character; and when, in addition to this, we add an aggravating pertinacity and a restless desire to sift the whole question to its uttermost depth, we can imagine the result on all concerned. A stranger coming into the lecture room and finding the Prof. nervous and agitated and the class hovering between hysterics and superstitious awe, could nine times out of ten stake his big dollar that No. 1 has been asking a few questions. We cannot leave our hero without remarking that he has a brother, and one of those brothers that we don't find in hollow trees. Long after the names of students whom we now see passing to and fro are lost in the twilight of years gone by, the name of the "brother" will shed its undying lustre on the scroll of fame as the only man on record who ever succeeded in getting the maximum in junior philosophy without direct collusion with the professor.

WHAT THE MEDS. ARE SAYING.

JUST gaze on our moustaches.

ADAM H.—L-K-R.

H. G. T.—L-M-N.

ART. E.—I-TT.

M. E. McG.—TH.

Truly de "Royal am a moverin' along."

BEVY OF STUDENTS, ADMIRINGLY.

To propitiate the gods. I make an offering of my beard.

ALEX. ST-W-RT.

Double bezique counts five hundred, doesn't it?

G. J. N.—I-H.

Be a pattern to others, and then all will go well; for as a whole city is infected by the licentious passions and vices of great men, so is it likewise reformed by their moderation.—*Cicero*.

After a tongue has once got the knack of lying, 'tis not to be imagined how impossible almost it is to reclaim it. Whence it comes to pass that we see some men, who are otherwise very honest, so subject to this vice.—*Montaigne*.

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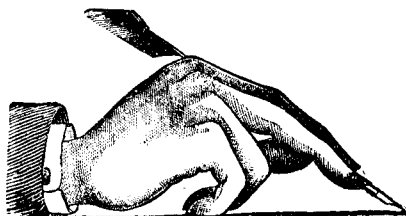
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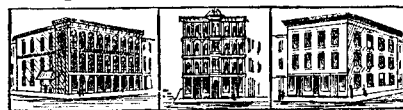
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QUEEN'S COLLEGE JOURNAL.

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The annual subscription is \$1.00, payable before the end of January.

All literary contributions should be addressed to the Editor, Drawer 1164, Kingston, Ont.

All communications of a business nature should be addressed to the Managing Editor.

THE communication of "Prowler" in the present issue will doubtless prove of interest to that body of young men who have undertaken to show our students what Christianity is. Our correspondent appears to think that they have succeeded better in showing what it is *not*. Certainly, if the theology which they possess has only the effects which "Prowler" mentions, it would be advisable to imbibe a little more theology as rapidly as possible.

* * *

The position of the Y. M. C. A. to those who are not members should be one at once of gentleness and humility. It is quite possible that outsiders are a trifle hypersensitive, but, if so, there is all the more necessity that those who are within the charmed circle should give them no occasion for stumbling. The "Stand aside, for I am holier than thou!" has done no good in the past, and we have very grave doubts of its ever doing any good in the future.

It is a well-known fact that our church students are as a general thing financially poor. The majority of them, at any rate, are neither bondholders in any of the great railways, nor possessors of a corner in wheat. They are not members of any trans-continental or trans-oceanic telegraph line, subsidized by two or three governments, which declares a 25 per cent. dividend every two months. They are not even possessed at the present time of a settled charge and drawing a stated income. And yet there are ministers in the Church and their name is, we regret to say, many, who treat our students as if they were billionaires with no greater problem to solve than how to spend their time and money. They ask our men to preach for them, and, when the work is over, pay them with a "Thank you!" Now, this sort of thing, we hold, is unfair. It may be often the result of heedlessness on the part of the minister; but, if so, it is the student who pays for this carelessness. It is wrong in theory: it is a direct infringement of the laws of Church etiquette; and we hope that the time is near when positive action will be taken in the Assembly in the matter, so that if students thereafter are treated in this way, the minister in question will be able to plead in excuse neither precedent nor ignorance.

* * *

Most of our Church students will agree with the Church authorities, we believe, in thinking that Presbyterian examinations are a good thing. The recital of all that could be said in their favor would take long to tell. But it seems as if that portion of the work which deals with the Hebrew Bible, the Septuagint and the Greek Testament might be with all safety handed over by the Presbytery to the University authorities. We can understand the desire of the Presbytery to examine candidates for the ministry in Biblical exposition, statement of doctrine, Church government, Church history, and kindred subjects; but we fail to see the grounds on which it undertakes to supplement the work of University professors in the ancient languages.

* * *

As we go to press we learn that the Hon. G. W. Ross, Minister of Education, has just submitted to his colleagues the name of the present Munro Professor of English Language and Literature in Dalhousie College, Nova Scotia, for the chair of English Literature in Toronto University. The appointment was confirmed, and Prof. William John Alexander will, next October, assume office. The appointment cannot fail to be a pleasing one to the

country at large. With reason or without it the people of Canada have been complaining for the past few years that there is no use in Canadians, however well qualified, applying for professorships in Canadian universities. They are put aside for foreigners. The complaint is made, further, that the foreigners who are set over our students have no sympathy with us or with our customs. They are unable to look at life from the Canadian standpoint, and for this reason no place is found for the sympathy which should exist between professor and students.

It is further pointed out that Canadian youth should be developed along the lines of Canadian life and thought; whereas the importation of foreign professors has quite the contrary effect.

* * *

No such objections can be made, however, to Prof. Alexander. He is a Canadian by birth, and largely by education. He is at present Professor in a Canadian university, so that he has had experience in teaching Canadian young men. He is able to see things from their standpoint; and he will be listened to with all the more affection and attention because of these facts. Prof. Alexander is still a young man, being only 34 years of age. He is a B.A. of London University and a Ph.D. of John Hopkins; so that he has had the twofold advantage of an English and an American education. To Prof. Alexander personally as well as to the University of Toronto we extend our warmest congratulations.

* * *

There was quite a flutter in Ottawa society a few days since over the blackballing of the newly-elected Mayor of the city in one of the fashionable clubs. This club has among its members a large number of civil service men. These exquisites, who are continually aping the social and other customs of the Old Land, were indignant that a common, vulgar Mayor, should aspire to the honor of membership with them. They had to draw the line somewhere, you know, and they drew it at a Mayor. He had the indecency to be engaged "in trade." His honor, who is not in the habit, apparently, of turning his left cheek to those who have smitten him on the right, is evening things up in a unique and charming fashion. Being a large furniture dealer, "he has many of these club men on his books. He has just served summonses on each of them, and says he will see if these exclusives can pay club-fees and serve club-dinners and leave their debts unpaid. One civil servant is indignant, and is going around exhibiting his Division Court summonses as an example of the lowliness of these tradespeople."

* * *

Certainly it is very reprehensible on the part of the Mayor; but, if we had any shekels to throw away in the line of a mild bet, we would like to pile them up serenely on His Honor. Seriously, the C. S. men deserve all that the Mayor can give them and more. The good they do

the community or the nation at large is infinitely less than that of those low people—the tradesmen. They do less work for more pay than any other class of day-laborers which the Government employs; and yet they are forever sneering at the country and its customs. Putting everything else out of consideration, however, their blackballing the Mayor of the city was in execrable taste; and we think that the present experience will be apt to prevent a repetition of their pleasantries in the case of "Tradesmen" in the future.

* * *

We congratulate the University on its acquisition of Mr. Gunn, the new tutor in moderns. The trustees could not have made a better choice. The gentleman in question has spent a large portion of his life in France and Germany, and can speak and write French and German with as much grace and fluency as English. Further than this, he has had practical experience as a teacher of these languages both in the Kingston Collegiate Institute and elsewhere, and his teaching has been from beginning to end an unqualified success. We only hope that the University can see its way clear to giving Mr. Gunn such a salary as will keep him with us for good.

* * *

We hear from time to time complaints from the A.M.S. of lack of funds for this and that object. We are wasting money every year to an extent that is nothing short of reckless with any society which is not rolling in government bonds and bank notes. The JOURNAL would suggest that the curators of the Reading room take care of the papers of various kinds which come in, and at the end of each term hold an auction, selling them off to the highest bidder. By this means we think that quite an addition would be made to the finances of the society.

* * *

We have pleasure in presenting to our readers in this issue a paper by Miss Anderson on The Stage and Society from the current number of *The North American Review*. Altogether apart from its bearing upon the points in question, it is pregnant with lessons to those who are preparing to enter upon any great profession. It will apply with equal force to all. There is no such a thing as true and abiding success for any man or any woman in any branch of human endeavor which is not built upon protracted faithful effort in that particular line. And if those who are aspiring to greatness in dramatic art take into account everything which can be utilized in the practice of that art, how necessary is it that our students who are preparing for the great professions should see to it that they neglect nothing which can extend their sphere of usefulness or elevate the character of that profession when they have entered upon it. And among those other subjects which cannot fail to be of abiding service to legal and Church students is this very dramatic art which Miss Anderson's own genius adorns.

❖ ASSOCIATE EDITORIALS. ❖

NO human institution is perfect nor incapable of being perverted in use; accordingly, we need not expect absolute perfection in either the structure or the operation of our educational institutions. What we should expect, and are entitled to demand, is that imperfections should be reduced to a minimum, or, to be more explicit, that the regulative and educative forces should conflict as little as possible. When examinations are conducted in the proper spirit and in a rational manner, they are indispensable aids to education, as well as more or less effective regulators. When, however, the passing of examinations becomes an end in itself, instead of the means to a higher end, examinations are perverted in use. Nor do we see any sense in recommending the discontinuance of competitive examinations while advising the continuance of examinations in general. All examinations are necessarily competitive, since it is characteristic of human beings to seek an end, and hence to compete even against the possibility of failure. For this very reason, however, the introduction of artificial stimuli, such as prizes, scholarships and medals *are* often injurious in their effects, because they operate most forcibly upon those who naturally least require their stimulus. So long as the educational process is to be carried on in a systematic manner, and so long as fitness for the position of a public educator is to be determined by others than the candidates, so long must competitive examinations have a place in our educational system.

To discard examinations entirely because of one evil consequence, and that, as shewn above, incident to human nature, is, we think, like casting out one evil spirit and taking in seven others more wicked than it. It is because the formal examination is the last step in the educational process, and because on that very account defects are there and afterwards made manifest, that we are apt to credit examinations in themselves with the faults and failings of the whole system. The faults mainly lie in the mode of conducting and in the men who conduct examinations if they do not perform their true function. What are the true functions of examinations? We believe they may be classed under two main heads:—

1. Educative; 2. Regulative. An educative examination is a systematic inquisition into the individual's knowledge, either to discover its defects that they may be corrected and supplemented, or, in order to develop his mental power in the systematic rise of the facts of his knowledge. An official or regulative examination, on the other hand, seeks to discover the attainment or non-attainment of the candidate to a certain standard of knowledge with a view to his acceptance or rejection.

Much of the success of an examination depends upon the method adopted, especially when the aim is to discover the candidate's knowledge. The two methods are,

speaking generally, the oral and the written. Each has its peculiar merits and defects, and either, apart from the other, is very imperfect, both as a means of education and as a means of inquisition. Combined in due proportion, however, they are naturally complementary each to the other. The one great advantage that the written possesses over the oral is that, by means of it, the examination is made uniform for all candidates in any one class. Another advantage which it possesses is that, by it, the examiner is better able to estimate the general character of the mental culture possessed by the candidate. The general style of direction, the energy and clearness of thought displayed in answering a set of questions should, we think, count, in the general estimate, with accuracy in detail. Especially will this advantage be manifest if the nature of the questions asked be such as to throw the candidate upon his own resources for answers, to call forth his reasoning power, along with his memory power, rather than a mere rehearsal of book lore. It is of much more consequence to know what use an individual can make of the facts of his knowledge than to know how many of those facts he can reproduce on paper at the shortest notice. But more of this anon.

* * *

Although this is an age of civilization and enlightenment, yet the ideas entertained in regard to culture are astonishing. Some people imagine that culture lies in intellectual acquirements. Others, of an artistic order, regard themselves cultured if they are able to play the piano well, paint or devour novels. While others still, of a puritanical or ascetic turn, deem it to lie in the keeping to the letter of the law, to the negation of anything of a sensuous or aesthetic nature.

Now it is our object to show that true culture consists, not in any one of these views, but in the truth implied in all three. These three sides, viz., the intellectual, aesthetic and moral, represent or constitute the whole nature of man. Now, a man who has three capacities, which are capable of infinite realization, since they are universal, and has only one developed, is clearly one-sided. Hence then, only when his three capacities or his three sides are developed to infinity can he be called a truly cultured man.

For universal development, however, he would require an infinite time in which to realize himself, and favorable circumstances, but man has neither. What then? Does he despair? No. He freely grasps by faith, which is a kind of knowledge, the universal implied in him, and rests with submissive will in the infinite spirit which is extended to him through Christ. He is then virtually universal and is able to do all things. Thus only is religion possible and Christianity any more than a name.

Now, be his development on the intellectual side, it has true value only when it is in line with eternal truth. Or be it on the aesthetic side, it has true value only when

it tends to the realization of ideal or infinite beauty. Or, again, be his development on the moral side, it has true value only when it tends to the realization of supreme goodness.

The true, the beautiful and the good—three aspects of the single unity—are not something apart from the intellectual, the aesthetic and the moral, but are merely the latter universalized. There is no separation between the human and the divine, between the particular and the universal. These are only two distinguishable aspects of the same unity.

Hence, then, we conclude that whatever man does he should do it in the spirit to the "glory of God." Thus and thus only is true culture possible of attainment.

✻ LITERATURE. ✻

FORGIVE THEE ?

FORGIVE thee? Though the years be long
 Since last I touched thy brow,
 Men shall not say I wrought thee wrong
 Or broke my early vow
 Won from me by one simple song,—
 I must forgive thee now.

I do forgive thee, and I bless
 Thee as a dear regret,—
 A golden, olden happiness
 That should be with me yet.
 Forgive thee? I forgive thee, yes :
 Ask not that I forget !

From "Lyrics" by
 GEORGE F. CAMERON.

ON A RAFT.

(Continued from page 21.)

IT was a lovely summer's morning, not a breath stirring, and the glassy surface of the river bore in its bosom the reflections of the fleecy clouds above. Scarcely a sound could be heard save the regular beat of the paddle-wheels on the tug and the occasional swish of a black bass or giant sturgeon as he gambolled in the distance. The men were in their quarters getting things ship-shape, and our cook, who rejoiced in the musical name of Moise Lanouette, was leaning against the door of the caboose with his arms folded, as motionless as a statue. There was evidently no fun to be had on the raft, so we launched our boat and pulled lazily in towards the shady banks, where we hoped to replenish our larder with a plentiful supply of fish, but the latter kept studiously away from the alluring spoon, and we reluctantly hauled it in with the firm conviction that fishing in the St. Lawrence had all gone to pot. At any rate it was much too hot to be chasing about after fish who so persistently refused to meet us even half-way, so we landed

near a pretty little cottage on an island, and finding the owner thereof not at home, sat down on the cool verandah and waited until the steamer caught up to us. On boarding the raft we found everyone busy. The foreman, whose acquaintance we diligently cultivated, was a fine old man who seemed to have immense control over his motley crew. He had in his younger days been at the head of the Caughnawaga Indians, who piloted the rafts down the rapids. These fellows, for the sake of the salvage money, were in the habit of wrecking, year after year, the rafts entrusted to their charge. The lumbering firms were in despair, being totally at their mercy, as no French-Canadian was considered competent for the difficult task. It was a dilemma. Finally one firm hit upon the expedient of taking Aimé Guérin, the leader of the band, into its employ, paying him a good salary. This it did, and from that moment the diabolical system of piracy was heard of no more. Aimé spoke English very slightly, and what he *did* say was always so ill-treated in the process of saying that we preferred his French as almost easier to understand. He was besides very excitable, and afforded us unqualified amusement at the methods he employed to emphasize an important order. It mattered not what might be the style of head-gear, if his commands were not obeyed with the alacrity he deemed suitable, off it was torn and trampled and jumped upon until the wrath of its owner was appeased. This, with the accompaniment of a torrent of invective and a pair of arms flung wildly about like Indian clubs in the hands of an insane prize fighter, presented a *tout ensemble* that can be elsewhere seen only on the mortgaged platform of a Salvation Army barracks. The men were of all sorts and conditions, and looked as if they had come into this cold world with their clothes on. The various styles of shirts, breeches and boots would make the figures on a fashion plate turn green with envy. There was one Indian that attracted our notice particularly, an enormous man, who, among other less interesting features, was the happy possessor of what was probably the biggest under-lip on the American continent. It hung down in front like a Masonic apron, and with a chamois leather lining would have served an excellent purpose as an improved chest protector. He was a solitary old customer, and would invariably retreat to the extreme end of the raft to consume his salt pork and hard tack. "Jim Tice" was his name, and he deserved a better one. There were fifteen or twenty men all told—to be reinforced as we went along. They were hard at work getting out the sails and setting the masts in position, for the wind was fast rising and from a favourable quarter. There were nine sails in all—one for each dram. A dram is really a small raft, varying in size, and a number of these are fastened together two abreast. As may be supposed, the length of the tow is considerable, the distance from the stern of the steamer to the stern of the raft being fully a quarter of a mile. The rope is shortened as the river narrows. This raft breaks up into its

component parts on approaching a rapid, and each dram runs the rapid on its own account, with a few men as a crew. It has been calculated that the propelling force of the nine sails on a raft like ours was equal to the whole pulling force of the tug, so that after the sails were all in position and drawing well, we began to make good time. It was now decidedly interesting, and we watched the huge squares of canvas swaying about and straining at the guy ropes, with supreme satisfaction. Presently, however, as the breeze still freshened, Aimé the old foreman, ordered in some of the sails and set men at work making everything secure, for there was quite a sea on and the waves were making the timbers dance up and down to windward at a great rate; then, to our sorrow, down came the remaining sails, not a moment too soon—it was blowing strongly from the south-west, and the practiced eye of the old man had detected that we were being driven rather sideways than ahead and were in danger of running ashore. It requires skilful guidance to pull that huge, helpless mass of timber safely through the narrow windings of the channel. The headway that a raft acquires under certain conditions is so great that the steamer may frequently be seen to pursue a course almost at right angles to that of the raft in order to pull the latter's head round. But after we had weathered a rocky point there was more shelter, and then, curiously enough, the wind seemed to die completely down. Out came the sun again, and off we went in the skiff to inspect a camp, whose owners seemed to be all sitting on the rocks with opera glasses taking us in. We sailed close in shore and criticised the squatters, the majority of whom proved to be "antiques." We had no use for them, so we headed for Alexandria Bay. It was about the busiest time of the year at this fashionable summer resort—the mammoth hotels were full, the landing-stages crowded with jolly little steam yachts, and the whole place spotted over with sleek-looking negroes laughing and chattering away, happy in the possession of a bright uniform and unlimited watermelon. We invested a small fortune in soda water, ice cream and oranges, and pulled out to the raft, which was nearly opposite. Here we found Moses, the cook, in a great state; he was afraid "ze shentlemens" would be late for tea! We intimated in as good French as we could muster that it would be a precious cold night when such a phenomenon occurred, to all of which Moses listened with the profoundest attention. The expressions, probably, had not the same force in his miserable jargon, but I am confident he fully understood the general drift of our remarks. After tea the banjo was produced, the quarter-deck cleared, and for a short time it presented a lively scene. Some of the men danced, others sang plaintive French songs, while the rest gathered around and kept time to the music with their big boots. It was like a German band—one fiddle and six bass drums. They are wonderfully fond of music, these fellows, and would sit listening, literally with eyes, ears and mouth, to the commonest little jig.

At the sound of the "Marseillaise," "La Claire Fontaine," or any of their well-known melodies, they would all join in with the words, and the result was, even to our uncultured ears, truly appalling.

(To be continued.)

ROBERT ELSMERE.

WHAT do you think of Robert Elsmere, is a question asked so often that a busy man must try to give a brief answer.

It is one of the most skilfully written religious novels that I have ever read; interesting, too, as a delineation of character peculiar to the nineteenth century, and especially to Oxford of to-day. But it is absurd to call it an epoch-making book, like the forcible-feeble people who air German phrases to prove their acquaintance with modern thought. The writer is in earnest and eager to make proselytes. She believes that "the things which cannot be shaken" in Christianity are independent of miracles, and that the historic facts which Christians have always believed should not be identified with spiritual truths. That is the fundamental position of her school. It is an old position, and one for which theoretically much can be said. Historical facts, it is pointed out, may be doubted at any time. They can always be assailed by historical methods. Why, then, connect them with the deepest convictions of the soul? I can believe in God, in the moral order of the universe, and in immortality, even though I cannot believe that Jesus rose from the dead. To all which we courteously answer, you can, but the world cannot; and the question as to whether miracles did or did not happen is one of evidence. We have to act upon evidence in all important matters of life, and why not in this also? You have the right to point out that, in your opinion, there is not sufficient proof for Christianity; but in face of the fact that almost every one who has fully considered it is satisfied, you have hardly the right to assume that there is no proof, and to dismiss five hundred witnesses and more with a wave of the hand. That is what is done in Robert Elsmere. The learned and invincible squire is a creature of the imagination. "I don't believe there aint no sich a person as Mrs. Harris," said Betsey Prigg. Such unbelief "lambes could not forget, no, nor worms forgive." Equally unforgivable must be the man who doubts the existence of squire Wendover in the eyes of the lady who rejects every historical fact in the Apostles' Creed without pretence of an argument. But Mrs. Gamp's wrath must be endured.

In the case of supernatural Christianity there are so many lines of evidence, all pointing in one direction and pressing home conviction to the spirit with cumulative force, that it would take a long article even to summarize them. We have documents admittedly written to the first generation of Christians, in which the main facts are stated or implied. There was thus no time for the

successive evolution of all the stages of early Christianity that any mythical theory must presuppose. This one argument is as conclusive as the "no powder, your majesty," was reason sufficient for not firing the expected salute. We have the Old Testament history requiring Christianity for its fulfilment. Christendom is co-extensive with the only civilization that has in it a hope for humanity. The world's progress for four thousand years has, it seems, been based upon fable. Truth has rested on delusion. How many will believe that?

It is no wonder that Mrs. Ward kills her hero after she has created him. No novelist could allow such a man to live. What message after all had poor Robert for his followers but that which the ordinary Unitarian minister has preached for centuries? What interest could there be in depicting his failures and ultimate heart-break? He had to die soon. So will the book.

G. M. GRANT.

THE MEANDERINGS OF A SOPHISTICAL MATHEMATICIAN.

"THE equation to the osculating circle would then be homogeneous if— Why, in thunder, do I want to know the professor's idea of an osculating circle? Why should it be homogeneous? and *why* should a fellow have to stick at it and study after such an evening as I have had? Man! It was grand to-night; we had what I'd call an osculating circle, but I was the only lucky dog—ha! ha!—let's see—they were all dancing and—and I was here and Sophie was there, and the mistletoe was there and—and— Hang it all! I swore I'd put my mind on my mathematics and do it I must. 'A tangent at this point would then cut the \times axis at a point whose distance from Q would—depend on'—Wonder if that coffee will ever come out, it was awful—I can't show my face to her again. $\times \times$ —What was it she was singing? 'I stood on the bridge by'—no, no—I stood on'—on what?—'on'— 'I stood on the moon by'—I wonder if she's there now?—I s'pose so—wonder if she's thinking of me. \times —O is—!!! Wonder—wonder if I could get there, too, won—der—won— By Thunder! I will, I know I can, the Prof. told us so," and springing from my chair I climbed over the table, up the wall, and out of the man-hole in the roof of a house I had been in two days before. In my haste I left the trap-door open, rushed along the ridge-pole, turned a double summer-sault onto the chimney, and with a mighty spring found myself whirling through the stilly night at a velocity which (as I exultingly thought) the professor could not possibly have calculated in tachs.

This was exhilarating—incomparably grand—and my spirits rose with almost as much rapidity as myself, for was I not off for the moon? and Sophie—Dear Sophie—I—but any further considerations on this point were quickly overwhelmed by a most unearthly yell and then a continuous flood of execrations, which burst upon my

ears, transforming me into a "fretful porpentine" in no time, in spite of the sleekit appearance which my rapid flight was giving me. I took time to decide that, in my position, the horrible noise ought to be unearthly, and, being somewhat nerved by this consideration, I turned and saw, between the heels of my No. 10's, and just off the long blue streak that marked my flight—the motley horde of demons whom I had been fighting all day—mounted curves of the Grand Second Order armed with axes of revolution and riding hard on the longest-legged Polygons that ever mortal saw. Sines, Cosines, Tangents were hurrying over each other in their mad chase, swearing vengeance on me; a giant Hypotenuse with powerful lungs and bad teeth led the throng, and was rapidly eating up the space that lay between him and me, and the horrible fate that threatened one or both. He was coming on at an awful swinging gait; I tried my utmost to remember whether it was the same over which I had said good night to Sophie, but could not, for a most peculiar chill was sweeping up and down my spinal column, and playing a fantastic devil's-tattoo on it and my feelings. I would have fainted had not the thought struck me that perhaps my enemies might not be describing the same curves as I was myself. Quick as a flash I pulled out my equatorial telescope and a theodolite, and after two hasty observations and turning up a few logarithms in my tables, I found to my inexpressible relief that they were describing the asymptote of the hyperbola which formed my path, and that therefore we could not meet until both reached infinity.

I laughed a hysterical laugh, and seizing one of the conjugate diameters of the moon's orbit, began to slide down earthwards. Again I tried to calculate my acceleration, but had forgotten my initial velocity, and could only imagine my speed by the ever-increasing friction on my hands and my new English tweeds. Breathless and excited, I was tingling all over at the thought of the way my foot would jamb in the angle \ominus at the centre, when the current of my thoughts and almost of my descent was turned by the distant but terribly distinct vision of a break in my diameter where the Professor's finger had rubbed the chalk off the blackboard. I had barely time to call his attention to the fact and have the damage repaired before I shot over the spot, and catching my foot in the carpet fell among all the dancers, carrying Sophie with me, and a deep sense of degradation in her eyes as well as mine. The professor merely smiled, removed his spectacles, and asked me to prove that a cycloid was a curve traced by both feet in succession in the waltz as well as in the ripple. I asked for the chalk, but he said he had broken it in mending my ways on the journey from the moon; however, he would get some more, and the good fellow in spite of my protestations was, as he spoke, disappearing through the open window à la Pegasus with the aid of his gown; I tried to seize it and follow in the pursuit of learning and chalk; I succeeded, but our weight being too much for one gown, the

professor opined that it would be advisable to return; we carried the motion unanimously, but could not stop ourselves, and accordingly sailed majestically into the branches of an oak which spread itself accommodately in our way. Having mutually picked ourselves up, and just as we were about to descend, I noticed a branch of mistletoe hanging over the professor's head; this was too much for me, and seizing the opportunity and the Prof. in one embrace I bestowed on the lips of the latter a kiss of such lingering sweetness long drawn out that he, good man, was quite overcome, and forthwith blessed me with both hands and asked me what I would take. I said I was strictly temperance, as I found that total abstinence was best for a mathematical mind. He agreed with me once more, and we together repaired to his room to straighten ourselves.

While the Prof., who was somewhat of a dandy, was combing his hair with a pair of compasses and vainly endeavouring to replace his deteriorated collar by one of my exercises for next Tuesday, I followed the example of Dr. Watt's busy bee and improved each shining hour to such an extent that the professor used one of them for a looking-glass in preference to that which had just been reflecting him and my exercise. When at length he had smoothed himself down to his satisfaction and the height of perfection, he asked me to allow him to introduce me to Miss Sophie B., whom he had seen waiting outside as we came in. Needless to say I consented, with mingled feelings of self-complacency and delight following the good old soul downstairs. I had some difficulty in keeping up with him, as the force of gravity, while by no means influencing his visible faculties, was nevertheless taking him at a surprising rate down the banisters with his hands in his pockets; I wasn't going to be beaten, no, not if I knew it, so lifting up my voice in a hasty prayer and my legs into the air, I began to descend with a peculiar gliding motion far more pleasant, as the professor said, than his rather frictional descent on the oak bannisters. We bob-sleighed along in this way for several miles, and would not have stopped then but for an unforeseen occurrence which we discovered in the shape of a bend in the bannisters. The Prof. looked surprised, and I noticed that he took his hands out of his pockets, and I noticed that he took his hands out of his pockets, I perhaps for the purpose of taking a pinch of snuff. I suggested this to him anyway, and he followed my advice. Our momentum must have been something enormous, and the bend was but a few miles further on. Something had to be done; I could hear the poor Prof. gasping out, "If it were done then when 'tis done 'twere well it were done quickly." A low murmuring followed, and then "I have it," he cried: "If you can only free me from the bannisters, as we are now near the equator and the earth is going round at 25,000 miles in 24 hours, and we will stay here and everything else will leave us." I had not thought of this before, but immediately saw the truth of the remark. I seized him (the Prof.) by the leg; he let me pull him off, and, as he finally let go, we

swung off westwards, leaving the fast receding stair-case on its earthward path. The professor experienced some inconvenience from his inverted position, but as I had not strength to turn him right side up, and as he said he could stand it or hang it for some time, I contented myself and him by hanging on to his leg with the pertinacity of an English bull dog.

Meanwhile, things terrestrial were whirling eastward in dangerous proximity to the Prof.'s head, and, in fact, my own coat-tails had just caught the weathercock on the church spire of a now distant village, and given it such a turn as would, no doubt, next morning increase its already well earned reputation for lying duplicity.

I might have philosophized a little but for a remark from the professor to the effect that his head felt very heavy; this interrupted my train of thought as effectually as an open switch, and I hastened to assure the deluded man that I was very much surprised, as I had always supposed that my own head was considerably more ponderable than his. My surprise was somewhat increased by the discovery that the combined weight of our two heads was too much for us to remain "in statu quo," and that we would in two or three seconds strike bottom if nothing else.

As we swiftly drew near the earth, with characteristic foresight I seized the Prof. round the waist and let him lead the way in our slanting rush: I held my breath; so did the Prof., until with a mighty jerk it was all forced out of him as he expanded laterally between me and a flying telegraph post.

We heaved two sighs of relief, one apiece, and I asked him what I could do for him.

"Bring me another cup of coffee," he replied, with astonishing coolness. I complied with his request with as much grace, ease, modesty and satisfaction as possible, but inadvertently stepped on Mr. P.'s toe and upset all the coffee on Sophie's dress, causing a great commotion in the supper room and scarcely less in my own mind. I began to mumble apologies and mop up the coffee with the professor's gown, which I fortunately had had presence of mind enough to bring with me from the oak tree.

"That was a good illustration of Newton's Second Law of Motion," whispered the irrepressible Prof. into my ear. "Hang mathematics," I cried in direst agony; "can't they leave me alone for once? I'll do anything, go anywhere, to plus or minus infinity if only you will let—" "Well, go to infinity!" he screamed, and seizing me neck and crop flung me through the window, glass and all, and once more I was launching forth through the circumambient fluency of the spacial night.

I struck infinity in about ten and a half seconds, as I noticed by the motion of the Pleiades relatively to the church spire, allowing for the aberration due to my own motion. Well I knew the place when I got there; all the lines and curves which the Prof. could not with due respect to his science keep on his blackboard had, as he said, come out and met here. I climbed several barb-

wire fences of parallel lines which met a little to my right, and was dodging the X's and Y's which were disappearing off the blackboards of the old world, when the same blood-curdling yell that had given me such a scare before, once more broke the comparative silence formed by the mere whizzing of the retiring infinities. My heart leaped into my throat and the thought into my mind that the savage crew who followed me through the man-hole of our neighbor's house were coming out on the asymptote of my unfinished hyperbola, wild and furious at not meeting it, and, although a little abashed at breaking a fundamental rule, yet still eager to differentiate me into as many increments as I ever had found in them. What was I to do? "The Lemniscate of Bernouilli is not here, as he is a closed curve," I thought. "But, thank Heaven, the witch of Agnesi meets the Y axis somewhere round—where—sure enough there she is." I ran to her for all I was worth from the now fast following herd, and falling on my knees besought her aid. She smiled, and with one wave of her wooden leg sent the mad throng of unfortunate fools back to earth, leaving me safe and satisfied, save for a fear that the Prof. would kill me for allowing an asymptote to return after it had been placed in his waste-basket—infinity. Kissing the witch, I seized her hand again and completed my thanks and apologies for spilling the coffee on her dress, begging her not to think of me as a boor, but as her own dear—darling—delightful—hubby and—and "What's that!!!" Hang it all, I've upset my lamp, and I'll swear I heard—Wonder if I was dreaming?

A HYPERBOLIC FUNCTIONARY OF O.

✱THE FOOTLIGHTS.✱

THE STAGE AND SOCIETY.

SOME thoughts are suggested by the rapidly growing respect and esteem of the world for the art and artists of the stage. Not so many years ago, social laws proscribed the followers of the theatrical calling in most offensive and contemptuous terms. In these present days there is no social eminence to which the serious and earnest artist of the stage may not mount, no circle so exclusive that its gates may not be passed by the player who shall prove personally worthy.

Described in the old English statutes as vagabonds, "such as wake on the night and sleep on the day, and hunt customable taverns and ale-houses, and routs about, and no man wot from whence they came, nor whither they go," the dramatic artist of to-day finds every door open and every hand stretched out in welcome.

What are the moving causes of this lifting up of the theatre and its followers? Are they to be discovered in the devotion of players to the development and dignification of their art, or in the supposititious exaltation of the stage by society personages who have persuaded

themselves that, in becoming associated with the drama, they are assisting in its "elevation"?

I think that any serious consideration of this advancement of the profession of acting must bring the conclusion that it has been occasioned purely by the care and thought and increasing power of the actors themselves. No barrier can stand forever before the progress of honest endeavour. It is only by the constant toil which produces development that any of the arts has gone forward, and this applies with particular force to the dramatic art, which, being a combination of all the others, is the most difficult and comprehensive.

It would be a destructive blow to the existence of such a thing as dramatic art if a social leader, equipped with a pleasing personality, a degree of drawing-room grace and ten lessons in elocution, were to gain, as an actress, the approval of thoughtful observers. I do not say that a society leader may not become a dramatic artist. But her progress must be accomplished by the same methods and labors and experiences as those which mark the advancement of the humblest beginner in the ranks.

To most of those who move from the private mansion to the stage, acting seems an easy accomplishment, and theatrical triumphs appear the simple rewards of trivial labors. Thus your society amateur, with her few lessons and her parlor graces—which are by no means stage graces—starts serenely in at the top, expecting to see herself instantly recognized as a dramatic artist. Sometimes she finds in notoriety a balm for the abrasion of her expectations. But, more generally, she feels that the actors, the newspapers and the general community, have entered into a dark conspiracy to thwart her ambitions and rob the drama of one of its most shining lights. There should be no room on the stage for any man or woman who is not willing to study and work unceasingly not only for individual triumph, but also for the growth and honor of the art of acting. Such persons do not ornament the stage any more than they comprehend its mission or measure its worth. Far from elevating the dramatic art, they retard its progress and bring upon it the reproach of purposeless frivolity.

The task of the dramatic artist is not of a trifling nature. It is the purpose of the player to not merely impersonate the creations of poetic genius, but to illuminate them—to make a picture of the dramatist's fancy. Sculpture, painting, music and poetry are all requirements of the dramatic artist who has the highest aspirations. The temperament must be more or less charged with melody, and there must be not only some knowledge of the arts but a direct sympathetic feeling for all of them. The true dramatic artist must be upon a mental and sympathetic level with the maker of the character he or she is to perform, or the characterization ceases to possess importance as a contribution to the art products of the time.

A difficulty of the players' position is that when we have once made our picture it must remain as it is. We

cannot draw a pen through a phrase that proves, upon examination, to have been badly chosen, and we cannot paint out a blemish upon our canvas, retouching the spot at our leisure. When the portraiture once takes form, it is instantly judged for what it is worth, not what it may become by revision. The dramatic artist is thus placed at a disadvantage as compared with the workers in other lines of art.

It is a great part of our mission to seek out the utmost dramatic possibilities of compositions that have been framed for the stage and bring them to the light. We can hardly expect to accomplish this task with success until we have, by long study and experience, trained our natural qualities to a knowledge of what dramatic effects really are, and a power to bring them out.

Let me choose, for an example, the "Winter's Tale." When I was preparing for its presentation in London many close readers of Shakespeare were considerably more than doubtful of the result. Professor Max Müller said to me one day: "I do not see what can be made of this work. Viewed from the dramatic standpoint I re-think it as not only the least valuable of Shakespeare's plays, but as being almost wholly worthless."

"You must go and see it," I replied.

"I shall do so," he continued, "and if you can convince me that the 'Winter's Tale' is worth the labor and expense you are bestowing upon it, I shall admit that I was completely in error."

He did see the production, and he very heartily admitted that he had been completely deceived as to its value for dramatic purposes. Thus, I hold, that the value for dramatic purposes, by the sustained and tireless exercise of his or her art, may prove of great assistance to the student, who, without knowledge of the stage, must frequently lose sight of the best qualities of dramatic poetry.

The "Winter's Tale," contrary to the expectation of all readers, has proved to be, not only interesting in a literary sense, but highly dramatic in its action, and much more than usually rich in episode. It was in this last quality that the play was most generally thought to be utterly deficient, and the insight of stage experience, training and study was required to make it apparent.

The discovery of all the purely dramatic effects in any given work is not possible to the student who is not familiar with the art of acting in its best sense. Indeed, the author himself is frequently ignorant of the complete possibilities of his play. It is only the dramatic artist who can fully enlighten him, and by this enlightenment assist him to the creation of still greater effects.

An instance illustrating the power of the dramatic artist to suggest and bring out the meanings of the author where they have not been apparent to the reader or student, was made known in the Monnet-Sully production of "Hamlet" at the Theatre Française. It was the most wonderful production of Shakespeare ever known, not merely from the standpoint of splendor and

outlay, but as viewed from the point of realistic suggestiveness. All Paris went to see it, and a great many people made the journey from London for the express purpose of witnessing the revival. I confess to having followed it, with eager interest, no less than eight times.

Reference to a single event in the representation will confer an idea of the remarkable skill shown in conveying the illusion intended by the author. In the first place, the curtain went up on a scene in which there was an atmospheric effect so skillfully devised as to suggest most vividly the blue-cold of a winter night in Denmark. For some moments there was silence on the stage, which was deserted. Then there was heard in the distance the clanking sound of a man in armor. The sound approached nearer and nearer, and then a guard appeared upon the scene, beating his hands and blowing his warm breath upon his fingers, in an apparent endeavour to restore his circulation. He crossed the stage without a word and disappeared. He could be heard receding in the distance, and finally came in sight again at the back of the stage.

All this was done before a word was spoken, and it was intended to show just what kind of a night it was. In this the action was extremely successful. It brought out, pictorially, the poet's briefly-described conditions surrounding the opening of his play. There might be recalled a number of similar effects which were brought out in this same representation, but this single incident will serve to show the value of the dramatic artist's insight as a help to making clear the author's design, no matter how lightly it may have been touched by the writer.

The knowledge that makes possible this detection of meanings, sometimes written between the lines, comes through the training of the dramatic instinct that is the substructure upon which the actor builds his art. But, in the building, there is untold endeavour, and often bitter disappointment. There is nothing about the progress of a dramatic artist that is at all in the line of carelessness and ease. Every step carries one into more difficult paths, and an accidental triumph is robbed of half its pleasure.

These, at first sight trivial elaborations, to which I have alluded, go to show that the merest trifles in dramatic art are worth the labor involved in their acquirement. And it is only through long and earnest effort, careful training, lofty thought and determined purpose, that the player of to-day has been raised from the shadow of the past, and finds himself no longer a vagabond, but a recognized artist, to whom the world is open.

The possibilities of the art are boundless to those who approach it with the proper motives, spurred by a fitting instinct. Such votaries may be of high or low degree. That matters nothing. But the person who steps upon the stage, from palace or hovel, in pursuit of notoriety or unearned gain, has no right to be admitted to the dramatic profession.

MARY ANDERSON.

COLLEGE NEWS.

COMMUNICATION.

To the Editor of the Queen's College Journal.

DEAR SIR,—I have long held it an article of faith, that, when we have anything to say, it is better to say it. For though the matter be indifferent, if it be well expressed it will not all fall upon stony ground, and if "the vein be good the world will find it after many days," though the style be not neat nor the expressions by any means the most choice. It is with this conviction that I desire to communicate with you upon a subject to which I have given much of my attention, and concerning which I can keep silent no longer.

I have chosen the form of a letter because I think the "Dear Sir" at the beginning and the avowal of friendship at the close give a brotherly tone to the sentiments expressed, which, perhaps, an editorial could not so easily assume. I have, like many others, been a goodly number of years round this university, and though my course has been marked by a tinge of obscurity, yet I have been in the inner court often enough to know the spirit which underlies all our seeming and acting. The result of these disclosures has had, I suppose, the same effect upon me as is usual with other mortals. I found so many things which were in direct opposition to all preconceived notions, and so many things which cost me as much misgiving to record them now as it did to believe them when they were first presented to me, that I can only do so now because I think the feeling which lies at the bottom of our college lives should find expression in our JOURNAL.

When I say that the facts which I observed were more directly connected with the course religious feeling is taking round our university, I cannot but anticipate the indignation roused at once by readers who may charge me with the bigotry associated with denominationalism, the indifference which belongs to the unconverted, or, perhaps, the unqualified opposition of the determined and much-abused sceptic. But I would not have you class me with any one of these. A person may very well conceive of himself as one among an innumerable host of church members, and his church as one among many others which aim at a perfect copy of the true church, without claiming any monopoly in heaven. And though my tyrannous heart has been the fountain of many "unmuzzled thoughts," yet, by those who know me best, my opinions are so far removed from what we usually call sceptical that I do not consider it necessary to re-affirm the statement here.

Understand me then, Mr. Editor, as one who, though he may have been confronted with a most glaring error, was yet grieved at its existence rather than roused against those with whom it originated. Living on in my secluded way, I have kept free from the bitterness of actions; and, like the wise fool of the old play, "I have

always been for the house with the narrow gate, which I take to be too little for pomp to enter." We cannot misunderstand each other now, so I may as well begin at once and give you some of the observations which I have been occupied with lately.

I have noticed that a wedge, such as political economists of the present day make much talk about, has been driven through the society of students in our university. Though I am not without my opinions, yet I maintain a studious silence here as to the force behind the wedge, and as to what class of students are forced to the top and what others are forced to the bottom. We will not discuss this here. The point I wish to make is this. The wedge makes, of course, a two-fold division, one party claiming to be the representatives of religion in the university, the other party being as loud in their protestations against any such mode of life. And I have found that the wedge has been driven with such assiduity that the faces of those who have been crowded into religious corners are so pale and wry and unnatural that those who have been jammed into contrary beliefs can scarcely refrain from swearing at them, and in some cases have actually been found to do so. Though there is an understood declaration of war between the individuals with the wry faces and those whose faces assume a more defiant expression, yet one might think that the common interest college life affords would tend to bring about a reconciliation. But this is not the case. In the intrigues of the court, in the turbulence attending A.M.S. affairs, and in society outside of the university, the unholy war now goes on, one side fortified by its sanctity, the other by an indifference which is quite as striking. And when the members of each party proceed to define each other by the epithets with which persons become fluent on such occasions, the climax is claimed to be reached when one calls the other a Y.M.C.A. young man, and the other, rolling his eyes and saying in that peculiar tone only the zealous can assume, "you're a man of sin!"

On examining a little closer I was struck with a phenomenon which had escaped my observation before, and which appeared to me to be truer every time I compared it with the facts before me. It was this. The various types of Christianity round our university I found, with a few royal exceptions, to be determined by proximity to the wedge. Those who were closest to it, and, consequently, where the most violent action was going on, were frightfully disfigured, having to obey several laws of motion at once; and though I could detect no fractures, yet there were so many wrenches made that faces which once beamed with hope and life present a terrible appearance now of emaciation and abuse. The individuals disfigured as I have represented here were characterized by the most distorted views on all subjects. The most splendid conceptions they have so perverted and misplaced that one might often wonder why their characters present so many noble traits were he not at the same time aware that no matter how much a truth

has been torn and twisted it is truth still. This is the first type which I had no great difficulty in tracing. The second, though considerably concealed, may be traced with equal facility. I observed that there were a large number of persons who, though in a less dangerous position than those with the distorted faces, were yet subjected to such a severe pressure as the wedge tightened that their faces, instead of being bruised in any manner whatever, were pressed out to twice their normal length. This is, no doubt, the origin of what is usually termed "long-faced christianity." The individuals of this type, I found, take the most solemn view of life it is possible to conceive. Being very early impressed with the idea that the solution of the whole problem lies in the entire separation of the spiritual and temporal spheres, they have long ago renounced the pleasures that sometimes cheer us in this vale of tears, and with their eyes so firmly set upon the future that they are almost blinded to the present, they wander about

"Like strange souls upon the Stygian banks
Staying for waftage."

I observed further that this class had a baneful influence round the university, particularly on persons whose faces had not been stretched to such extraordinary length as their own, and that often when they thought they were doing the most good they were really doing a great deal of harm. Many of our freshmen who on entering college aim at identifying themselves with the highest objects and at equipping themselves for a calling they cannot afford to disgrace, are at first struck by the number of these persons with the long faces; and misled by the idea that these are the true representatives of the christian spirit, the magical effect of imitation soon begins to work, and it is not long before they have faces almost as long as their illustrious prototypes.

Through their limitation of the Christian life to the avowal of faith at a prayer meeting, to identification with some mission band, or to a denial of all manner of thinking which a strict interpretation of our catechism would forbid, they have, I think, lost the real essence of that spirit which flows through *all* our deeds and makes them pure, and have acquired a wrong conception of God who manifests himself in an infinite variety of ways.

If a wave of 19th century thought has washed up against them they have beaten it back, and in open hostility to a monster they call reason they are pursuing in their peculiar way the path of life. The suggestive and annoying questions that often arise in the soul they answer by a wave of the hand, and they treat them on all occasions as "wiles of the devil." Struggling on in a life which is only half as full as it should be, they are neither identifying themselves with the good part of this century's scepticism nor are they fortifying themselves against the evils which are connected with it.

I have dwelt rather long in delineating the second type. I will now go on to an outline of the third type, which I found comparatively difficult to decipher, as the

persons representing it were scattered here and there, and their crowning characteristic could not be distinguished by a superficial observation.

These individuals were further removed from the wedge than those in either of the other two classes, and though they were neither maimed, like those in the first class, nor squeezed, like those in the second, yet in the continual jostling that was kept up they were not free from the disabilities of either, and like men who have lost their bearings and have been surprised at uncertain times by the rude shocks chance sometimes doles out to us, they move about with a look of abjectness on their faces, foretelling the most direful disasters and keeping up a continual process of groaning. Those who belong to this class it need not be told, though they have a splendid appreciation of the noblest truths, are yet enfeebled greatly by the pessimistic tone characterizing all their efforts, and their tendency to magnify the ordinary accidents of life.

But I have said much more than I intended, and must not spoil my chances of saying what I would like to say again. Let no one imagine, Mr. Editor, that I am at war with the persons whose mode of life I have undertaken to describe here. There is a possibility of heating a furnace which might singe myself, and besides a criticism of the processes connected with a system does not necessarily point to an annihilation of the system itself, for does not the old proverb run:

"Many can brook the weather that love not the wind."

I have chosen the *nom-de-plume* of one who has long since become famous, and who, when he was a student like the rest of us, and brightened the JOURNAL of old days by his quaint humor and excellent observations, did not deem it an unworthy thing to subscribe himself

PROWLER.

CELEBRITIES OF '89.

No. 2.

IT is generally conceded that there is no more powerful descriptive agent than contrast. If we wish to convey to others an adequate idea of an object which, by reason of its appearance or magnitude, baffles the ordinary methods of description, we appeal, as the last and infallible resource, to a comparison of the object in question with other objects with which we are more or less familiar and thus arrive at some definite idea. With this principle we heartily agree, and, in pursuance thereof, present to our readers in this issue a youth between whom and the subject of our previous sketch there exists a contrast no less distinctly marked than that of light and darkness. No. 2, instead of soaring into the atmosphere, a trackless wilderness of legs, arms and shoulder-blades, is comparatively short. He is short and yet not, as we would naturally expect, fat. A luxuriant moustache, however, amply compensates for his lack of inches. No. 2 is essentially one of the "boys." He scorns the

Y. M. C. A. (save when a supply of cake at the Freshmen reception is forthcoming), and considers that the man who would sooner hold a hymn book than four aces is past human aid. He boards at a fashionable downtown resort, and with a few congenial spirits manages to put away the time that to some vanishes so quickly. Like No. 1 he is not an athlete, and we do not remember ever having seen him even essaying the drop-kick or Indian clubs. But let no hilarious Freshman presume to taunt him with his want of prowess; vengeance swift and terrible will be straightway meted out to the ill-starred novice, and 'twere better that a mill stone had been hanged around his neck and he were cast into the sea. For is not our hero a high official of the mighty Concursus, whose thundering mandates bring out cold perspiration on the foreheads of guilty students and cause even the haughty celluloid collar to wilt and wither away! Yet behind a stern and aristocratic demeanour No. 2 hides a joyous heart. He loves the merry rattle of the chips (this is not meant to infer that he brings in the kindling), and next to writing up Grote and the Sophists would of all things prefer to have his ace trumped second round. Unlike his predecessor in these columns, he has a large, well-ventilated corner of his heart reserved for the ladies. He delights in their society, and never wearies of recounting his various "*feats of arms*," or, to spare his blushes, shall we alter that ambiguous expression and say "*conquests*," in that direction? While not exceptionally brilliant, he has abilities of no mean order; and when, by some oversight, his name does not appear in the list of successful ones at the exams, he uses these abilities in a masterly manner—to furnish an excuse for his unaccountable failure. Tho' not disposed to public speaking, the bent of his genius would appear to tend in that direction, for in private conversation he attacks existing institutions with a venom and volubility that, to our weak intellect, seem quite irresistible. A natural bashfulness, however, which exists in microscopic form in the character of our young friend, might prevent his expounding his views in such a convincing manner to an assembly of strangers. Then, too, someone else might say something, as very often happens, and then our orator would be totally nonplussed, for from personal experience we know that he is very much annoyed and put out if a companion ventures to doubt the validity of his remarks. We cannot help stating, however, that after No. 2 has interviewed a man who really knows something about a certain subject, he will invariably be found with one or two arguments of considerable weight. Finally, like No. 1, he is not a bad sort of fellow. For there must be something attractive about him or he would not find a place here. He is nothing if not good-natured, and, to his equals, he is blithe and entertaining. They say he plays a good game of billiards, but we can contradict this flatly on the authority of a member of the Y. M. C. A., who says he cannot play a little bit, and was stuck for the drinks every time. This is pro-

bably the truth, for although we shall not squeal on the Y. M. C. A. gentleman who supplied the information, we might say that he is high up in his faculty and voted for Ryan at the last election. We will now bid No. 2 farewell with many good wishes for his future prosperity, and sing of him with Mickey Free:—

"He ne'er had a janus for work,
It was niver the gift of the Bradies,
But he'd make a most illigant Turk,
For he's fond of tobacco and ladies."

COLLEGE NOTES.

ONE of the students has a little tin horn for sale.

On the same premises, and on the same day, will be offered for sale a "neck and crop." Sale to commence at one sharp.

The personal column has been unavoidably crowded out of this issue.

Now that we have the torches, why not have a procession, say once a fortnight, with regularly appointed marshals who would be able to instruct the students in marching? The procession last Friday night was a success partly from the fact that the torches were a novelty, but there is great room for improvement.

We peeped into the Ladies' Sanctum last Friday afternoon, and made a most wonderful discovery. A meeting was in progress, and one of their number, the president no doubt, seemed to be in the act of administering an oath of secrecy. With hands clasped and on bended knee, the fair ones promised most faithfully not to divulge the name of their society, especially to any of those fellows on the JOURNAL staff. We hear the name is a lovely one.

EXCHANGES.

THE *Columbia Spectator* is, by long odds, the brightest and spiciest journal that comes to our sanctum. Both externally and internally it is a model of artistic taste; and the literary matter, also, is of the first order. Its college news is interesting, and its illustrations are racy and generally reflect great credit on its staff of student artists. The Christmas number of the *Spec.* was the best thing of the kind that we have seen.

The *Varsity* is well edited and always interesting. Like the *Trinity Review*, it subordinates college news to purely literary matter, though not quite to such an extent. The *Varsity* comes in sober, business-like garb, without the elaborately decorated cover that so many college papers affect, but the high character of the articles it contains makes it one of our most welcome exchanges, and together with its neatness and the regularity with which it appears, speaks volumes for its management.

The contents of the *Trinity University Review* possess considerable literary merit, but all college news seems to be carefully excluded from its columns.

We notice with pleasure the *Censor*, published by the students of St. Mary's Collegiate Institute. We think many of our High Schools might "do likewise." Helping to carry on such a paper would certainly be a valuable part of any student's education. The press is continually becoming more and more powerful as an agent for influencing public sentiment and public opinion, and the man who would move men should neglect no opportunity of learning to put his thoughts on paper in an attractive and forcible way. For literary ability the *Censor* will compare favorably with many College papers. We quote one sentence which is worth pondering by all connected with our educational system: "Artificial arrangements may be described as the scaffolding of an educational system. He would be a poor bricklayer who adjusted his building to suit the scaffold, rather than the scaffold to suit the building."

✱DE*NOBIS*NOBILIBUS.*

"ENGLISH as she is spoke," is beautifully and strikingly illustrated in the med's. concursus. Quoth the judge: "If yous fellers in the back end of the room there don't shut up yez'll hev to evacuate yerselves out of the room." They shut up.

There are a few fellows at Queen's who seem to object to *hayesing*. They say: "The seniors concursus, but they can't court us."

"No, I don't skate," said a divinity hall man the other day. "The first time I tried it the ice and I had an unfortunate difference as to who was to be on top, and as we came to blows over it I gave it the cold shoulder, so that now when I feel like skating I get my room mate to take me out in the yard, lay me in a snow drift and stamp on me. It doesn't cost so much and answers every purpose."

We would like to ask the modern language classes if during this cold weather they do not feel room-attic.

"Chawley," said a '90 man the other day to his chum, "did you know I was called the augur of my class?"

"Oh, no," was the reply, "but I am not surprised."

"Why?"

"Because, my dear boy, you are such a successful bore, don't you know?"

Our dyspeptic editor attended the principal's reception, and has been sick in bed ever since. He wishes to warn those students who monopolized the best seats to look out for squalls. He expects to be on hand for No. 6, and is more cranky than ever.

To tell the honest truth we were considerably startled, not to say alarmed, a few evenings ago, when we read a notice in the paper that one of our bachelor professors was to give a lecture, entitled "Life in Pairs," to the Y.M.C.A. Great was our relief when we found out that a typographical error had been made, and that *Pairs* should have read *Paris*.

Tennyson says: "In the spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love." It does, eh? In the spring a young man's fancy doesn't do anything of the kind. It turns to sines and co-sines, to ethics and political science, to *ut* with the subjunctive and *oratio obliqua*, and to "How the mischief can I slide through that exam.?" Lightly turns to thoughts of love!! Please pass me a fan.

A female disciple of Worcester
Wished to find out the meaning of Worcester,
So she looked up the word,
Which she found meant a "bird,"
And somehow it really amoresder.

It makes a man just a little bit mad to ask him "Why is a magpie like a writing desk?"—and then after letting him slave over it for five minutes, get to a safe distance and tell him "It isn't." It's like rubbing a cat the wrong way, or like telling a freshman he is not essential to the welfare of the universe. Try it.

LOST, on or about the evening of January the eleventh, somewhere near the north end of Convocation Hall, a temper, over a little tin horn. Finder will be suitably rewarded by applying at the sanctum.

Mr. R-d-d-n wishes us to state emphatically that he did not make the resolution attributed to him in a recent issue of the JOURNAL. He asserts that his affection for the twins is unbounded, and that even if he did purchase the said bowie knife he would not know the difference between its muzzle and its butt end.

WHAT THEY ARE SAYING.

Can I sell you anything in the way of a doll, baby carriage or a jumping-jack?

J. W. M—RH—D.

There are only three good men in our class—myself and two others.

W. C—RN—TT.

Say, I wonder who celebrity No. 1 is.

GEORGE D—DE.

It's all right for Alf. to go Saturday night, but my night's Friday.

H. A. L—V—LL.

We wonder which of us inspired the sonneteer of JOURNAL No. 4 with "ennobling thoughts."

THE LADIES.

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All communications of a business nature should be addressed to the Managing Editor.

THE *Manitoba College Journal*, always an interesting and instructive little paper, contains an article in the January number on Manitoba Mission Fields, which our Divinity students who are thinking of becoming missionaries would do well to read. While we would not say anything to depreciate Foreign mission work, the first duty of our students is to their own country. There are over twenty stations in Manitoba alone which require to be filled—and the laborers are few. These stations would all, under the care of such students as we have, become in a few years large and flourishing congregations—far superior to half of those which exist here. There is more life and vigor in the West than in the East, and the opportunity of vastly greater growth.

But, besides Manitoba, there is the whole of our North-West in need of missionaries and settled ministers. The work here is certainly as interesting as any in the foreign field, and the probabilities of successful effort infinitely greater. It is only a very rare student—one among a thousand—who is fit for foreign mission service. No

one, for example, should dream of enlisting in this work who has not, to start with, exceptional linguistic abilities. We have already had an example of complete and total failure on the part of one of our foreign missionaries because of this very defect. And there are numerous others, who, while they have failed not quite so pronouncedly as to need official recalling by the Church, are still to a very large extent examples of misdirected, if not wasted, effort.

* * *

Of course, we are all familiar with the common cries on this subject—if a man has only the enthusiasm, the rest will soon follow. We have no desire to depreciate the effects of an enthusiastic temperament. It is true that very little of great or abiding work has been done in the Church, or in the world, either, without enthusiasm. It is true, quite true, that all or almost all the great spirits in thought or action have had enthusiasm. But it is equally true that they had something more. Some of the most veritable cranks we ever knew were enthusiasts. And while some of our foreign mission candidates, who have about as much ability in the line of languages as a frog has in the art of music, hug to their hearts the sweet delusion that enthusiasm will cover a multitude of sins, they are a trifle mixed. "Paul had enthusiasm, and he was the greatest foreign missionary of the ages. We have enthusiasm and we will be Pauls." We confess that the idea is a pretty one. It would doubtless afford much consolation to a man who had been plucked more times than he could count. But prettiness is not always truth; and the worst element about the idea is that it will not stand practice.

* * *

Candidates, again, for the foreign field, should have the constitution of a horse. No man with a weak body has any right to volunteer for foreign service. It is simple suicide. He may think that it is a glorious thing to sacrifice his life for Christ in the endeavor to bring light to those who are in soul-darkness. He is right, other things being equal; it is the best thing he can do. But other things are not equal. There is no necessity laid upon him to make this sacrifice. So long as there are plenty of other men with constitutions adapted to the work of the foreign field, he has no right at all to throw away his life. He can do more work and for a longer time in our own land; work to which his powers adapt him; work just as necessary to the Christian cause—work in which he has reason to expect more fruit than

the same amount of labor would bring him abroad. It is a no less noble task to lay the foundation of enduring greatness in our own young West than in far-off China.

* * *

The *Presbyterian Record* emphasizes the statements of the *Manitoba College Journal*. Dr. Robertson says:—"Two or three ministers of Ontario have offered to help us for a few months; *we could place twenty permanently at once*. Unless we secure suitable men for our work we must be prepared to lose our present vantage ground." Here is the field for our young men. There is any amount of life in the West because it consists largely, almost entirely, indeed, of young men. They make money faster and they are more generous with it when they have it. For a single example take Morden. It started to raise \$750 to remove its mortgage, and got \$1,400. If they were to take pattern by the East, the process would probably have been reversed. "Engineer Ogilvie has just returned from Yukon, and says that the gold region is forty-five miles inside the British line, and the men for 200 miles can wash out \$10 per day anywhere. He reports the oil lands as being in area tens, if not hundreds, of thousands of square miles." Those who are pining away for a change of scene, a new country and a mission field with a chance of adventure, should turn their eyes to the Yukon. We hope that our Queen's men will think very much less about China and very much more about our own North-West. Our first duty is that which lies the nearest to us, and the man who does this best, serves God best.

* * *

Calvinism in Hungary is developing in a new direction. A resolution has been passed by the Convention of Reformed Churches that all members of the lower clergy who have married shall henceforth be ineligible to appointment to any living. This means celibacy pure and simple for Calvinistic clergymen. The times change and with them the reasons which upheld this manner of life of old. The arguments in its favor in these days are not that it tends to higher spiritual development or to greater freedom from worldly annoyances, but of a much more practical character—that the Church will in this way free itself from supporting the widows and orphans of deceased ministers. The resolution is certainly admirably adapted to the end in view; but we fancy that the majority of Calvinists throughout the earth would prefer the disease to the remedy. We presume that the next move on the part of the Hungarian Church will be to strike out of the Scriptures Paul's Epistle to Timothy where he says:—"Now the Spirit speaketh expressly that in the latter times some shall depart from the faith, giving heed to doctrines of devils—forbidding to marry and commanding to abstain from meats."

* * *

We have received from the publisher, J. Theo. Robinson, of Montreal, "The Battle of the Swash and the Capture of Canada," by Samuel Barton. This is the

Canadian authorized edition of the work which created such a sensation in New York a short time since. The aim of the book is to show the folly of American Congressmen, who have wasted, as Mr. Barton says, millions of American money in magnificent public buildings all over the Union, while turning a deaf ear to the cry of the coast States for harbor and coast defences. Mr. Barton starts with the Jeffersonian idea of the absolute necessity to the United States of a merchant marine, and believes that with such a service plus a fair navy and proper coast defences, she could laugh at the world.

* * *

With the general principle of Mr. Barton, looking at the matter from the American standpoint, we heartily agree: although we believe that he is laboring under a very considerable delusion if he imagines that a war between Canada and Great Britain on the one side and the United States on the other would result in the fashion pointed out in this work. The invasion and capture of Canada is a very simple thing—exceedingly simple—on paper. But with all respect to the American soldiers, for whom we have the sincerest admiration, they would find, when the time came, that the capture of Montreal, Quebec, &c., the destruction of the Welland canal, and all the other little items of conquest narrated in the *Battle of the Swash*, were much more easily described than carried out. Mr. Barton seems to have an infinite contempt for the Canadian regulars and militia. There may be some ground for this contempt, or there may not. But the American who thinks that all that is needful to a conquest of this country is a display of American soldiery on our frontier has about as much idea of the temper and calibre of Canadians as an elephant has of dynamite, or a Yahoo of the Greek chorus.

* * *

Mr. Barton's conception of the demolition of the Victoria and the Comperdown is, like the rest of his work, strikingly original; but it has, as a naval authority, the same unfortunate defect which prevents Robert Elsmere from being an arbiter in matters of religious faith—it has room for only one side of the question. Without, however, going into any detailed analysis of the work, we may say that it is cleverly and strikingly written, and those of our students who would like to have an excellent idea of American and Canadian political questions cannot do much better than to invest a little *quarter* in "The Battle of the Swash."

* * *

As we go to press we learn with the deepest regret of the death of Mr. John Carruthers. To our graduates and to the friends of Queen's everywhere, he needs no words of praise from us. If a more public-spirited, generous, kindly-souled gentleman has existed in this city than Mr. Carruthers we have yet to meet him. We shall refer to his death at greater length in our next issue. Meanwhile we beg leave to assure the bereaved family that every son of Queen's unites with them in sorrow at our common loss.

❖ ASSOCIATE EDITORIALS. ❖

A. M. S.

WHAT has become of the ancient dignity of the Alma Mater? Whither has its glory fled? One who has not attended a meeting can hardly bring himself to believe the report of it. One week a meeting, whose correct minutes may be found in the "De Nobis" column—a meeting such that it wrung from a sober junior the remark that it was the first meeting he had ever attended, and would be the last—but let this pass, "A little nonsense, now and then," etc. But nonsense extending monotonously over all the meetings is relished by no one. Why will men come to the society night after night and make themselves ridiculous by taking the floor every few minutes and obstructing all business and everything else without saying one single word of sense per month? At the first meeting at which our present president occupied the chair he carried strictness to the farthest limit (at least when men who had the interests of the society at heart desired to speak). Now he appears to have gone to the extreme of indulgence. At the meeting on February 2nd events occurred which showed the wisdom of the course taken by two or three members at the meetings last February and March. If anyone will search the minutes of those months he will find objections recorded night after night because of the refusal of the secretary to record the settlement of the most important questions that interested the society through the whole session. The treasurer reported that the principal had a note, signed by the officers of the society, which promised to pay \$250 with interest next March. Nobody had ever dreamed of such a thing. It simply shows the profound secrecy with which the officers keep their action veiled. But this was not the worst. The question was broached whether the ladies should be allowed to spend the money, which they have paid toward athletics, upon their reading-room. That the ladies cannot use the gymnasium appears sufficiently obvious, yet men apparently sober were found to maintain that there was nothing to prevent their doing so. To us the gymnasium—the cellar of the dissecting room—appears much more nearly unfit for male students to enter than fit for the female. But the society, with utter carelessness of the fact that it had appointed a committee for the express purpose of overseeing the expenditure of this money, appointed another—not one of whose number is a member of the original one—to confer with the Principal about this fee. As for ourselves, we have very decided views about this matter, and they are (1) that the ladies' money ought not to be expended on the gymnasium; (2) that they ought to have it, or a greater portion of it, for their reading room; (3) that they ought—and we believe they will agree with us—to pay something toward football. But let all things be done decently and in order.

❖ LITERATURE. ❖

ON A RAFT.

(Continued from page 61.)

IF any race of people on the face of this green earth deserves to be healthy, wealthy and wise, it is assuredly the voyageurs of the St. Lawrence, granting that the old saw is reliable. Their hours for repose are regulated on the basis of the sun-dial. As soon as the sun sinks into the horizon, they sink into their bunks, and when the glorious orb shows his face again in the morning, they show their faces (much dirtier, bye the bye) at the shanty door. Not having read up the theory, I am not prepared to state their resources in cloudy weather, but imagine that force of habit would carry them over any moderately long spell. Although it was barely eight o'clock they had nearly all disappeared, and as it was growing very dark and the mosquitoes were very playful we disappeared also. This was our first day and we both agreed that, on the whole, it was a very jolly life. Even "Spot," the fox terrier, seemed to be enjoying himself and had secured a splendid, soft corner on S—' pillow, where he was comfortably curled up in blissful ignorance of the coming storm. We sat and talked for some time and then took a look out and found the moon had risen and the mosquitoes vanished. Ahead of us were, on either side, the lights of Brockville and Morristown. It was too late to go ashore but we stayed and kept the moon company for a little while and then turned in. During the night it came on to blow hard and we had to lie by near Prescott till the wind moderated. Sleep was impossible owing to the peculiar tendency that Frenchmen have of exercising their lungs when at all excited. The tug had ranged up alongside and a vigorous communication was kept up in the dark between the respective crews in the very shrillest tones and their incomprehensible dialect. The only creature that slept that night, I believe, was "Spot," and he snored away contentedly as if the roar of the elements and the shouts of French sailors were his ordinary lullaby. But we didn't allow time to hang heavy on our hands; we lit the lamp, shut the door, hunted up a euchre deck and were well on into double figures as to games played, when the stentorian voice of old Aimé could be heard above the din, "lochez le bowline, faites les voiles! vite, vite!" We knew what this meant—the wind had either veered to another quarter or showed signs of going down, and it would not be long now ere we should be once more on our way. By dint of a tremendous amount of yelling and sacré-ing the bowline was hauled on board and coiled up forward, the men on shore leaped for the raft as it forged ahead, and all hands rushed to the shanties to try and get forty winks or so before dawn. The next day, Sunday, was to be an eventful one for me at least. We were to run two rapids, weather permitting. Sure enough we were aroused at a most unearthly hour by our faithful

squire, Moses, and told with a great deal of gesticulation that the "Galops" were "bien proche," that everything was lovely and the goose hanged high. This was charming. We donned our oldest clothes, shut up "Spot" in the cabin, as in moments of intense excitement he seemed to have an undue partiality for the heels of the men, and awaited developments. We could distinctly hear the sullen roar of the rapids, and furthermore perceived that the steamer had left us some time ago and was tearing down the current with her big walking-beam scarcely moving. What was still more unpleasant, we realized that we were all apparently cut adrift from one another, and that our dram as the "dram d'élite," was leading the procession down the stream in gallant style. It seemed uncanny to be left so completely at the mercy of the current, but as we were heading perfectly straight and the rapids were not dangerous, we sat down and devoted a few minutes to studying those "Rules" I referred to in the early part of this letter. I forgot to mention that we had taken on board at the picturesque little village of Iroquois, an old Indian pilot, who was smoking his pipe and admiring our skiff. The thought immediately struck me what fun it would be to shoot the rapids in the boat, but on suggesting the idea to S — he shook his head and said he believed he'd stay where he was. The old pilot seemed to divine our thoughts, for he walked over to us, pointed to the skiff and to the river and uttered the magic word "come." "That's the ticket!" I yelled, "come on S —!" But he smiled benignly and declined to move. So we launched our frail bark, jumped in, and in another moment were in the thick of it. I must say, that although it was jolly and exciting, several times I felt to admiring my comrade's judgment in staying on board. The waves were very friendly and frequently sent delegates into our laps, and the boisterous good humour of the whirlpools and eddies as they whisked the boat hither and thither would no doubt have reassured anyone but a novice at the work; still when one considers the frantic rate at which we were being borne along, and the soothing fact that if once the skiff's head was allowed to swing sideways we should probably both go straight to Davy Jones, no one will accuse me of arrant cowardice, if I confess that, on regaining the substantial footing of the great dram, I drew a deep breath and uttered a fervent "for these and all Thy mercies." All the drams had come down in safety and on expressing my surprise that no accident had occurred I was contemptuously informed that what we had just passed was the "Baby" rapid of the river. This was cheering(?) news, and I secretly conjured up to myself the appearance of the hoary headed grandsire. We were all this time flying past the shore at the rate of ten or twelve miles per hour, and as the next item on the programme was some four or five miles further down, we had an opportunity of examining the odd-looking little houses that dotted the banks. They were nearly all about the same size and most of them beautifully white-washed. This latter process, I am told, is performed

about twice a week by the careful housewife. Gardens, well stocked with flowers, could be seen in front, and shoals of children were running in and out of the houses or gazing at us from the road side. The opposite shore is steep and densely wooded, evidently not much visited by the habitants. Indeed, I can hardly conceive how a canoe could cross in such a current. But a tap on the shoulder and another "bien proche" from Moses aroused us from our meditations. The "Rapides du Plat" were on the other side of a rocky point that we were approaching. The men seemed to regard these rapids with a little more respect, for they had rigged up in the bow and stern, if such features could be discovered on an almost square surface, enormous oars, each one of which required the services of a stalwart voyageur. As we rounded the point, we perceived that their respect was well founded. Instead of a swirling current that presented little else but heaving swells and whirlpools there was now to be seen a long reach of foam-crested waves that were rushing about in every direction, punching one another in the ribs and behaving *very like they do in Rugby football*.

(To be continued.)

ROUND ABOUT JAMAICA.

THE neighborhood of Port Royal teems with landmarks of historical interest, the relics of events some of which had a bearing upon the histories of England, Spain and France; others, none the less interesting, as marking events when the Carribean Sea and Spanish Main swarmed with pirates; the early days of colonization and struggling civilization.

Yonder, across the harbour stands Fort Augustus, a low built, age-worn fortification, which marks the place where the troops of England first landed, bent upon the conquest of one of the fruits of Columbus' perseverance and daring. Its site is an unhealthy place, with its treacherous lagoons and its lurking miasma; it proved the grave of many a gallant soldier. The route to the Spanish metropolis, St. Jago, now Spanish Town, lay through these dismal swamps, and incredible numbers of men sank into its slough, in the attempt to gain a gem for the crown of their country. It seems wonderful that after capturing the island, the English should have built this fort and in the hotbed of fever placed a garrison, only abandoning it as a barracks, after years had added terribly to the list of victims.

Here, in Port Royal itself, nothing remains of the once famous resort for Buccaneers and Freebooters. There the wealth of the Spanish Main accumulated and was lavishly spent; where prize ships of all nations, notably the galleons of Spain, were brought with their chests of gold the prey of the Monarchs of the Main, who in their cups squandered their ill-gotten gains in the public-houses and at the dice table. The wealth of Panama, sacked by that King of Buccaneers, Morgan, found its way here with many others, the fruits of bloodshed and piracy. The old town of Port Royal lies beneath the sea engulfed by that

horrible earthquake of two hundred and odd years ago, which swept its crime-stained walls into the abyss. Horror and dismay spread among the inhabitants when the first few shocks were felt; a more appalling shock succeeded and amid shrieks and execrations, old Port Royal went down. Sturdy Buccaneers who faced death every day in this calling of repine and pillage made the scenes more horrible still by their alternate curses and cries for mercy. The huge tidal wave caused by the gulf, swamped the ships in the harbour and many a noble galleon, with its elaborate carvings and wealthy furnishings disappeared. Even now, on a calm, still day, can portions of stone buildings be discerned grown into coral, and in one place, resting across one of these masses, a cannon, rusted and coral grown; also the bell of the old sunken cathedral was recovered a short time ago and is now to be seen in the public museum in Kingston.

Near here also is the residence of Lord Rodney, the famous Admiral, who built on the crest of a hill near his home, a tower, where he had a look-out kept for the French fleet, under De Grasse, who sought in their turn to capture the island from the English. From this tower gallant Rodney saw the white sails of the enemy rising above the horizon and sallied forth to meet and defeat them, proving himself a second Nelson.

Of Nelson too, there are many old relics. Here were his headquarters from whence he went forth to capture that hitherto impregnable stronghold, Havana. The brave Benton also had his station here, and it was here that the gallant old man was brought, after the engagement in which both his legs were shot away, to die and to leave his remains in the country he had defended. His tomb may be seen in the parish church at Kingston, he being buried in front of the altar.

Who has not heard of or read that delightful work "Tom Cringle's Log?" The sight of the execution of the Cuban pirates is just over there on that point. That event as chronicled by Mr. Scott is a matter of history, though woven by him into a touching romance. Again from "Tom Cringle;" over there, at Green Bay, are the graves of the two sea-captains who killed each other in a duel, the tombs crumbling and picturesque, another matter of history romance-woven.

Near there also is the grave of the man who was swallowed by the great earthquake and disgorged again, and who lived to a good old age, respected and feared by those who regarded him as a being chosen for some great work and snatched from the grave that he might perform it. However, he did nothing beyond settling in the new Port Royal and engaging in mercantile pursuits until his death. The tomb is in good preservation, legible and curious.

The Sec'y-Treas. received from Halifax about a week ago a one dollar bill with no name attached. He would like to know who the sender is, as we have several subscribers in that city.

COLLEGE NEWS.

THE GAEL.

A LECTURE DELIVERED BY PROF. CARMICHAEL BEFORE THE GOSIANIC SOCIETY.

WHO are we? Whence have we come? What is our origin, our true name, our fatherland? To what race do we belong, to what age? What is our true place among the nations of the earth?

These are a few of the questions which come home to the heart of every true Gael, when, as he looks down on the beautiful valley of the Earn or the Tay, he attempts to lift the veil from the misty past. The Saxon is left out of the reckoning in this discussion. He is too recent a creation. From the sublime heights of the Grampians and the Ochills, and the hills of Morven, we can look down with calm complacency upon the dwellers on the banks of the Frith and the Clyde, the Tweed and the Ayr. We have no share in the Saxon invasion, for we dwelt secure on the Caledonian hills a thousand years before the first Saxon foot trod the English sands. Our fathers did not come over with the Norman conqueror, because they had come more than two thousand years before.

It has been taken for granted that the first time history lifts the veil from the face of the Northern hills we see two races, the Picts and the Scots, contending for the mastery. Ireland was, in old time, called Scotland, and swarms of the Irish-Scots crossed over and colonized Scotland, and gave the country their own name. But we make no claim to be Scotch. The Gael is not a Scot. We simply acknowledge him to be a forty-second cousin, just as we do the Pict. The geologist reads the history of the world backwards. He turns over page after page of the stony record. He brings us to the beginning, the very dawn of life, and with bowed head and reverent eye we look on the first living, breathing thing. And from that far distant past we can grope our way down through the countless ages, and see one formation laid upon another, and one plant and animal succeeding another till we reach the 19th century. In the same way the ethnologist can thread his way backward through the strata of languages and their changes, till we stand at a nation's fountain-head. Even dead languages are to him what fossils and petrefactions are to the geologist. Through their indications he is able to spell out the ethnical records of the past, and thus catch a flash of light from the gray cloud that rests over the dawn of the ages. And so these linguistic monuments seem to point to the country east of the Caspian and north of Hindu-Kush as the home of the Aryan nations. There, in an age long anterior to European history, while Europe was yet a jungle, or peopled by wandering tribes, akin to the Fins or the North American Indians, dwelt the Northern nation by which Europe was afterwards peopled. From this centre successive migrations took place towards the

North and West. The Celts were the very first swarm to leave the native hive, and at one time they occupied the greater part of Europe. Other migrations followed afterwards, the ancestors of the Italians, Germans, and Teutons.

When we find the same name used for the same object by the wide-spread members of the family, we may reasonably infer that that object was known to them before they left the paternal home. Threading our way backward we find that all the common family names, such as father, mother, son, daughter, brother, sister, were known to the primitive Aryans. We also find that they had a state organization, with kings, rulers and governors; and that the ox, the cow, the sheep and the goat constituted their chief source of wealth and subsistence, and that they built for themselves houses, villages and towns. Among the various members of the Aryan family, words associated with the peaceful occupations of life are the common heirlooms of the language. This would seem to show that all the Aryan nations had led a long life of peace before they separated. And as each colony started in search of a new home, their language acquired an individuality of its own. And coming down the stream of the ages, new generations would win new terms to represent the warlike and adventurous life of their onward migrations. Hence it comes that all the Aryan tongues have their peaceful terms in common while they differ widely in their warlike expressions. Domestic animals are known by nearly the same names in England and in India, while wild beasts have different names in Greek and Latin. The old Aryan stock seem to have had some knowledge of the most important of the primitive arts. They practised agriculture, raised grain, and ground it into meal or flour, cooked their food, and baked bread. They had looms and wove cloth, and shaped and sewed it into garments. They made constant use of gold and silver and brass, and even iron. They knew the cardinal numbers as far as one hundred. A thousand did not come into use till after the dispensation. Abstract language did not yet exist. Each separate word was a metaphor. To express the setting of the sun, they said "that he grew old and died."

And so the old Celts were the first to leave the old nursing nest to the north of the Caspian Sea. They saw and followed the beckoning hand that was guiding them to the home of the sunset. They heard the voice of the coming ages bidding them "Go West," and they bade adieu to their kindred and friends, the home of their childhood and the graves of their fathers, and crossed the trackless wastes, always following the pathway of the setting sun. It took them centuries to do it. But what did a few centuries more or less signify to a people who did not travel by a lightning express or speak across vast oceans or wide continents by telegraph or telephone, or feed on electricity, or live all their life at fever heat?

They rested for many generations on the plains of Galatia. They were loth to leave its sunny fields and

cloudless skies. But again the old wandering spirit revived within them. They struck their tents, took up their household goods, and turned their faces towards the West. They filled all the Scandinavian country, settled down on the banks of the Rhine and the Rhone, the Ebro and the Seine. They pitched their tents in the sunny fields of France and Spain, and cultivated the vine and the fig, the orange and the date. They crossed the channel, and overran the whole of the British islands long before the first Roman had set foot on the English shores, perhaps before Romulus had laid the foundations of the walls of ancient Rome. They continued to migrate northwards. From the summits of the Grampians they saw the beautiful valleys of the North. How glorious those hills! How enchanting those plains and glens and dells when bathed in the light of setting suns! How beautiful those silver lochs and lakes! Fairer, more beautiful, this planet does not contain. The Gael, with a true eye, saw here his future home. "This is my rest," etc. This was the land of which their fathers had dreamed, in their far-off homes on the borders of the Caspian Sea. There, at last, they settled down to rest, their wanderings over and the toils of travel ended. There, in those lovely glens and dells, the Gael has dwelt for the last three thousand years. There they are dwelling still. And there the archangel will find them dwelling when he comes down to sound the trumpet of our world's dissolution.

Other tribes came in long centuries afterwards. The Piets spread themselves along the Eastern shores. The Scots, from Ireland, overran Argyle and other portions of the West. The Danes invaded some counties in the far North. But the Gael remained unmoved within his mountain fastnesses. The Piets were foreigners, and so were the Scots. The Gael kept his ground. He regarded himself as belonging to a superior race, and made no alliance with the alien.

With very many writers on the early history of Scotland it is a common thing to confound the Scot and the Gael as if they were the same people. But a moment's consideration will show us that this is impossible. The Gael, the very same people who possess the country north of the Grampians to-day, were its possessors far beyond any date assigned even by fabulous records. For, 1st, the Gael and the Scot differ from each other in their language, manners, customs, superstitions, prejudices and traditions; 2, among the Scots their country is universally known by the name of Scotland. They have no other name for their own race than the Scot. Scott has even become a very frequent proper name, and is often incorporated with their names of places; 3, among the Gael, on the other hand, the term Scot is utterly unknown. The Gael never call themselves Scot or Scotch. They never call their country Scotland. Among true Highlanders Scot is never used as a proper name. You cannot find the name Scot applied to any town or valley or river in the Highlands. Their language knows no

such word. Buchan wonders that one half of the nation should have forgotten its own name. (4) The Highlanders always call themselves the Gael, and their country "*a Ghruatlach*." The rest of the country they call *Albion* (Albion), and its people Albanach. (5) But the word Albin or Albion is wholly unknown among the common Scots, except so far as they may have learnt it from books, or heard it from the Gael.

These remarks point but to one conclusion—that the Gael are a distinct race from the Scots, that the Gael are the people who possessed Caledonia in the time of the Romans and Albin in the time of the Greeks.

The Gael loved his country. Who can blame him? Those glorious hills and glens—those silvery lakes and streams—the hazel copse, the May blossom—the heather bloom—the sweet songs of the mavis and the lark—these were woven round his heart-strings and became part of his very life. To leave them was to him the very bitterness of death. In the land of his exile his thoughts still turned fondly, lovingly, to his native shore.

"Though inland far we be,
Our souls have sight of that immortal sea
Which brought us hither.
Can in a moment travel thither
And see the children sporting on the shore,
And hear the mighty waters rolling evermore."

In the long after future, when, driven by hard times or locally oppression to leave their fatherland—in the great Australian forests, or on the banks of some lone Canadian stream or lake, a thousand blessed memories of their old homes on the Highland hills haunted their souls.

"From the dim shieling on the misty island
Mountains divide us and a world of seas,
But our hearts are true, our hearts are Highland,
For in our dreams we behold the Hebrides."

The Gael had a religion peculiarly pure. They were the first to leave the old home near the Hindu-Kush. Moving constantly in advance of the successive tides of immigrants that rolled into Europe from Asia, they retained for many ages their primitive creed, untintured by any foreign admixture. In the Druidical religion as it was known among the old Gaels of Caledonia, we have perhaps the purest form in which tradition has been able to preserve the patriarchal faith. We find many references to Druidical customs in the classical writers, and in fragments of old Welsh and Gaelic poetry still extant. They taught the existence of one Gool, whom they called *Dhia*, *Dia*, *Dhe*. Sometimes they called this one Gool *Be-al*, a contraction for *Bea-uil*, the life of all. Is this word any kin to the old Phœnician *Baal*? For *Baal* as well as the Gaelic *Be-al* was regarded as the formative, quickening principle in nature. Both identified their supreme deity with the sun. The Gaelic name for sun was *Grian*, the essence of fire, and was applied to the orb of day as the symbol of supreme deity. They had no temples, used no images, had no outward symbols of

worship. They met in a grove, or gathered around a sacred oak. They had sacred enclosures, a circle of round stones twenty or thirty yards in diameter. In the centre stood the cromlech or altar, an obelisk of immense size, a large oblong flat stone supported by pillars. But with what religious rites or ceremonies they worshipped Gool it is hard to say. They attached a good deal of importance to the ceremony of going three times round the sacred inclosure from east to west, following the course of the sun. This expressed their entire conformity to the will of the supreme Being. To this day the Gael, when they carry their dead to the grave, follow the same course. And, at their feasts, they invariably pass the bottle around the table in the same order.

They offered sacrifices. Of this there can be no doubt. Sometimes they offered human sacrifices—the prisoners they had taken in war, or their own sons and daughters. They thought that the Gool they worshipped deserved the very best they had, and that the less they pleased themselves the more they would please their god. But the worshippers of the sun in every age and in every land have stained their altars with human blood. They had two principal festivals—the one *Bettane* day, when a huge bonfire was kindled to welcome back the sun after the gloom and desolation of winter; the other, *Old Hallowe'en-Samhin*, the fire of peace. At this festival the Druids gathered around the bonfire, and discharged all the judicial functions of their office. They settled all disputes, and amicably arranged all controversies. The fires in the neighborhood were all extinguished, and the cottagers carried home a blazing torch, enkindled at the sacred pile. They believed in the transmigration of souls, and in a future state of rewards and punishments. They believed that if a Gael died without paying his lawful debts, these debts would have to be paid on the unseen shore, and till they were paid the restless spirit must wander to and fro over all the latitudes and longitudes of infinite space, without any ease or quiet and without a home.

Their notion of a future state embraced the conception of a heaven and a hell. Their heaven was *Plathinnis*, the Island of the Brave. This is the name by which the true Gael knows the better country, even the heavenly, to this day. Their hell was *Ifurin*, the Island of the Cold Wave, a very unorthodox idea of the prison of the lost. But their most vivid notions of suffering were all connected with intense cold. "*Plathinnis*" was a paradise of all kinds of delights. The valleys were open and free to the ocean. Trees loaded with a luxuriant foliage, which scarce moved to the light breeze, were scattered on the green slopes and rising grounds. The fierce winds walked not on the mountain. No storm swept through the sky. All was calm and bright. The pure sun of Autumn shone from his pure sky on the fields. He hastened not to the west for his repose, nor was he seen to rise from the east. He sits on his mid-day throne and looks on the noble Isle. On the rising hill are the halls

of the departed—the high-roofed dwellings of the heroes of old.

The Gael had a language and a literature of their own. The old Celtic alphabet had only 17 letters, just one letter (F) more than the 16 brought by Cadmus into Greece. We know that eight more letters were added to the Greek alphabet about the time of the Trojan war, a manifest proof of the antiquity of the Gaelic. For (1) It is certain that if the Gael had received their letters at any period subsequent to the Trojan war, they would have had the eight additional letters. (2) H, though it has lately crept into the language, was originally an aspirate, as among the Greeks, and marked by a dot above the line. It is never found at the beginning of a pure Gaelic word. It is merely used as an euphonic, or joined to some other letter to supply the place of some letter wanting in the old Celtic. (3) The arrangement of the letters is another proof of the antiquity of the Celtic alphabet, B, L, N, (Beth, Luis, Nion). After St. Patrick introduced the Roman language and letters the Roman arrangement prevailed. (4) The very names of the letters carry us back into a far distant past. The alphabet is considered as a forest, and the letters as trees—Ailm, an elm tree; Beath, a birch tree; Coll, a hazel; Duir, an oak.

Looking over a long list of Celtic, Sanscrit, and Roman words, you see in a moment how nearly akin the Celtic and Sanscrit languages are. A Gael should not have half the difficulty in mastering Sanscrit that an English boy would have. It would be like going back to the home of his fathers after long years of absence, where almost every sight and every sound awakened memories of a long-forgotten past. Take the name for God—Dia, Deva; Deus; Dorus, Dwara, Fores; Sacerd, Sacerdas, Sacerdos.

Had the Gaels a literature? Sir James Ward, in the "Antiquities of Ireland," says that the Saxons, having no alphabet of their own, borrowed the old British letters from the Irish when, after their conversion, they flocked to the country for their education. Camden inclines to the same opinion. The editors of an edition of Ossian's poems, printed in 1839, stated in the preface that they had in their possession a copy of an old Gaelic Bible printed in the Saxon character. Had the old Gael—a thousand, two thousand years ago—a literature of their own? Had they made any advance in civilization? To all such questions it may be answered (1) That the vitrified forts show some knowledge of building and fortification. Stones were brought from a great distance to build these forts when fusible stones were not at hand. These vitrified forts bear names which connect them with Ossianic heroes and heroines. If only their speech could be understood, what a tale they would unfold. (2) Wilson, in his prehistoric annals, clearly shows that the Gael had made great progress in metallurgy in pre-Christian times, showing great taste and skill in the manufacture of bronze and gold ornaments, a fact which

is clearly proved by many specimens preserved in our museums. (3) We have the testimony of such heathen writers as Strabo, Caesar, and Lucan, that the Druids professed a special, profound discipline; that they were wiser than their neighbors, had better schools, and possessed a high degree of moral and intellectual culture. (4) Read the description given by Tacitus of the battle of Mons Grampius, and it will impress you with the idea that the Romans had met with a foe as high in culture and refinement as themselves. Or (5) Look at the stern resistance which the brave Gael offered to the ironclad legions of Rome. Step by step the Roman armies pushed their way northward, laying one fair province of Britain after another prostrate beneath their feet, till the eagles which had been carried victorious to the banks of the Tigris were also carried victorious to the banks of the Tay. But the brave sons of the Gael, sweeping down from the Grampians and the Ochills like an impetuous torrent, drove them back.

When Dr. Johnson visited the Hebrides, in the latter half of the last century, he declared that there was not a single manuscript in all the Highlands 100 years old. The doctor was a far better judge of English roast beef and plum pudding than of Gaelic literature; for he did not know one letter of the Gaelic alphabet, nor could he read one line of Gaelic poetry. Yet with one sweep of his pen he could crush out of existence the whole of Macpherson's Ossian. It was a fraud. It was Macpherson's own. It never existed in Gaelic. Macpherson had woven the whole mysterious fabric out of the phantasy of his own brain! Now, in answer to all this blustering, we have to say that one of the oldest of Gaelic books is what is known as the Dean of Lismore's Book. It was written between 1512 and 1526, by Sir James Macgregor, Dean of Lismore and Vicar of Fortingal. The MS. is now in the Advocate's library, Edinburgh. The Dean's book is a commonplace book of 311 pages. The great bulk of it consists of Gaelic poetry by no fewer than 47 different authors. Of the poems nine are ascribed to Ossian, and several others to his contemporaries and immediate successors. This forever settles the question as to whether Macpherson was or was not the author of Ossian's poems. It also shows that 400 years ago—and that was some time before Dr. Johnson was born, or Macpherson either—Ossian was believed to be the King of song, and Fingal the hero of heroes.

Then we have the Book of Deer. In the parish of Old Deer, Aberdeenshire, a Cistercian monastery was founded in 1219 by William Cumyn, Earl of Buchan. Some MSS. belonging to the Monks of Deer were taken to the University library, Cambridge, after the Reformation. Some of these MSS. are in the Gaelic of the 9th century. A Gaelic Rubric and some memorials in the handwriting of the 12th century, in Gaelic, refer to Collumcille and his work among the Gaels. These, so far as we know, are the only remnants of the Gaelic of the 12th century. The Gaelic has been very free from changes for the last

two thousand years. The Highlands are secluded and isolated. Their ancient tongue has had every chance to become fixed and permanent. And a language that was perfect from the first, why should it change? Why should it wander round among all the other tongues of earth seeking help from them? And so the Gaelic is far freer from foreign words and phrases than the cognate tongues in Wales and Ireland. In the National MSS. of Scotland, edited by Cosma Innis, No. 59, is a charter of certain lands in Islay, granted by Macdonald, lord of the isles, to Brian Vicar Mackay, the only charter in the Gaelic language which is known to exist. It bears date May, 1408, and is written in Gaelic which any intelligent Highlander can easily understand. In fact it contains but one word which has become obsolete. A charter written in the English of 1408 would now be a sealed book to ordinary English readers.

In the battle-song of the Macdonalds on the day of Harlaw, 1411, you have the Gaelic just as it is spoken to-day. In the older life of St. Kentigern, written prior to 1164, it is said that Servanus, when he heard of the birth of St. Mungo, exclaimed, "A Dha cuisin fior," the very words a Highlander would use to-day. These are the straws which show in what direction the current is moving, and they show us very clearly that, for several hundred years back, the Gaelic language knows no change.

Dr. Johnson declared that there was not in the whole world a single Gaelic MS. a hundred years old. And in the face of this we have in the Advocates' Library alone over 60 Gaelic MSS. varying from three to five hundred years old. The fact is, no country seems to have been richer in song than the home of the Gael. Songs seem to gush forth there spontaneously as showers from the clouds of summer, or flowing streams from the living spring. Where will you find sweeter songs than those of Jan Lom, the Lochaber bard, who lived and sang more than six score of years before Dr. Johnson visited the Hebrides? Or, An Clarsair dall, of the Island of Lewis, who lived about the time of Cromwell and Charles II.? Or, MacIntyre, the author of "Bein Dourain"? Early in this century a Highland bard happened to be the guest of a small country laird near the Silvery Earn. It was harvest time, and the laird, accompanied by the bard, went out to the field where the reapers were cutting down the golden grain. At mid-day they all sat down among the sheaves to enjoy their noon-day repast. The laird asked the bard to say grace. Reverently he laid aside his bonnet and commenced to croon "Bein Dourain." The laird, who did not know a word of Gaelic, listened, muttering "What a fine grace!" But as the bard went on through stanza after stanza, the laird changed his comments to "What a lang grace!" Fancy a party of gentlemen in our day sitting patiently around the loaded table while the deacon repeated "In Memoriam."

Alex. Macdonald published, in 1751, a small volume of Gaelic songs. In the preface to his book he calls atten-

tion to the fact that enough Gaelic songs could be found in the Highlands to fill a score of volumes if anyone should take the trouble to collect them.

In 1755 Jerome Stone, Rector of Dunkeld Academy, writing to the *Scot's Magazine*, says:—There is in this district a very great store of Gaelic poetry, which, for sublimity of sentiment, nervousness of expression, and high-spirited metaphor, are hardly to be equalled among the most cultivated nations. Of modern Gaelic poetry, that which has been composed during the last 250 years, from Mary Macleod and Ian Lom downwards, and published in various editions, there is a quantity of which few English writers have any conception. I could name 60 authors, says the Rev. Archdeacon Clerk, in his preface to the Ossianic poems, whose Gaelic songs number more than 60,000 verses. And how much has been lost! Songs that never were written down perished with those who sung them, or with the old bard who sung them at a hundred cottage firesides, till death hushed his voice in the eternal silence. But it is not yet too late, and steps are taken year by year to gather up the fragments, so that nothing may be lost. For, of all the languages, the Gaelic is the best adapted for poetry. It is the language of the feelings, of the affections, of the heart, of the inner, truer life of the soul.

To you now is committed the task of preserving it, and handing it down to coming generations unimpaired. It is a sacred trust. Guard it sacredly. See that the language which has come down to you from a hoary antiquity—around which ten thousand hallowed associations and blessed memories cluster—flows down to future ages in its untarnished purity and glorious wealth of song.

Y. M. C. A.

As announced on the programmes the professors led the meeting on Friday evening, January 18th. Besides an unusually large number of arts men there were also present, by invitation, many medical students and the ladies from both colleges. Dr. Williamson took the chair and expressed his pleasure in the work done by the Association and urged its members to continue their efforts for the good of their fellow students. Principal Grant, in his address, referred to the best methods of introducing Christianity into heathen lands, exemplifying his remarks by his experiences in South Africa and Japan.

On the 25th January, continuing his address regarding missions and missionaries, the Principal spoke of the necessity the church should observe of sending the right man to the right place at the right time. Not every country is ready to receive the Gospel message, and until it is the labour of introduction is to a great extent wasted. The work of preparation is going on day by day and fields are opening. It is the duty of the missionary to search out these and in them begin his work. Christ did not come until "the fulness of time," and neither can His Gospel come with power to a nation until a state of pre-

paredness had been reached which shall ensure its taking root. Not every man is suitable for the work. The missionary requires a different training according as he intends to labor in one field or another. He should be a young man and unmarried. After spending a year or two in the field he will be able to judge whether he is working effectually or not. If not he should return home where his experience will make him an efficient teacher or preacher. If, on the other hand, he succeeds, he will feel that his duty lies in the line along which he labors and may settle down to his life work.

In Convocation hall on the evening of February 1st the Rev. A. H. Scott, of St. Andrew's church, Perth, delivered to a large audience a lecture entitled "European Ramblings." Last summer Mr. Scott attended the Pan Presbyterian and Pan Anglican councils in London, England, and afterwards, as a Canadian delegate, the World's Y. M. C. A. Convention, in Stockholm. This involved an extensive and interesting tour in the Old World, with an opportunity for much sight seeing and news-hearing. Is it to be wondered at that, as they listened to the portrayal of scenes and the recital of incidents upon which he happened during his trip, his hearers were charmed, and that at the close of the lecture a hearty vote of thanks was tendered the lecturer? Dr. Watson, the chairman, and several others who were present, crossed the Atlantic on the same ship with Mr. Scott.

PERSONALS.

A LARGE number of new students have arrived since the holidays. Among our old friends we notice John Madden, '89, who is looking as jolly as ever, and Ralph M. Lett, who is again with us after an absence of a year and a half.

Ontario is losing another talented divine and Vancouver is gaining one by the acceptance of the call to that city by Rev. E. D. McLaren, B.D., of Brampton. The far West seems to present great attractions for the sons of Queen's.

We were pleased to hear from Mr. Geo. Malcolm, '89, an old member of the JOURNAL staff, who is at present teaching in the High School of Mitchell. That George is giving a good account of himself is evidenced by the fact that he received an unsolicited offer of a position in Collingwood school at a salary of \$800 per annum. With the usual modesty of a Queen's student, however, he declined.

Mr. D. Strachan, '89, was presented recently by the congregations of Deacon and Metz, where he has been laboring during the past two summers, with a gold chain with pen and pencil attached, and a handsome set of furs. The addresses were very flattering, showing the deep sympathy existing between Mr. Strachan and the people. Mr. Orr Bennett, B.A., supplied the above field during the Christmas holidays.

Edmund C. Shorey, M.A., has made a start as an analytical chemist and mineralogist. He has a laboratory in the office of Captain N. D. Moore, the iron ore expert of this city. We wish him every success in his venture.

The daughters-in-law of Queen's are becoming more numerous every month. At Port Hope on January the thirtieth, Dr. W. A. Lavell, '80, of Smith's Falls, was married to Miss Maggie Shepherd, of the same place. We heartily congratulate the doctor on securing such a shepherd to look after him, and cordially wish them both a happy future.

On the same day at L'Amable, Rev. Arpad Given, B.A., of Williamstown, was married to Miss Mary Tait of that village. This is a direct fulfilment of a prophecy contained in the twelfth number of the last volume of the JOURNAL. The old classmates of Mr. Given will be glad to hear of this sensible move. Rev. John Hay, B.D., of Campbellford, performed the ceremony.

COLLEGE NOTES.

THE LATEST. The door of our Sanctum has been furnished with a spring lock. No trespassing allowed.

Did you notice our superfine, double-distilled, non-explosive, anticorrosive stained glass windows at our eastern entrance?

The new assistant in the Physics laboratory is called Phillip. The Prof. calleth "Philip, come forth!" and he cometh.

The legislation for which Principal Grant is asking on behalf of Queen's is as follows:—To enable the University Council to elect annually a trustee to hold office for five years; to provide for prescribing a religious test, which shall be administered to the trustees and professors in arts; to empower the University to hold and sell real estate in any part of the Dominion, and to grant certain powers with a view to increasing the efficiency of the institution.

A Glee Club has at last been formed, with the following officers:—

Hon. President—H. L. Wilson, M.A.

President—H. A. Lavell, B.A.

Sec'y-Treas.—W. H. Cornett, B.A.

Conductor—D. Strachan.

Accompanist—H. Russell.

Committee—J. Binnie, J. Shurie and J. W. Muirhead.

The club will lead the singing in Convocation Hall services, and any other college gathering if necessary. Practices are being held weekly, special attention being given to new college glees.

The services in Convocation hall have been revived, much to the satisfaction of a great many students. Last Sunday the Rev. J. E. Hill, of Montreal, preached a very excellent sermon to a large congregation. It is to be

hoped that more students will attend than formerly, for the benefit to be derived from these undenominational services is incalculable. • They tend to widen the sympathy and increase the liberality between the various sects of the Christian Church, and this is something very needful at the present time.

Could not something be done to improve the slovenly appearance of the reading room? The pictures are hung in all sorts of positions, and many of the more recent ones are merely perched on one of the desks, liable at any time to be broken by the elbow of a passer-by, or by a chance concussion. Let the curators see that this room present a more attractive and tidy appearance in future.

THE LADIES' CORNER.

THE LEVANA SOCIETY.

THIS society has at last been christened, and a few weeks ago the following officers were appointed:—Hon. President, Miss Alice Chambers, B.A.; President, Miss Laura Shibley; Vice-President, Miss Annie G. Campbell; Secretary, Miss E. McManus; Treasurer, Miss Janet Horne; Curators of Reading Room, Miss M. M. Chambers, Miss Jennie Fowler.

The ladies have promised to send in reports of their meetings to the JOURNAL from time to time, which we are sure will prove very interesting to our readers.

EXCHANGES.

IN the current number of the *Notre Dame Scholastic* we find a very flowery article on the "Uses of Literature." Despite the elaborate manner in which the writer has "piled on the agony," his language is choice, and his sentences have a rhythm that is quite poetic. The author's enumeration of the great names in literature shows that, as far as French writers are concerned, he adheres to the antiquated views of the last century; and his list would be greatly improved if he added to it the names of Molière and Victor Hugo, even though, by doing so, the ones he gives were excluded. The *Scholastic* also contains well-written articles on the "English Language" and "Yellowstone Park"—the latter by a professor—and winds up with a very refreshing rhapsody on the "Beauties of Nature," liberally garnished with quotations.

The January number of the *McGill Gazette* contains a plentiful supply of college news and several sensible editorials. It also has an article on the "Household Lays of Ancient Rome," which, we imagine, contains the results of the long and earnest investigations of some Freshman, in the neighborhood of Rome, N.Y. The amusing skit by l'Homme qui Ril points to a reprehensible tendency among some science men to imitate our last year graduating class—and have no dinner.

Although a man with a rifle figures on the cover of the *Coup d'Etat*, we would infer from the local column—of which a considerable portion of its contents are composed—that lady students were in the majority there. The *Coup d'Etat* also records the marriages of several of the "sweet girl graduates" of Knox College, Ill.

Acta Victoriana for January contains an editorial deprecating in strong terms the "cowardly doings of the physical-force hazers," and lauding the Victorian "Bob" as the *ne plus ultra* of initiations of Freshmen. If the editors had subjected the punctuation of the rather florid article on "Positive Christianity" to a little gentle hazing, and re-arranged its sentences slightly, the article would be easier to read.

DE NOBIS NOBILIBUS.

ONE evening not long ago a number of students were out spending the evening, and, of course, were called upon to give a college song. Accordingly they lined up and were giving "Michael Roy" with the *piano* passages left out and the *forte* parts magnified to five times their natural size, when one lady listener, turning to another, exclaimed, "What a terrible noise!" "Yes," was the answer, "but I suppose the poor fellows don't get out very often."

"Say, Sm—ll—e, give us a lift on this window." "No, I won't. The last window I had anything to do with cost me about \$1."

Arts man—What did you do with the last victim of your concursus virtutis?

Medical judge (with awful solemnity)—We—we *expatiated* him.

OUR FRESHIES.

What funny lads the freshies are,
And the lassies, too, I ween,
Their names are queerer still by far,
As by this it may be seen.
We will not Argue they are brave,
For 'mongst them is a Yoeman,
Who with a Hunter at a shave
Would lay out any foeman.
Of cavalry they're sore in need,
Of Horseys they've only one,
Who at a Gallop could them lead,
Say, 'gainst a hostile Gunn.
The ladies all are learned and sage—
We Reid that they are fickle,
But then for every Beverage,
Your Wright they have a Nicol.

It is hard to be stepped on when one is down, isn't it. A short time ago a very gallant senior was executing

some graceful gyrations on the rink, in company with a young lady, when, somehow or other, an upset occurred, the lady taking the precedence. The senior died hard, but at last the law of gravitation came out ahead, and he dignifiedly sat on the lady's skates. Quickly righting himself he turned to help the lady up, lamenting at the time the "unfortunate accident." "Well," said the lady, "I was ready to get up a quarter of an hour before you were done tumbling." After all, if one has to fall, it is better to do it at once instead of going through an acrobatic performance trying in vain to maintain an equilibrium.

AN ALMA MATER DEBATE.

THE curtain rising discovers a youthful embryo physician in the chair, the leader of the negative "summing up," and an excited mob in the background.

Leader of Neg.—And, my friends, in this institution, 64 per cent. of these unfortunate children are drunkards. Such—

1st Member—I rise to a point of order, Mr. Chairman. The constitution says that the leaders are only allowed to sum up, not to give new points.

Chairman—Eh?

Exit L. of N.

Enter L. of A.

Leader of Affirm.—That last statement of the prev—

2nd Member—Mr. Chairman, did you rule that the leader of the negative was out of order?

Chairman—Well—ah—um!

2nd Member—Because if you didn't, and I don't believe you did, why did he have to take his seat? What is your ruling?

Chairman—What's that?

2nd Member—Does "summing up" mean bringing in new points or referring only to points already brought out? Is he out of order?

Chairman—Well, I—I— Oh, he's all right.

Exit L. of A.

Re-enter L. of N.

L. of N.—I was just going to say that 64 per cent. of the children in Toronto have drunken fathers. That's all.

Exit.

Re-enter L. of A.

L. of A.—According to the last speaker, 64 per cent. of the people of Toronto are given to drink, and I must say that—

L. of N. (from the mob)—I didn't say that. I said that in that institution 64 per cent. of the children *had drunken fathers*.

L. of A.—What's that he said, Mr. Chairman?

Chairman (convincingly)—He said 64 children in the institution at Toronto were fathers of drunkards.

(Cheers from the mob, wild denunciations from L. of N., and excited gestures from the Chairman, in the midst of which the curtain drops.)

SCENE II.

Chairman ("summing up" after debate)—Well, gentlemen, I'm not used to being a judge, but I'll try to say what I think:—

"The leader of the affirmative got up an' talked a long while an' didn't say anything. (Cheers.) Then the other fellow got up and knocked all his arguments into a cocked hat. (More cheers.) Then another affirmative man got up, but I forgot what he said; but (wild cheering and groans) the next fellow pulverized him, too. (Tremendous applause.) After that one of the men on the other side made a few remarks, and after that was replied to the leaders wound the thing up and got mad. So since two men on the affirmative were no good, and two men on the negative were very good, and one man on each side about equal, I decide in favor of the affirm—(wild cheers)—no I mean the negative. If you don't like it you can lump it." Curtain.

GROWLS.

FROM OUR DYSPEPTIC EDITOR.

IT makes me tired to see the cool cheek displayed by some men in this University. And they seem so blissfully unconscious of the fact. That's what knocks me cold. I was one of the human herrings in the gallery of Convocation Hall on the occasion of Principal Grant's reception. I got there in a most undignified fashion, with my hat crushed down over my eyes, my coat half off and my collar twisted just three quarters of the way round my neck. Propelled from behind and below I was flung—actually *flung*—astraddle the back of a seat in the third row, and had I not clung to it with the tenacity of a Sophomore to his cane, I might have been laid *under* it. Then all evening I had to sit on that uncomfortably narrow perch, with four fellows behind using me as a prop, three others sitting on my feet, and a wheezy horn in full blast in my right ear. But I might have stood all that and still have smiled. I might even have been tolerably happy. But to see freshmen and sophomores in Arts and Medicine, sitting in the front seats with various sized canes denoting the different grades of their imbecility, and with a supreme indifference to the feelings of those who had made the college building their home for from four years to seven previous to this time,—to see them monopolize their senior's prerogative and making the gallery a regular pandemonium—Bah! it makes me sick now to think of it. I would like to know what all this means. Is no precedence to be given to the older and more experienced students? Hadn't the freshmen better inaugurate a parliament to let the Senate know how to run the University? Would it not be a step forward to let the sophomores take control of the Court to keep the seniors and graduates in subjection? And would it not be well for the juniors to be appointed the guardians and censors of the divinity students? My heart is sore and the future of Queen's seems dark indeed. *O tempora, o mores!* The glory has departed from Israel.

CELEBRITIES OF DIVINITY HALL.

No. 3.

"**P**ANDITE nunc Heliconæ, Dææ, cantusque, move!"
Come down, ye muses, with both feet, for our theme is a lofty one! Guide our pencil aright while we sing of one whose exalted station demands no common strains! And if, in our guileless simplicity, we may chance to err, preserve us, we entreat thee, from the vials of his righteous indignation!

At Queen's a queer little man you may see—

A little man all in grey,

Merry and bright as a button is he,

While from care and from whiskers he's equally free.

"Ma foi, I laugh at the world"—

What a gay little man in grey!

When dealing with stars of lesser magnitude we found comparatively little difficulty in launching forth into a discussion of their respective characteristics. But now, we hesitate to exhibit any undue levity, and fear that, in the execution of our task, we may be accused of a flippancy from which our intentions are far removed. The subject under examination, we may begin by saying, is tolerably well known in the University. While, in the past few years, his finely-moulded features have not been seen in our halls and corridors as often as they might be, his name is familiar to every honest opponent of tyranny and oppression. To the chaste and timorous Freshman, who feels himself ground to earth under the iron heel of a despotic senior class, our friend proves a champion of no feeble calibre. Despising, as he does, the laws of college life, which, like those of the Medes and Persians, alter not, he boldly combats wrong-doing, whether there be against him one or one thousand. Gifted with a resistless flow of eloquence, a monumental cheek, a flexible B flat voice and the courage of his convictions, there be few who would seek in cold blood to measure swords with him. His "tout ensemble," as it were, is not impressive. Indeed, we cannot help remarking that it is a burning pity the architect who constructed him did not add a couple more stories before he took down the scaffolding. Even a mansard roof would have been preferable to the abridged tho' symmetrical structure which we daily contemplate. Still we can reflect with Bacon that tall men are like tall houses—the attic is usually empty! No. 3 affords us a living testimony to the fact that piety and pastimes go hand in hand. An ardent supporter of America's national game, our little hero may be seen on a fine summer's day, clothed in a neat but not gaudy costume of écar flannel, his curly locks protected from the searching rays of the sun by a fantastic sombrero of pale blue felt, and, seated on the scorer's bench at the ball grounds, recording notes of the game in a fat memorandum book and occasionally giving vent to shouts of glee as the other side "fanned out," or Ostey "slid home." And not only as a spectator does our hero shine. As shortstop he has few, if any, equals—in Divinity

hall—and we have seen him folding flies to his bosom in a manner that would drive a spider to suicide. In the political arena No. 3 is a prominent figure. Like the man with the wooden leg, he is often on the "stump," and it is when we see him in this capacity—the clenched fist of his right hand extended emphatically, his left plunged up to the shoulder in his breeches pocket, fire in his form and blood in his eye—*then* it is that we see him to the best advantage—*then* it is that we are consumed with an immense astonishment that the United States Government does not secure a bronze cast of his person and stick him up in New York harbour with a kerosene lamp in his hand in place of that knock-kneed libel on the human form that, at present, disfigures the approaches to the Yankee metropolis. A few enemies of No. 3 have ventured to couple the epithet "obstructionist" with his name, but this is a charge we feel it our duty to refute. As we have remarked before, the trifling fact that he is alone in his opinion affects No. 3 not one jot. And we claim for him a great deal of credit that he never suffers himself to be influenced by the blatant jeers of those who, exulting in their numbers, seek to reflect on his "small" minority. Upon the foibles of youthful humanity No. 3 looks with a lenient eye. He rightly considers that the road to—ah—well, a warmer climate, is not necessarily paved with Bass's "Marines" and canche decks. Being somewhat of a smoker himself, he believes that the man who fearlessly purchases a plug of Myrtle Navy, in full view of the world, is as eligible for a sunny hereafter as the sad-eyed individual who holds up his hands in holy horror at the mention of tobacco and then fills his pockets with cigar-stubs when no one is looking. No. 3 regards the truly Christian man as a consistent being. The passport to grace is not wrapped up in a lengthy countenance and a six-months-in-a-hospital look. When No. 3 goes forth from Queen's he will not pose as a "Saint n'y touche." He will pose as an original, and, mark our words, he will be a "hustler."

WHAT THEY ARE SAYING:

I AIN'T answering questions to-day, professor.

F. K—NG.

What's the matter with me as a chairman?

J. C. A. M—LL—R.

I pay a good deal of attention to *Elta-quette*.

D. ST—N.

Oh, who will deliver me from the snare of the—I'll wait till the clouds roll by.

O. L. K—LB—N.

Ain't it handy to have your girl next door.

A. G. H—Y.

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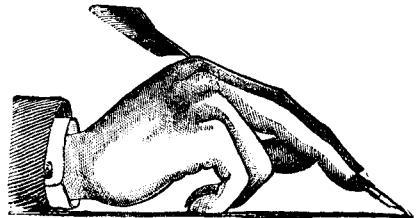
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QUEEN'S COLLEGE JOURNAL.

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All communications of a business nature should be addressed to the Managing Editor.

THE *Presbyterian Review* of the 14th inst. publishes a eulogium on the life of the Rev. John McNeill, called by his admirers "The Scottish Spurgeon." Born in 1854, Mr. McNeill is now about 35 years of age—in the very dawn of life. And yet his fame is filling the earth. He has been preaching for scarcely three years, and is to-day one of the three or four greatest preachers in Great Britain. There is some food for thought here for the gentry who are eternally crying up to us the non-essentiality of pulpit power. It may be answered that we cannot all be McNeills or Spurgeons—*nascitur, non fit orator*. There may be some truth in this if properly taken. But the difficulty is that men, instead of testing themselves to see how much bearing it has on their own particular case, are too apt to assume that they know by intuition all the undeveloped capacities of their being. It is surely a late day to remind our students of the Athenian stammerer whose name has been to all peoples and for twenty centuries a synonym for eloquence.

It was genius, we say, that inspired him and roused his dormant faculties to life. Probably it was. But while we believe that no great man ever existed who lacked some inner presagement of the future that lay before him, we also believe that it was only in the attempt to realize his dreams that the full vision of its possibilities burst upon him. And certainly, while our students are so ready to fold their hands idly and make no effort to develop their powers in this line, they will not find tongues of fire falling upon them from heaven to gift them with the eloquence of the giants of the past. But we rejoice at Mr. McNeill's success, not only because it confirms our own views of the position which the pulpit should and must occupy in the Church, but also because it affords yet another example in our own day of the power of resolution. It is Montesquien, we think, who says—

"c'est des difficultes que naissent les miracles,"

And certainly, after looking up Mr. McNeill's record, we can scarcely refrain from agreeing with him. Some twelve years ago he was a conductor on a Scotch railroad—to-day he stands as the accredited messenger of God to the most cultured congregation of the most exclusive people on earth. If this isn't a nineteenth century miracle, will some one please.

* * *

To come now to a practical application of all this. How may our students who have in view the ministry best develop the speaking power which, when supported by a well-trained mind, becomes such a force in the Church and in the world? Of course every college meeting in which they take part is a help to them. But, above everything else, the Alma Mater Society affords the best opportunities for systematic development in this line. Recognizing the supreme importance of this society in the development of our students, we have for seven years fought for a constitution which would enable us to carry on its debates and business along the lines which obtain in all properly constituted deliberative assemblies. To quote a French favorite—

"All things come to him who knows how to wait for them,"

and we have lived to introduce at last the constitution for which we labored so long. The new order of things will put every man who enters the Alma Mater upon an equal footing. All of its deliberations hereafter must be carried on upon the basis of Cushing's Manual of Parlia-

mentary Practice and Procedure, and of Dr. Bourinot's more extensive volume upon the same theme. The first mentioned work may be obtained for 35 cents, and every student in the university should immediately become the possessor of one. The details of the work may be mastered in half a day, and hereafter any gentleman who takes part in the business of our society must do so on as strict lines of propriety as if he sat in the Imperial House.

* * *

If all of our students for the Church will, for the remainder of this session, take part in the meetings of the Alma Mater, they will be surprised at the ease and force with which they will be able to express themselves in public at the session's close. It may be objected that many of us have no time for the Saturday night meeting. But this statement is based upon a wholly false conception of university life and work. We yield to no one in admiration of mental culture and thorough scholarship; but with all deference to the opinions of other men, we claim that there can be no such thing as thorough culture in the case of a man who, however great his learning, cannot express himself in public as well as a common street Arab.

* * *

Such men may think that they are a credit to their university. Perhaps they are—in their way: but it is a very imperfect way. It certainly is not the way for any graduate of a Canadian university. We want, it is true, great thinkers in the Church, and indeed in every department of our national life; but we want much more great speakers. To take some of the men, for example, who have contributed most largely to the development of the mental and moral life of the world during the last half century. There have been, doubtless, men without number who thought Henry Ward Beecher's thoughts as well as he. But Mr. Beecher had, which they lacked, the power of expressing these thoughts in a peculiarly powerful and pleasing way. Hence the name of Mr. Beecher is that of a prophet in Israel, and they are unheard of. There is nothing very remarkable or startling or original in the theology of Charles Haddon Spurgeon. But Mr. Spurgeon has a strikingly original way of expressing his theology, and Mr. Spurgeon is a pillar of light and a tower of strength in the whole Christian Church; while hundreds of other men, with his theology, are unknown. Mr. Gladstone's ideas on home and imperial policy are by no means original. Dozens of other men have just as good thoughts on these subjects as he: but these men—who knows them? And so it is all along the line. What we want is not men with good thoughts—but men who, having good thoughts, can give them to the people of the world in such a way that they will make them theirs. And the place in which to learn to express your thoughts in such a way is the Alma Mater Society. It is Demosthenes, we think, who says: "No man becomes an orator save at the expense of his hearers."

If this be true, it is better to become one at the expense of our fellow-students than at that of the world. In the first place, they will not realize the fact so clearly; and, in the second, they will listen with a good deal more patience than would the world.

* * *

We have received from Mr. Douglas B. W. Sladen "The Spanish Armada—a ballad of 1588," and "Edward, the Black Prince." The former is in pamphlet form of some twenty pages, and is a cleverly written piece of verse very much after the style of Tennyson's *Revenge* and Browning's *Herve Riel*. We quote the first ten stanzas of the ballad in our literary column. The review of the "Black Prince" we shall defer to our next issue. Mr. Sladen is one of the young bards of Australia, and if he will pin less hope to Tennyson and more to himself, he will yet give us something worthy of the great colony which he represents.

* * *

We have just received the *Canada Presbyterian*, for the first time since the session began. We had begun to think it had forgotten us. It comes out in a new and enlarged form, and is one of the ablest church-papers in the country. Indeed, there is no better. Its editorials have a hearty common-sense ring about them which is refreshing in our times, and from the first page to the last it is a model journal. In an article upon the Jesuit bill it strikes at the root of the trouble when it says that if the constitution which came into existence at Confederation is to be retained at the cost of such bills as this, "the sooner it goes to pieces the better." Our readers will forgive us, we hope, if we pause to add—"Amen!"

* * *

We have received from the Rev. T. F. Fotheringham, M. A., of St. John, New Brunswick, "A Lectionary for the Home and Sanctuary." For the benefit of our readers we submit the 1st lesson, that for Jan. 1st: Morning, Deut. XI; Evening, Rom. XII; Psalms XXVI, XXVII. By the method which the author has adopted the individual or family reads through the Psalms every three months, the New Testament in a year and the Old Testament in two years. We cannot forbear adding that it is the best thing in the line of a lectionary that we have ever seen. It ensures the systematic study of the Bible by the individual or the home circle, and in such a way as to give the best possible results. It cannot fail to be of immense benefit to all who will follow its methods. The lectionaries are in neat paper form and so small that they can easily be placed between the leaves of the smallest bible. The author has some still remaining and will dispose of them to our church and bible students at the cost price to himself. All who wish may order them of the JOURNAL at the rate of five cents apiece or fifty cents a dozen. We hope that every bible student in the University will procure one.

❖ ASSOCIATE EDITORIALS. ❖

THE treatment which the recent temperance petition received at the hands of the City Council is a convincing evidence that the secret of electing true representatives of the people has not yet been discovered. This is a difficulty which seems to follow in the wake of public elections. People have not yet become careful enough in selecting their representatives—in distinguishing between the real man and the deceptive man, between he who has an interest in the good of the community and he who assumes such an interest as a cloak for his own self-seeking. Before an election it is the simplest thing in the world to find men who will pledge themselves if elected, to stand by the wishes of the people, but it is a very different thing to find men who will remain true to their pledges after they have been elected; yet we do not say that even this is an impossibility. Very few of the members of the City Council who voted against the temperance petition would have had moral courage enough to have done so a week before the election. At that time they had some object in appearing to be in harmony with the desires of the people, but now they are independent, and can afford to sacrifice the wish of over twelve hundred of the best and most respectable citizens to their own individual ends. If the temperance people had asked for something extreme and unreasonable—something, the granting of which might possibly be detrimental to the higher interests of the city—there would have been some excuse for the action of the Council; but, in the absence of such a possibility, their conduct is inexcusable. There is not a man of sound judgment in the city who would dare to say that the closing up of the lowest saloons would conflict with the higher interests of the city.

JUSTICE vs. TORONTO.

PRINCIPAL GRANT'S address before the University Council has created quite a sensation among those who are really interested in the advancement of higher education. Even ardent supporters of Toronto University have read it with astonishment. They can hardly allow themselves to believe that the charges contained in it are true—that the Minister of Education and the authorities of Toronto University could actually stoop to such grovelling trickery and contemptible discourtesy. Yet, what is to be done but believe? They have patiently awaited a reply from those accused; yes, they have even implored a reply—a clearing away of the charges, but in vain. The Minister of Education and the head-chariot-ers of the Provincial University are serenely mum. There is not so much as a groan to be heard from them, though the blows are falling thickly and heavily upon them. If the letters published in the *Toronto Mail*, from all parts of Ontario, do not bring from these men an attempted explanation, or a straightforward, manly acknowledgement, we must conclude, as we have frequently

done before, that the Senate of the Provincial University is a most remarkable organism—an organism whose skin is too thick and callous to admit of much inward vitality. The undisturbed silence which it maintains at present, compared with its egotistical clamouring at other times, reminds us somewhat of old reynard. When everything is still, he bravely and fearlessly comes forth into the clearing and howls as if he were the only creature worthy of existence, but when he hears a defiant dog in the distance, he quietly withdraws to his den to await a better opportunity for satisfying his cravings. It is, no doubt, humiliating for a dignified, self-sufficient, body of men to have to come forward and acknowledge charges which a half-manly schoolboy would blush to own. But we do not ask them to do so, if they can conscientiously deny them, and give the public satisfactory reasons for doing so. We only ask them to say guilty or not guilty, and surely this is not an unreasonable request. The Senate of Toronto University may, however, continue to maintain what seems to it a heroic silence—it may think that, owing to its magnanimity and surpassing greatness, it does not require to pay any attention to these charges—it may refuse to satisfy the curiosity of Queen's by answering. But we would like to remind the gentlemen of whom this honorable body is composed, that Queen's is not alone in demanding an answer. The thinking public demands an answer—the interest of higher education demands an answer—fair-play and justice demand an answer, and will obtain it even in their silence. Abuse may be answered by silence, but reasonable arguments require a different treatment. Before concluding, we would like to ask the honourable Minister of Education what he has to say for himself. If he believes in co-operation, as he apparently did while helping to hatch the Federation scheme, why does he not believe in it now? Why does he not do all in his power to establish a uniform matriculation, instead of discouraging those who are attempting to do so? If everything was to be obtained by complete co-operation, surely something, at least, would be gained by partial co-operation. By advocating the former and discouraging the latter, does not the Minister of Education appear to be inconsistent and untrue to principle—to be acting the hypocrite by advocating one thing and doing another? Surely he has not thrown away his old manly principles and become a cat's paw for the Senate of the Provincial University—a hook in the end of a stick by which these men can drag in what they are ashamed to go after themselves. If he desires to retain the respect and confidence of the public, he must remember that he is Minister of Education, not for the city of Toronto, but for the Province of Ontario, and that, therefore, the people of Eastern Ontario have a right to expect and demand justice from him. If the geography which he studied in his youth had only a map of the city of Toronto in it, then it would be well for him to ask Mr. Mowat to supply him with a geography which contains a map of the whole province, so that he may learn to understand the extent of his responsibility.

❖ LITERATURE. ❖

THE SPANISH ARMADA.

I.

"NOW glory be to the Lord in Heaven
For his mercies on the sea !
And glory be to the men of Devon—
And all Englishmen" say we—
And all Scotsmen and all Irish ;—
For they fought for England too,
And every Spaniard slew
Who fell upon their coasts and isles from Orkney down
Let the cannon beat the air, [to Clare.
And the joyous trumpets blare,
And the bells ring, ring to every town
Our glorious victory to crown.

II.

For He blew, and they were scattered
Off the sunny shores of Spain ;
And in our griesly channel,
Lo ! He woke the West again.
But our sailors love a breeze,
And the narrow stormy seas,
And they hailed the black South-Wester
As an angel of the Lord,
Who the vials of His vengeance
On the vaunting foe out-poured.

III.

What a battle of battle was this, with the wealth of the
world,
And the flower of its armies and ships on one little isle
hurled,
What marvel if it had been swept, from the hills to the
shore,
As though it went under the ice of the deluge once more ?
But the wind rose up out of the West, the wind of the
West,
Who rouses the steed of the storm-wave with wild, white
crest,
Which the Englishman curbs and rides,
Unblenched by its furious strides,
When he homes to the isle of his birth,
From the uttermost ends of the earth,
And loves of all steeds the best
The wind of the West
The steed of the storm-wave roused from its summer rest.

IV.

The Englishmen, lying at bay under Cawsand Head,
Leapt forth to bestride the storm at the foeman's side,
And while the Spaniard reeled as his fierce steed sped,
The hounds of the sea tore his flanks till the waves
were dyed.

V.

Ye know the battle's tale—the Spaniards crowding sail,
Invaders—but invaded by these ban-dogs of the gale ;
To-day the battle raging—with the English scarce assailed,

And dogging on the morrow—when the English powder
failed ;

But the Spanish crews were falling like dead leaves be-
tween their decks,

And the half their hulls were battered till they leaked
and logged like wrecks,

For the English shot came crashing through and through
Their backs—as broad as turtles as they heeled and heeled
to lee ;

And their cannon on the larboard swallowed choking
draughts of sea,

And their cannon on the starboard tore the air with
fruitless prayer,

As the shot above our topsails flew and flew ;

While the channel, neath their scuppers, changed its
hue.

VI.

All day like lions roared the guns and like wild bulls the
breeze,

But with light hearts the Englishmen bestrode the plung-
ing seas,

And slashed and battered at the Dons until the dying
light,

Strange fears in the strange waters raised and spurred
the Dons to flight,

And our stout five who held their fleet before our powder
failed,

As one by one our guns were starved, could only—be
outsailed.

VII.

But a noble Capitana, as their galleons clashed together,
Grinding sides and crossing topmasts in the cruel channel
weather,

Lost her topmast and her bowsprit and lay crippled like
a knight

From his arrow-stricken charger hurled to earth in some
old fight.

Spur-entangled in his surcoat, crushed beneath his
armour's weight,

Were it death or were it bondage, he could only bow to
fate.

So the stately Capitana bowed—it chanced with small
disgrace,

For she fell to great Sir Francis last returning from the
chase.

VIII.

Safe within the roads of Calais, from the sea-dogs safe at
last,

With shorn plumes and battered chargers had the haunted
hunters passed.

Looking down his lordly galleons towering in long array,
Was it wonder that the Spaniard to his puffed-up heart
should say :

"Lo, the English—wolves and jackals—shall not dare to
fight us here,

They shall look upon our glory and be smitten with a fear.

As a bird that flees destruction when a hand is on her nest,
Sees from far but dares not guard the ravished offspring
of her breast ;
They shall flee to the horizon, while we lay upon their
coasts
Parma's Prince and Alva's pikemen to confound their
feeble hosts,
And with Mass at Canterbury and all London purged
with fire,
For our losses and their insults wring a debt of vengeance
dire."

IX.

Like a castle in the forest rose their fleet that summer
night,
With its stately masts and poops o'ertowering many a
tower in height.
And young nobles pacing proudly, fired for coming vic-
tories,
Dreaming one of blue-eyed captives, one of vengeance to
be his ;—

When through the gloom began to loom
Dim shapes, that darker grew,
And then there came long tongues of flame,
And every Spaniard knew
That the fireships were upon them,—and they fled
Each one as he was able, slipping anchor, cutting cable
Without thought of where he sped to, so he sped.

X.

And the English drove among them, smiting here and
smiting there,
While the Spaniards smote the air
In their struggles to be free and out to sea ;
And the flower of Spain were falling
Like the flowers in the hail :
And the lofty ships were crashing
Like old Elm-trees in a gale ;
And the land was on their lee.

XI.

And our Seymours and our Howards
Added glory to their names,
To their grand old English names,
With the immemorial claims
Of a hundred olden fields
On their Shields.

THE DOWNWARD PATH.

WE ran a little game, Sir, in the Fall of '88—
Days when I trod the downward path at a 2.20
gait,
There was Sherb and Bunzie Dickl and a law-school
chump or two,
And three razzle-dazzle-dazzlers from the Class of '92.
We ran that little game, Sir, in the cloak-room's hallowed
shades,
In a dark sequestered corner, far from lynx-eyed Stephen's
raids,

And Bunzie was pap-tender and he doled the ivories
round,
As they tinkled on the benches with a soft melodious
sound.
On the second day the law-school chumps decided they
were through ;
On the next the razzle-dazzlers from the Class of '92
Found that their goose was cooked, threw the sponge up
there and then,
And with tear-stained faces walked it to their uncle's
down-town den.
Then, indeed, began the battle that inspired this classic
verse,
Which yours truly has dashed down, in lines less elegant
than terse.
For through three-score hands, and jackers neither
quickly-scooped nor cheap,
We slung the cold bones round, Sir, in a way to make
one weep ;
And we mopped our dripping foreheads, and we prayed
to Sutphen's shades,
And we shoveled out our shekels to the tune of five
straight spades.
Yet the fifth morn saw each hero rich with winnings he
had picked
From the dear departed gamblers, ere the classic pail
they kicked.
So we tried another jackpot and each brave put up his
cash,
While Sherb worked the latest shuffle, dealt the cards
out like a flash.
But a pair of Johns was lacking ; then a brace of royal
girls,
Then the kings and then the aces, then again the knavish
churls.
Still, each deal, our hard-saved rocks were adding to that
goodly pile,
Till Sherb opened with a blue chip, and a sweet expectant
smile.
But he didn't draw his fortune and he couldn't stand the
pace,
Though his tailor's bill depended on the issue of that
race ;
And I'll ne'er forget the tired look on his meek, angelic
face,
When he blanked his cards to blank, Sir, and accepted
the last place.
But the betting still continued at a rate quite far from
slow ;
I watched Bunzie's careworn visage, and thought four
kings had some show—
Thought the dear boy might be bluffing, till my wealth
lay on the board,
And the whispered words, "I call you," came then of
their own accord.
Then my weary back grew weaker and my fiery eye grew
dim,

For his straight flush to the nine spot seemed to make
my chances slim.

To the Buckingham went Bunzie, just to take a single
ball;

I was more in need of three balls, though my drinking
powers are small.

Yes, I've seen my moral nature and I've raised it, too, of
late,

Since I waltzed along the downward path, that fall of '88,
And those dancing days are over, and all poker games I
flee,

Since Bunzie and my wealth together polked away from
me.—*Columbia Spectator*.

THE DEVIL.

MEN don't believe in a Devil now, as their fathers
used to do;

They've forced the door of the broadest creed to let His
Majesty through.

There isn't a print of his cloven foot or a fiery dart from
his bow

To be found in earth or air to-day, for the world has
voted so.

But who is it mixing the fatal draught that palsies heart
and brain,

And loads the bier of each passing year with ten hundred
thousand slain?

Who blights the bloom of the land to-day with the fiery
breath of Hell,

If the Devil isn't and never was? Won't somebody rise
and tell?

Who dogs the steps of the toiling saint and digs the pits
for his feet?

Who sows the tares in the field of time wherever God
sows the wheat?

The Devil is voted not to be, and, of course, the thing
is true;

But who is doing the kind of work the Devil alone
should do?

We are told he does not go about as a roaring lion now;
But whom shall we hold responsible for the everlasting
row

To be heard at home, in church and state, to the earth's
remotest bound,

If the Devil, by a unanimous vote, is nowhere to be
found?

Won't somebody step to the front forthwith, and make
their bow and show

How the frauds and the crimes of a single day spring up?
We want to know.

The Devil was fairly voted out and, of course, the Devil's
gone;

But simple people would like to know who carries his
business on?

—Hough.

ON A RAFT.

(Continued from page 74.)

IN the midst of the turmoil a huge Government dredge
was calmly anchored, bidding defiance to waves and
current to dislodge her. We wondered first how on earth
human design could keep her in position, and secondly
how on earth we were going to avoid a collision, for she
lay directly in our path. A shout from the pilot, "En
arrière"—an answering pull at the unwieldy oars that
were worked beautifully in unison by the crew—and we
shot by her so close that one could have touched her sides
with a boat-hook. We were soon at the foot of the
chute, and turned to see how the other drams were far-
ing. One by one they hove in sight and came majesti-
cally down, sweeping past the dredge with a disdainful
sort of air, and, after the tug like an old chicken had
gathered us all under her wing, we made fast the tow
rope and were taken to a sheltered little cove by the
name of Douglas' Bay, where the rest of the Sabbath was
to be spent. The men, like good Christians, object to
working on the seventh day, and the owners, whether
they like it or not, have to yield to this praiseworthy
principle. Douglas' Bay did not impress us very violently
with its scenery, and, when we heard that we were to
remain *in statu quo* for the next twelve hours, we felt
exquisitely glum. However, we unloosed our bloodhound
and went on shore to stretch our legs. From the top of
a hill, about a couple of miles from the raft, there was a
magnificent view to be had of the surrounding country.
Between two woody islets far off to the right we could
catch a glimpse of the famous "Long Sault" rapids.
These rapids are nine miles long, that is, the steamboat
channel. Near Dickinson's Landing the river divides
into two separate arms, called respectively the "North
Sault" and the "South Sault." The first of these is a
very formidable rapid, and has seldom been attempted in
safety. A raft could never live in its embrace, and
powerful steamers would suffer considerably from the
mountainous waves and treacherous whirlpools. One of
the most marvellous escapes on record, in connection
with the rapids, was told us by one of the pilots. A
woodscow that had been tied up to a wharf just above
the Fork, broke loose from her moorings and, before
rescue could arrive, was seen to enter the channel at the
North Sault. There was no one on board but an old
woman, and she, poor thing, was known to be down in
the cabin, probably unaware of her fearful danger.
Crowds of people assembled on the banks and breath-
lessly watched the mad career of the ill-fated scow.
Wave after wave broke over her and smashed in the bul-
warks, yet after each blow she was seen to struggle on.
Sometimes she would wholly disappear from view, only
to re-appear, shaking herself like a Newfoundland dog.
What she encountered may be gathered from the fact
that some of the waves reached to the crosstrees on her
mast. During the whole of this terrible trip the old
woman never once appeared. Finally, to the amazement

and delight of all, the scow was seen to emerge from her wild bath and float quietly into calmer water, where a host of friends eagerly secured her and lifted out the heroine of the adventure, more dead than alive. After listening to the narrative we both devoutly trusted that no adverse fate might lead us on the morrow into the wrong channel. When we returned to the raft we found all hands in bathing—all, except Moses and Jim Tice. The latter had tucked his lip comfortably away under his arm, and, with his everlasting pipe, was watching, in scornful silence, the antics of his companions. Catch him risking his health by any such hare-brained folly as washing himself! We were greatly disgusted with the cowardice of these Frenchmen in the water. No power could persuade them to venture in above their waists, and there they were ducking and splashing like a lot of little girls in the surf at Old Orchard. It is a remarkable fact that, notwithstanding the character of their vocation and the constant dangers to which they are exposed, not a man on the raft could swim ten feet! This is a lamentable state of affairs, conducing largely, no doubt, to the natural repugnance to encountering water in any form that we had noticed among them. We turned away and sought consolation at the table d'hôte, where a sumptuous repast awaited us. Moses, certainly, is a capital "chef," and some of his dishes are fearfully and wonderfully made. Before experimenting on a new one I was always careful to take a look round and see if Spot were still alive. "Fox terrier à la maitre de caboose" would have tickled Moses immensely. We swam over to the tug that afternoon, but were unable to sport our manly forms on board, as there was a "lady" cook, and it was feared she might object. It occurred to us afterwards, while pondering over the unaccountable modesty of this woman, that it did not seem superlatively good form to pay afternoon calls with nothing on but a straw hat and tennis shoes! So back we had to swim. In the evening, however, we got ourselves up to the nines, and, with Spot and the banjo, rowed over to make the *amende honorable*. Here we found an equally appreciative audience, some of whom could really sing well. After exchanging a few college glees for their beautiful songs, one of the crew produced an accordeon, and then the fun began. We tuned up together and fairly shook the old steamer from stem to stern. Just before going to sleep that night, S— remarked in a penitent tone of voice, "I say, this hasn't seemed much like Sunday to me! How are you on the subject?" I replied that I was precisely of his way of thinking, and hoped that Providence would not send us, for our sins, into the North Sault. "For Heaven's sake, don't suggest such a thing," gasped S—; "do you want to keep a man awake all night?" And, as if overcome with horror at the bare idea, he immediately fell fast asleep. Next morning, bright and early, we were up and dressed. A number of men had come on board to help work the oars, and a white-whiskered old man was perched on a box, giving

his orders in French and English with a little *Caughnawaga* thrown in to give a snap to the mixture. The steamer now left us and went on ahead. At a signal from the pilot we cut loose from the other drams and, with a few strokes of the oars, were out into the current. It was some fifteen or twenty minutes before we reached the Fork, and when we did reach it we saw what we might expect if we swung into the wrong water. A vista of gigantic billows, some of which were as tall as the fir trees on the banks beside them, broke upon our view. The effect when several of these monsters clashed was superb. The foam was dashed to a terrific height, and the whole thing resembled the pictures one has seen of the explosion of a submarine torpedo. We fortunately escaped the danger, and were swept into a narrow passage very like an aggravated mill race. It could not have been more than fifty feet wide in some places, and the shore, instead of rising abruptly out of the water, shelved gently down. It was now that the skill of the pilot and promptitude of the men were put to the test. The slightest swerve would send us hopelessly aground, and the drams behind us would dash us and be dashed to fragments. When it is remembered that the bed of the channel was one series of sharp turns and bends, that, on each side of us, there was a backwater tearing past in a diametrically opposite direction to that of the main stream, the extreme difficulty of conducting the unwieldy logs through in safety may be readily conceived.

It took us a little over half-an-hour to drift the nine miles, which was pretty fair going. We found the tug waiting for us at the foot of the rapids, ready to pick up stragglers. Captain Gignac, of the tug, and Aimé were eagerly watching the points round which the others must soon appear. They were anxious about the oak drams. The latter are built of square oak logs, and are extremely heavy and hard to manage. They are submerged some six inches, owing to the density of the wood, and draw from three to four feet of water. The men who man them usually strip to a pair of breeches, as they are often up to their necks in water. The first thing they do on starting is to rig up a contrivance like parallel bars, and when they see a big wave coming or a bad dip, they drop the oars and rush helter-skelter to the friendly bars and hang on for dear life until the danger is past. The place we were now in was a large bay about three miles wide and apparently land-locked. I could not have pointed out an opening to save myself, and, when the drams had all come down and were dotting the bay in every quarter, the scene was worthy of an artist's brush. It was a tedious job collecting the drams, and consumed the greater part of the morning, but everything comes to him who waits, and finally we felt once more the familiar wrench that happens when the tow-rope tightens, and once more we were on our way.

There was a long stretch now before us to Coteau, the next rapid, and we proceeded to make the most of it. We put up a lunch in a basket—launched the boat,

whistled Spot in—told Moses we would see him in Quebec (D.V.), and hoped he would not drink up *all* the champagne—hoisted the sail and away we went with a splendid breeze, heading directly for that well-known place—"The Lord-only-knows where." There were several camps along the shore, to each of which we paid our respects. It was a curious enough place to choose for a camp—no boating, with the current, and not much fishing from all accounts. But they live well, the campers in these parts, and are hospitable to sharing the last oyster. The channel widened as we sailed on and soon expanded into a large lake, which we made up our minds to cross. We hadn't the faintest idea where the outlet was, but chose a blue streak of land away over on the other side that seemed "likely." The wind had begun to blow quite fresh, and we made everything snug for the voyage—stowed the grub in the fish box, got out our Mackintoshes, and put Spot in the bow to look out for snags. By this time we had left the raft two or three miles in our rear, and could just see the smoke of the tug among the distant trees. We bowled along merrily, giving a little out of our course to meet a steamer coming our way. This proved to be the "Johnson," of Garden Island, whose captain and crew we knew quite well. Their look of amazement as we passed was pretty rich. "What in thunder are you fellows doin' here?" "Where are you bound for?" "Are you going all the way?" "Well, if this don't beat the Jews!" A perfect volley of questions was fired at us after they caught their breath, but, by the time they had finished asking, we were too far away to answer. That point was further off than we suspected, and, by the time we reached it, the tow was nowhere to be seen. Here was a kettle of fish! Like shipwrecked mariners, we began to calculate how long our provisions would last, and had just decided that, with strict economy, Spot and the sandwiches would keep body and soul together for about thirty-six hours, when we rounded the point and spied, at the end of a long narrow bay, a little village nestling in the hills. "Hurrah," I yelled, "let's go and see where we are." "Hold on," said S—, "there's a man ploughing, let's go and ask him." "Right you are, but who's going to do the asking, and what's the French for Hallo?" "You can ask him," replied S—, calmly; "do you want my hand-book?" With an infinite amount of labor we constructed a sentence that, we flattered ourselves, would paralyze any son of Gail with its rhetorical beauty, and, having learned it off by heart, we approached the inoffensive husbandman. "Now for it," whispered S—, when we were near enough. I rose, and with a polite bow, lifted my hat and opened fire: "HOLA, mon ami! Il fait beau temps n'est-ce pas fil vous plait pourriez-vous nous dire ce que l'on appelle ce village là au gauche?" We breathlessly awaited his reply, for we were afraid he would speak so fast we shouldn't understand him, and we could not, for the life of us, have told him to go slowly. The man stopped ploughing, looked at us sus-

piciously and, with a brogue as broad as the Atlantic ocean, said: "Av ye'll spake a dacent tongue may be I'll answer ye." I collapsed like a wrung-out towel into the bottom of the boat, and on regaining consciousness found myself propped up against a seat with a sandwich in each hand. I didn't catch the first remark of my friend, but it was something about a "ruling passion" strong somewhere. S— informed me that, with his modest little Anglo-Saxon, he had ascertained that the village was St. Ignace—close to Coteau, and that we were now on our way to meet the mail boat from Kingston. I jumped up and looked across the lake, and sure enough there was the "Corinthian," with the raft just behind her, about a mile ahead of us. We spent that night at Coteau. It was too late to run the rapids, and we needed some supplies. So after tea S— and I, with Louis, the foreman's son, rowed over to St. Ignace. Although we wanted expressly to have a look at a typical Lower Canadian village, somehow St. Ignace did not quite fill the bill. It was a frightfully dirty hamlet, quite innocent of decent sidewalks, and apparently invested by an army of unruly children, who were jabbering, fighting and rolling in the gutters at every corner. "P'tits crapauds," cried Louis as he rapped a lot of them over the heads with his knuckles, an act which elicited from the injured ones a torrent of the choicest patois, expressive of their intense indignation. We beat a hasty retreat and pulled our well-laden craft back to the landing. That night, for the first time since we left Garden Island, we were bothered by mosquitoes. I firmly believe they were allies of those St. Ignace youngsters come to torment us. But the night was so perfectly still and the anchorage so close to the low marshy shore that I suppose they were to be expected. After the light was put out, however, and we were all quiet, they became less troublesome, and very soon we were in the arms of "Porpus."

(To be continued.)

★ COLLEGE NEWS. ★

COLLEGE SOCIETIES.

TWO articles have recently appeared in this column, dealing respectively with the Y. M. C. A. and the A. M. S. Whether all will agree with the allegations and insinuations in these articles or not, we fancy no thoughtful student will hold that these societies are all that they should be, or even all that they might easily be made. Now, it is no doubt much easier to stand aside and criticise them, than to throw ourselves heartily into the work and do our level best to make the societies better; but we think there can be but one opinion as to which course is the more honorable.

It is assumed here that no one will question the importance of the work which these societies professedly aim at accomplishing.

Occupying different spheres, and seeking to cultivate different aspects of the man, they fill a place in college life which nothing else can. In each, opportunities are afforded for developing certain phases of our nature which no earnest student can afford to neglect. There may be and doubtless there are exceptional cases where a student cannot give much attention to either of these societies, but, speaking generally, it may be safely asserted that the student who graduates without having taken an active part in the work of both, makes a grave mistake. "But," it may be objected, "if these societies are what they have been represented in the previous articles, what is the use of attending the meetings?"

We answer the objection by recalling the remark of the old deacon: "If God wants a church in Hardscrabble He has got to build it of the timber that grows there." These societies are perforce composed of those students who are willing to give the time required to attend the meetings, and the labor necessary to prepare for taking part in them. They are the best timber available.

If more students would attend, *perhaps* better timber could be secured. This at least is clear: if all students would attend who ought to do so, the societies would be composed of the best material the college produces.

What, then, is the duty of every loyal student of Queen's? Simply to consider the meetings of these societies at least as important as a lecture, and that consequently, not less than 80 per cent. of the meetings should be attended. Further, that as much time should be given to prepare for taking part in the meeting as is given to prepare for an average lecture. If this be done there will be very much less cause for complaint, either as regards the societies, or as regards their meetings; and, what is of much more importance, there will be very much less of a fault-finding spirit. Verb. sap.

IN AND ABOUT THE ROYAL.

THE dates of the Medical examinations, together with the names of examiners appointed, have been posted up. "Writtens" will be held March 19th to 23rd inclusive, and the orals to begin March 25th.

As the close of another session in the Royal draws near, final students begin to wonder whether they must again wait till the last week in April for their degrees. Hitherto members of the graduating class have been obliged either to bear the expense and inconvenience of waiting about town for a month, or to strike out after exams. for their selected location, whither, in process of time, a crumpled roll of parchment may find its way.

We believe it is customary in other medical schools in Canada and elsewhere to confer degrees within at least a week after examinations. In the Royal this would mean about April 1st or 2nd. If the Senate has not already taken steps to bring this about, there is abundance of time yet this session to arrange for a separate medical Convocation.

Although we believe that, taken as a whole, we have one of the very best conducted medical schools in the Dominion, yet there are a few minor points in which we hope to see some improvement another session. As an instance of this kind, may be mentioned the amount of time wasted daily between classes, varying from 10 to 20 minutes after almost every lecture. At close of class, some few of the most industrious students may be seen in a quiet corner—if they can find one—studying notes, or "grinding" each other over past work. Others again take the opportunity for visiting the dissecting room and freshening their memories there.

But the majority are not in the humor for this sort of work. If they were in their rooms with their text-books they would be hard at it, but just at this time they feel they should be listening to lectures, and effective work in other lines cannot well be done. Undoubtedly much valuable time is lost in this way—time which could be well employed by our professors in further explanations of difficult parts of their subjects, or in reviewing some of the previous work of the session.

As remedies for this state of things we would suggest that those who applaud so vigorously in the back seats be vigorously discouraged, rather than encouraged, as is now too often the custom. Then a good clock which could be depended upon, and the systematic ringing of gong or bell exactly at the hour and five minutes past, would go a long way towards accomplishing the desired end. However it may be brought about, we are sure such a reform would be gladly welcomed by all.

PERSONALS.

HARRY LEASK, B.A., '88, is in the law office of Henderson, Thompson and Bell, Toronto. Fred Young, B.A., '86, is there also, and J. Hales, '88, is with Cassells and Cassells.

James Kirk, B.A., was seen around the halls last week. Jimmy thinks he will try dentistry.

Rev. Allan McRossie has been removed from Corona, N.Y., to a wider field of usefulness.

Dr. Dan Cameron visited us last week. He was on his way to Philadelphia. Call again, Dan.

Mr. Watson, '92, was in the city and attended our Y. M. C. A. meeting 8 Feb. He is teaching school near Pittsburg.

Herb. Mowat, LL.B., has accepted a responsible position in a law office in Toronto. J. Skinner, B.A., takes his place in Kingston.

Miss Craine, M.D., of Smith's Falls, has passed the exams. of the Royal College of Physicians and Surgeons, Edinburgh and Glasgow.

Will Morris is junior member in the flourishing young firm of Baldwin and Morris, Manning Arcade, Toronto. Will is renewing his youth like the eagle, for we saw him last week; but he still sings "My heart's my ain!"

James R. Hutcheon, '90, gave us a call the other day. James is getting to look very ministerial, and has grown quite a lot since he left us.

We sympathize sincerely with University College in the death of Professor Young. Canada can ill afford to lose so eminent a scholar and so earnest a seeker after truth.

A. G. Hay, '89, was the representative to McGill this year at their annual dinner. He represented Queen's well, and in a neat little speech conveyed the greetings of his Alma Mater. Arthur thought a lot of Montreal, and is never tired rehearsing the wonderful sights he saw on Mount Royal.

The Brampton Presbyterian Church have unanimously called Rev. Alfred Gandier, M.A., to the pastorate of their congregation. Mr. Gandier is a young minister of great promise, having passed a highly creditable course at Queen's University. He is at present in Edinburgh, Scotland.—*Ex.*

The above is quite true. Alf. is no stranger here. We know him as a scholar and as a preacher, and Queen's is proud of him.

Y. M. C. A.

MR. COLE, the association's travelling secretary, visited our college on Feb. 15th. He is seeking men to fill positions as general secretaries, in town and city Y. M. C. A.'s throughout the Dominion. This position affords ample opportunities for doing much good work among young men, and the Association guarantees a good salary.

The class in Church history meets no more this session.

At a meeting of the Missionary Band on Saturday, Feb. 16th, two interesting papers were read. The South Sea Islands and their relations to missions and missionaries, formed a subject, with which Miss M. McCallum, of the W. M. C., dealt quite ably. Mr. John McC. Kellogg's paper gave a pleasing account of the life and work of his uncle, Dr. Inglis, missionary in Aneitum.

There has been a tendency of late years to allow the Friday evening meetings to dwindle down considerably during the spring months. The reason, probably, is press of work. Is it a good one? Surely this falling away may be avoided. Three quarters of an hour spent in mutual heart-stirring is gain, not loss. No student can afford to miss the enjoyment and the help to be derived from our weekly meeting, especially now, when perhaps more than at any other time spiritual impetus is needed.

Let us have large meetings right along till the close of the term, and let us come to them with as much enthusiasm and pleasure as we did four months ago. Regarding our use of time it is true that "There is that scattereth and yet increaseth, and there is that withholdeth more than is meet and it tendeth to poverty."

THE JUBILEE FUND.

WE published last session the Kingston and Toronto subscriptions to the Jubilee Fund. In this number we give the Ottawa and Montreal lists, and hope to have others for our next. All should be supplied to us, for as the names are to be permanently associated with Queen's, they should appear first in the JOURNAL. Our readers—admittedly the best friends of Queen's in the country—should know, in order that they may honour, the Stalwarts who rallied round the flag and bled for us, at a time when talk was especially cheap. The total from Kingston was \$77,770, and from Toronto \$41,565. Ottawa and Montreal come next.

OTTAWA LIST.

Sandford Fleming, C.M.G., LL.D.	\$10,000
McLeod Stewart, B.A.	2,500
James Isbester	2,500
John Schultz, M.D.	1,000
Allan Gilmour	1,500
W. Dale Harris	500
E. H. Bronson, M.P.P.	500
Robert Bell, LL.D.	500
Sir James Grant, M.D.	500
Paterson & Law	500
James Gordon	500
Geo. L. B. Fraser, B.A.	200
John I. MacCraken, B.A.	200
Geo. F. Henderson, B.A.	250
F. H. Chrysler, B.A.	200
James Gibson	100
Charles Bryson	100
John Page	100
D. B. MacTavish, M.A.	100
A. MacLean	100
W. T. Herridge, B.D.	100
J. Thorburn, LL.D.	100
D. Mathewson	100
R. Donaldson	100
J. A. Grant, B.A.	100
J. Durie	100
J. F. Booth	100
C. G. Booth	100
Alexander Stewart	100
Robert Marks, M.D.	100
Thomas Potter, M.D.	100
A. J. Horsey, M.D.	100
Hiram Robinson	100
E. Miall	100
D. O'Connor	100
C. O'Connor	100
J. A. Gemmill	100
Mrs. Jane Horsey	50

MONTREAL AND LACHINE LISTS.

Andrew Allan	\$ 5,000
Thomas A. Dawes	2,500
R. G. Reid	2,500
J. Burnett	1,000

James P. Dawes.....	\$ 1,000
James Barclay, M.A.....	500
Robert Campbell, D.D.....	500
D. MacMaster, Q.C.....	500
A. G. McBean, B.A.....	500
Hugh MacKay.....	500
A. T. Drummond, LL.B.....	500
Mrs. James Johnston.....	500
Mrs. J. Aitken.....	500
A. F. Gault.....	500
Colin McArthur.....	500
Alexander Ewan.....	500
James F. Cantlie.....	500
Hugh McLennan.....	500
John Morrison.....	500
John C. Watson.....	500
John Hope.....	500
Andrew J. Dawes.....	500
Jane Dawes.....	250
M. Stewart Oxley, B.A.....	100
James Bennett, M.A.....	100
J. J. Dugdale, M.D.....	100
Ex-Mayor Beaugrand.....	100
D. G. Thompson.....	100
A. F. Riddell.....	100
Ewen McLennan.....	100
Mrs. McDougall.....	100

OUR NEXT DOOR NEIGHBORS.

Considering the unpleasant weather, a large audience assembled in Convocation Hall on Friday evening to listen to the Principal's lecture on "Our Next Door Neighbors in Japan."

Mr. R. V. Rogers occupied the chair, and in a graceful speech introduced the lecturer, who, on rising, was received with warm applause. The Principal began his lecture by showing the geographical position of Japan, and then went on to speak of the political revolutions of that country, from 1853-71 in particular.

He gave us an interesting account of his recent visit, telling, among other things, of his meeting with the Prince Imperial. The prince is nine years of age, and is attending the Noble school at Tokio. He is the 124th Mikado in a direct line, the first Mikado dating back as far as B.C. 660.

The lecture was very interesting throughout, and gave the audience a very intelligent idea of the history of a country of which generally so little is known. The Glee Club sang a couple of patriotic songs throughout the evening.

TO THE DEAF.—A person cured of deafness and noises in the head of 23 years' standing by a simple remedy, will send a description of it FREE to any Person who applies to NICHOLSON, 177 McDougall Street, New York.

COLLEGE NOTES.

THE seniors held a caucus the other day to make arrangements about their dinner.

P. A. McLeod is able to attend classes again.

J. F. McFarlane, '89, has left on a short vacation.

The boys are nearly through talking about Prowler.

Why don't we have some choruses between classes?

We are glad to announce that Harry Mitchell, '89, is recovering.

The boys must be studying very hard. Scarcely a sound is heard through the halls.

We have at last got a Glee Club started. Let every member turn out to the regular practices.

T. H. Farrell will receive subscriptions for JOURNAL at any time.

A. K. McNaughton, '90, was compelled to leave us on account of ill-health.

W. F. Gillies made a flying visit to Gananoque Feb. 16. This will never do, Will.

The Telgmann orchestra favored the Alma Mater with a selection on Saturday, Feb. 9th.

W. Hayes, '90, was unable to attend classes for a few days. He was suffering from nervous affection.

We welcome back Geo. T. Copeland, '89, who has been at home some time with inflammation of the lungs.

Some students are in the habit of scribbling on notices that are posted on our board. If these gentlemen are wise they will take our advice and drop it.

Our secretary wishes us to state that overwork in making out receipts was not the cause of his sickness, but, on the contrary, he says quite a number have not yet paid the necessary.

The collectors of 10 cent pieces have been pretty busy since Xmas. It would be advisable to take up one more collection to get a new horse for the snow plough and give the old one a ride.

A couple of weeks ago a number of students were seen leaving the college carrying torches. They were out for a snow-shoe tramp. Anybody can catch a cold now. The conundrum is to let it go.

It is about time the Snow-shoe Club should be getting into shape. Last year this organization was a very lively one, and a great deal of fun and exercise was indulged in by the members. We hope the lovers of this sport will get to work at once before the snow leaves us.

We wish we could sufficiently impress upon the Senate the necessity of a new sanctum for the JOURNAL. The room at present devoted to that purpose is poorly lighted, cold and uncomfortable, and it is only occasionally that the members of the staff can muster up sufficient enthusiasm and courage to venture into it. There are vacant rooms in the college building which would suit admirably, and we hope the Senate will see fit to grant our request.

THE LADIES' CORNER.

A WAIL FROM THE LADY MEDS.

WE are told to press onward and upward,
This is just what we do every day,
Rising nearer, still nearer, the town clock,
Looking forth o'er the city gray.

With our hearts beating high—we can't help it,
And gasping for breath as we go,
We climb up that long winding stairway,
Which has seventy-two steps as you know.

Yet we try very hard to enjoy it;
Our complainings are seldom and few;
The seniors train freshies to love it,
And tell them how they used to do.

The second and third years speak loudly
In praise of improvements just made:
The blocks, shelves, and three ventilators,
For which they'd so earnestly prayed.

Yet if the stove smokes very badly,
When the wind doesn't blow the right way,
If the gas doesn't burn very brightly,
And its odor will not let us stay,

We take up our note-books and ink-stands.
And the Juniors say, "Freshies, don't mind,
Tho' we're all going down to the P'lice Court,
For Timmerman uses *us* kind."

Oh, 'tis then we have such ardent longings
To be nearer the Principal's care,
To have of his generous protection
A somewhat more bountiful share.

And now, who will blame us for asking
If the Toronto lady Med.
Has as tiresome a walk to her college,
And such a steep stairway to tread—

If she's sent to the P'lice Court for lectures
When the gas in her college won't burn,
If she's subject to such severe trials,
When an M. D. she's striving to earn.

But our professors and methods
Comparison never need fear,
Had we but a convenient building
We'd invite the Toronto Meds. here.

We're desirous our college should prosper,
That it should be second to none,
And be known throughout the Dominion
As the College "A" No. 1.

So we hope through the summer vacation—
E'er the fall term of college draws nigh—
That our worthy trustees will locate us
In a place not perched quite so high!

OUR SOCIETY'S DOINGS.

WE are actively endeavouring to make our parlour as attractive and comfortable as possible. When it was first given to us last autumn the only furniture of any importance belonging to it, besides a few benches and a blackboard, was the beautiful view from the windows overlooking the lake, and though we greatly appreciated these, we decided that something more was necessary to give the room a luxurious or at least a cosy appearance. With this end in view, during the Christmas holidays certain work was assigned to each one of us, and, as a result, the walls have lost their former barren appearance, being now ornamented with brackets, panels, and many other bits of fancy work. Lately, too, a thoughtful friend presented us with a book-case and two chairs, which articles were greatly needed.

We are not rich, so must move slowly; but the time is not very far away when our room will be the most comfortable and attractive one in the college—not excepting the JOURNAL Sanctum. Following the example of our brother students we will in future decorate our walls with photographic groups of lady graduates in arts, and are at present collecting the photographs of those who have already secured their degree, carefully and religiously excluding, however—we say this in confidence and for the benefit of the authorities—those of our gentlemen friends.

Queen's has 52 lady undergraduates at present attending classes, 33 of these being in arts, and the rest in medicine. This number is larger than any other university in Ontario.

Since writing the above we have been presented with a number of beautiful pictures, for which we return cordial thanks to the generous donor.

DE NOBIS NOBILIBUS.

WE understand that there are one or two students who object to some of our "too pointed and merciless jokes." We are glad to say that such complaints are very seldom heard, and that nearly all the "victims" take their doses good naturedly and without a squeal. Perhaps in a few cases we have been, unintentionally, rather hard, but if we have offended we have done so, as one of our brothers in the Royal would say, "not unwittingly," and we regret that they should have so misinterpreted our intentions as to have accused us of being unfair. If any man does not get dealt with in these columns it is because he is either perfect or beyond human aid.

We overheard a junior confidently informing an inquisitive freshman the other day that apologetics meant "learning how to beg another fellow's pardon, don't you know."

It is rumored that the freshmen have an orchestra of seven pieces—one drum, one fiddle, two bones and three players. Is this so?

EXTRACT FROM THE MINUTES OF A RECENT MEETING
OF THE LOVE-ANNA SOCIETY.

Moved by —,

Seconded by —,

"That, owing to the kindness of the JOURNAL staff, and the deep, fraternal, interest which they have taken in the welfare of this society, we should and hereby resolve to give them a grand five o'clock tea as soon as we get our room furnished and recover the gymnasium fee." Carried unanimously with great enthusiasm.

Moved by —,

Seconded by —,

"That we as a society do make up several hundred red and green striped flannel jackets, which may be sent at the earliest opportunity to those dear little children in Central Africa who are, we understand, perishing from cold." Carried unanimously amid sympathetic tears. The meeting then adjourned.

ECHOES FROM THE SOFA.

She was an undergraduate, and he—well, he wasn't. We received these brief reports from her youthful brother, to whom, however, for the information we had to give a penknife, six marbles and a catapult, for, as he says, "it's no fun squattin' bang up 'tween the sofa and the wall listenin' to spoons."

She—Don ever read Kant, Algernon?

He—Well, ye-es, I have come across it in books, but—er—do you know, Eloise, I think it is almost as bad as hypocrisy.

She (dreamily)—I wonder what moves the universe, what subtle power holds the worlds together. Oh, that I might find out the true essence of being, without which life could not be.

He (a boarder)—Perhaps its—its—

She—It's what?

He—I was just thinking it might be—er—hash.

She—What do you consider the most sublime passage in Shakespeare, Algernon?

He—Well, I—I don't know a great deal about him, but from what I have read I think the finest thing was when—what's his name—Hamlet—said to—er—Portia, "Come into the garden, Maud."

She—I'm going to try for a Bachelor in Arts next spring.

He—Eh? Sa—ay, by George, Eloise—!

She—Why, what's the matter? I just said I was going up for my degree.

He—Oh! I—er—thought you were going to fire me for another fellow.

AN AWFUL POSSIBILITY.

She was a fair young sophomore—that's saying much, And learned in modern classic lore, both French and Dutch.

He was a young and bashful prof., a learned sage, But deep in love with this fair soph., not quite of age.

Whene'er her lips in class would frame, in accents sweet, The words *Ich liebe* or *je t'aime*, how his heart beat!

And so between them silently grew, fast and sure, Strong cords of love and sympathy, bound to endure.

Thus time wore on, and maid and prof. in doubt did sigh, Until one day the sage assayed his *Deutsch* to try.

Said he, "There is one noun, my dear, oft used with *Frau* Called *Ehegatte*. Let me hear you parse it now."

The maiden blushed, "No, do my best, I can't decline 'A husband' when by you addressed, professor mine.

Then, strange to say, the sage could not *Die Frau* decline And after all 'twas best, they thought, to give up tryin'.

So maid and prof. decided then to conjugate— May they allow us to attend their wedding fete.

Epilogue.

You ask, with great agility, "Is this all true?"

"*Merely a possibility*," we answer you.

WHAT THEY ARE SAYING.

WE can learn some of them fellars grammar.

J. D—F.

I rise on a question of privilege. C. J. C—M—R—N.

Is this in order, Mr. Chairman? R. SH—W.

Oh, never mind the change. F. C. L—V—RS.

I havn't seen a girl for a month. W. H. C—R—TT.

I'm not afraid of the Y.M.C.A. S. G. ROBERTS.

Did you see me carrying chairs one Sunday night? J. H. M—D—N.

I'm not going to any more shines. W. F. G—LL—S.

Why don't the Senate provide us with gowns? CONVOCATION CHOIR.

Rule Britannia, Britannia rules the waves, Britons never shall be slaves.—*Old Song*. C—SG—VE.

The visitor to the hospital this week will be Rev. J. A. Reddon. HOSPITAL BULLETIN.

I am sorry I went to the station now when so many went. J. M. F—RR—LL.

I wouldn't give up my Friday evening class now for any price. G. BR—DL—Y.

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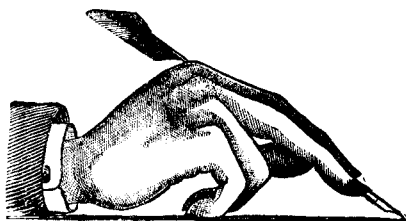
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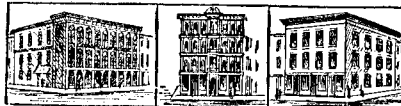
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QUEEN'S COLLEGE JOURNAL.

VOL. XVI.

KINGSTON, CANADA, APRIL 4th, 1889.

No. 8.

* Queen's College Journal *

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The annual subscription is \$1.00, payable before the end of January.

All literary contributions should be addressed to the Editor, Drawer 1104, Kingston, Ont.

All communications of a business nature should be addressed to the Managing Editor.

THE *'Varsity*, in its last two numbers, has been dealing editorially with the Principal's remarks anent matriculation standards in Ontario, and we congratulate "our esteemed contemp." upon its courage. We wish that we could extend the same congratulations to the University College Senate. We would like to remind the latter of a little scene at the Skaian gate of Troy some thirty centuries since, wherein a certain gentleman named Hector replied to his wife's advice to avoid the conflict, by saying:

"I should blush

If, like a coward, I could shun the fight."

They will forgive us for not quoting in the original when we assure them that the fault lies with our printer, who has the bad taste to have no Greek type on hand. The beauty of the quotation is not, however, limited by language.

* * *

Now, as concerns the position taken by the *'Varsity*, we may add that we agree with almost all that they have

said. The two questions raised by the Principal have been correctly stated by them:

1st. Is the matriculation standard in Ontario what it should be? and

2nd. If not, who is to blame?

To the first question they answer with the Principal— unquestionably no.

To the second they quote him as saying, "The University of Toronto is to blame." This is the truth, O *'Varsity*! but not the whole truth. Dr. Grant laid the blame of the present condition of things upon the Education Department and the University of Toronto. We are very glad to see the *'Varsity* once again agree with the Principal. Toronto and Queen's, then, are a unit upon two points:

1st. The matriculation standard is not what it should be.

2nd. The Education Department is to blame for the present condition of things.

* * *

We hope, now, that Mr. Ross will see clearly just how he stands in the matter. Queen's holds him responsible for neglect of duty in permitting the matriculation standard to remain so low; the University of Toronto does the same, and under these circumstances we fail to see how the present condition of things can longer continue. It looks very much as if the hand of the Minister of Education was being forced in the affair; but, since the two parties most interested are agreed in denouncing his "masterly inactivity," we doubt not that he will see fit to alter his course at once. One thing is certain. The country knows now that the two greatest Universities in the province are dissatisfied with the Education Department. They demand improvement. The Minister refuses to let them improve. And the Minister is the head of the "most progressive Education Department on the continent." Will the Hon. G. W. Ross rise and explain?

* * *

To sum up the whole matter, the *'Varsity* agrees with the Principal that the matriculation examination is not what it should be. It agrees with him, also, we assume, that Queen's is not to blame for this. It again agrees with him that the Department of Education is to blame. But it sees from his narrative of a ten years' conflict that he thinks the Senate of Toronto is also to blame, and it stoutly denies this soft impeachment. The difference between it and the Principal is thus narrowed to one point, and with regard to this we shall ask two questions,

for the answer to these questions will decide the matter :

1st. When leading members of the Senate of Toronto were urged, as the address of the Principal assures us they were, to unite with Queen's in drawing up a rational examination, were they to blame in declining the overtures made ?

2nd. When subsequently, viz., in December, 1886, the Senate was officially approached by Queen's, why was no answer given? Who is to blame? Will the *Varsity* answer distinctly?

* * *

We see in the current number of *The Wide Awake* another story by our fellow-student, Mr. T. G. Marquis. Simply and sweetly told, with a lesson upon the folly of judging by appearances, it will no doubt be read with delight by the little readers of the magazine in question. We extend to Mr. Marquis our congratulations on his literary progress. It is no little credit to him to have his name enrolled among *Wide Awake's* contributors.

* * *

There is an article in the March number of the *Educational Monthly* on "Queen's University and what it has done for Canada in the Past," by our clever friend, *Fidelis*. It is a condensed history of the University *ab ovo*, and it will teach our readers the character of the men who stood around the cradle of our Alma Mater at her birth. It will give those of them who have only known her in her days of prosperity some faint idea of what it cost to make her what she is. Never, we venture to say, did a University pass through such a series of crises and survive them; and never did a University have a more noble-hearted, whole-souled, self-sacrificing body of friends, alumni and professors than Queen's. All honor to them; and may the day never dawn when we, who have inherited the fruits of their labors, shall forget how much we owe to those who bore so gallantly the burden and heat of the day. Such an article is an inspiration, and we know little of the temper and *calibre* of the men of Queen's to-day if they do not show the country, when occasion calls, that the same spirit animates them which animated those who have gone before.

* * *

But Miss Machar, in bringing before us the admirable spirit of those who established Queen's upon a sound financial and educational basis, does not forget to remind us of a danger which arises from the very fact that we have such an efficient staff of professors. Having no desire, however, to impair in any way the strength of wisdom of her remarks by a condensed statement of them, we refer our readers to the Literary Department for her own words. There is only too much truth in what she says, and we hope that our Senate, as well as students, will take the trouble of considering it.

* * *

There is also an able and thoughtful article by Sir Daniel Wilson in the same number of this magazine.

The author complains that the matriculation papers in English set by the Department are *simply puzzles*. After making a careful study of them for years he sums up his opinion of the whole matter by saying that he is thankful that he matriculated long ago. When the President of Toronto University, a gentleman who has been an English author for half a century, states as his deliberate conviction that the papers set in English are ridiculous, and adds that he himself could only "dimly guess" at the meaning of the questions put, we ask in the name of common sense what the Education Department means by this sort of thing? If this is a sample of the system which Mr. Ross boasts to be the "best" on this continent, will some of our North-West missionaries kindly furnish us with a sample of what is considered the "worst." We heartily agree with President Wilson that for matriculation English an essay on some general topic, to be judged on its (1) orthography, (2) grammar, (3) rhetoric, (4) style, (5) punctuation, is a test sufficiently severe and sufficiently comprehensive for all practical purposes. We may add that such an examination paper would have the advantage of displaying in about equal parts the efficiency of the pupil and the common sense of the examiner.

* * *

No. 146 of the pocket edition of Funk's Standard Library is a work on the "Drink Problem" by Axel Gustafson. We have not space in this place to deal with the work as we should wish, but we direct the attention of all temperance workers to it as a little book which deals thoroughly and systematically with that greatest of all curses—strong drink. Mr. Gustafson deals trenchantly with the usual objections made to Total Prohibition, summing them up under the headings of (1) moral suasion, (2) opposition of the Bible, (3) a violation of personal liberty, (4) impracticable, (5) law cannot precede public sentiment, (6) public sentiment is not ripe for it, (7) we must reach it step by step.

After showing that moral suasion has been tried for ages, and with a result known to all of us, he adds that if it is a right and duty to abstain and to induce others so to do, it is equally a right and duty to vote against the traffic and to induce others to do so also. But for a synopsis of his arguments we must refer our readers to the work itself. We can only say that the reasoning in general is clear and sound, and the arguments in favor of total prohibition are certainly of more weight and power than any which can be urged against them. A better hand-book for the mission field, general temperance work or private information it would be hard to find.

* * *

The King's College *Record* has been treating its readers during the session to a series of essays upon Canadian poets. The articles are well, some of them ably, written, and would astonish some of the gentry who still go about with bees in their bonnets telling people that

Canada has no literature. We confess to surprise at the amount of really good verse quoted in these essays—some of it being unquestionably poetry. The subjects of the two papers in the February number are John Hunter Duvar and Thomas D'Arcy McGee. We congratulate King's College *Record* and its readers. They have three reasons to be gratified with these essays: (1) Because they will make their readers acquainted with our Canadian poets; (2) because the acquaintance will strengthen their faith in the literary future of our country; and (3) because they will see that the material before them deserves the hearty support of every intelligent Canadian. We can only regret that every University paper in the country is not following the example of our clever little Nova Scotian contemporary.

* * *

Complaint has been made to us repeatedly about some legal duns which have been sent to our subscribers throughout the country. We can only deprecate the tone of the letters in question, and assure our readers that the present staff of the JOURNAL had nothing to do with the matter. They were sent out by a Kingston solicitor acting under the orders of a high dignitary of the Alma Mater Society. We regret the necessity for such a step at all. Such necessity would have no existence if some of our subscribers would only be a trifle less thoughtless. But whether they have been negligent or no, we do not think that the action taken in the matter is advisable either to the JOURNAL or to the University. We are doubly grieved that such notices have been sent to gentlemen who never subscribed to the JOURNAL; and we beg to remind the Alma Mater that it would have shown a little more courtesy as well as a little more wisdom if it had taken the trouble to consult the JOURNAL staff in a matter which concerned the JOURNAL first, the University second, and the Alma Mater last of all.

* ASSOCIATE EDITORIALS. *

(Continued from No. 5.)

WHAT are the real causes of the evils complained of in connection with our system of education? We believe there are two, one natural, the other artificial. In the first place, we live in a fast age, an age of dash, an age in which men and women hurry through life, often missing its real sweetness and grandeur through excessive striving after the ideal future. In such an age, the maxim "Make haste slowly" seems out of place. Let us illustrate. A child enters school at five years, or perhaps a Kindergarten class at an earlier age. Here begins the process of intellectual forcing, the educational hot-bed process. Teachers may know better, parents and trustees may know better, yes, all the school officials from the lowest to the highest may and in most cases do know better, yet, in obedience to the spirit of the age,

the child is consigned to the tender mercies of the great educational machine, from which, if nature can endure the strain, it is hoped that child shall one day come forth an educated man. Parents remonstrate, nature rebels, and the weak drop out of the race, leaving the stronger to continue the struggle.

In education, especially in cities and towns, the division of labor is carried to its full extent. The process of education is systematically graded, and each teacher works within prescribed limits. Each completed process furnishes but the raw material for a further process. In the educational, as in the economic world, the "Quick Process" seems to have won the day. It is useless to urge that the slower process is less destructive to the material and secures more beauty and permanence in the product; you will be met by the stereotyped reply "Can't afford to wait."

Could we analyse the consciousness of the average, we would find one thought ever present, "How can I best prepare my class for the coming examination?" The more anxious, energetic and conscientious the teacher, the more likely is this to be the case. Deep down in his soul he may know this is not the true aim of a teacher, but man can scarcely avoid being influenced by the spirit of the age in which he lives, and so he forsakes the true for the near and the race suffers in consequence.

Education is practically interpreted to mean *promotion*, an interpretation readily accepted by the average student both young and old. Go where you will, you see its results, and the higher you go the more marked those results. Need we wonder that the educative process, the most delicate of all processes, should be marred in its beauty and symmetry by the ungenial influence of such a spirit. Does not the spirit of the true teacher wither and die under its blighting influence? He would delight to see the calm, consecutive, healthful development of mental activity were he not persistently harassed by the ever-restless appeal "prepare for the examination." Is it not but the natural outcome of this spirit that we see public schools taking the place of the nursery, High schools the place of the public schools, and universities the place High schools ought to occupy? We do not plead for the abolition of examinations, but we would relegate them to their proper place, a means not an end in the educative process.

* * *

It is now a serious thing to be a student intending to enter the Presbyterian Church, especially in the Presbytery of Kingston. If you belong to this class of students you don't know at what moment some man may arrest you, frown on you, fire a few lectures in ancient history and geography at you, set an examination and threaten to bring the displeasure of the gods upon you if you do not obey. No wonder church students should be long-faced living under such precarious circumstances as these. It may be truly said of them that "they know not what a day nor an hour may bring forth." An arbitrary

course of lectures has been inflicted on them during the winter, and now in the midst of their other work, with only a few days' notice, they are summoned to appear for an examination which they did not expect. As to how soon or how often this may happen again there is no telling, for everything seems to be in the hands of the enthusiastic lecturer, who does as he pleases irrespective of what any other person pleases. Unlike other lecturers and examiners, he does not seem to derive his authority from college, presbytery or church. He got a life supply of this admirable commodity in his youth, and does not need to be replenished from external sources. The only thing he requires is a submissive class of students on whom he can exercise it without difficulty. So far the students have peacefully submitted to his unjust and tyrannical imposition, but we hope that in the future they will rise to the dignity of their position and object to arbitrary examinations which no other presbytery examiner would require. At present the treatment which they receive reminds us very much of the treatment which the pig received from Pat. Pat found a pig lying in a fence corner one day and he began to belabour it, and on being asked why he was doing so, he replied, "I'm batin' the baste to show me authority."

* * *

There seems to be an under current of dissatisfaction in the college as to the way the library is conducted. We have heard, of late, murmurs loud and deep against the ultra-methodical plan adopted in that department of the university. Although we concur with the authorities in the idea that all possible care should be taken of our books, and with them deplore the loss in past years of volumes whose value or whose usefulness has procured for them a temporary (let us hope) resting place in some foreign bookshelf. We would respectfully remind the wise guardians that be that, after all, the books are practically our property for the four years we pass at college. They are given to and bought for our use alone, and are supposed to be the necessary adjuncts to the course of lectures we receive from the professors. The present management is a perfect satire on such an idea. The system of checks is an excellent one in reference to "home consumption." There is no fear now, we opine, of books being lost track of or mislaid. But when this vigorous system is applied to "consultation" in the rotunda of the library itself, the thing becomes a farce. It seems that we must give both a receipt and a check for the privilege of consulting for a few moments Webster's Dictionary or the Canadian Almanac! This is manifestly absurd. We breathlessly await the day when a nominal sum will be charged for looking at the librarian! If a student has one or two checks, for which he pays a dollar apiece, he will in the nature of things have an equal number of books out. He is then debarred from the rest of the library until he returns a book or purchases another check! We cannot help feeling that a receipt

ought to be sufficient for library consultation. It precludes any possibility of our dishonest natures coming into play. We are as effectually held by a receipt as if the amiable individual who dispenses the unoffending volumes were sitting on our heads while we read. It is a shame that a check should be demanded in addition. Then again, a week is not long enough for a book to be properly examined. This is the chief complaint among the students. When there is but one copy of a book it is but right that no particular student should be allowed to monopolize it. But why not have two or three copies? When the college can afford to put up expensive railings and hand painted guards to keep kleptomaniac students from climbing over the counter into the alcoves, surely it can afford to purchase one or two extra copies of the more necessary works and relieve the present distress. Such books as Cruttwell's Roman Literature, Gostwick & Harrison's German ditto, etc., are in constant demand and it is extremely difficult to secure either at any particular time. We hope that something will be done to remedy this. At the same time students must remember that the librarian is not *ex-officio* responsible for the defective regulations. He is merely an instrument in the hands of the university authorities. Consequently our indignant friends should cease venting their spleen on his innocent head and turn their mild little epithets into another channel.

✻LITERATURE✻

THE student who attempts to read critically Deney's Psychology must prepare himself for an arduous and often disheartening task. The endless inexplicabilities and entangled contradictions through which he is forced to "wind his devious way" are sure to try his powers of patient endurance. But sometimes the widening prospect affords him glimpses of smoother and finer ground beyond, over which he may "wind his way with pleasure and with ease." This may be said to be reached in that part where Mr. Deney deals with the interesting subject of imagination. Imagination in its highest phase, he points out, is not the mere play of a vivid fancy in which the mind passes from one suggestion to another without connection or purpose, but it is the creation of ideal forms in which every particular is made subservient to one single end. It always implies therefore the deepest and most far-reaching thought; thought which is not bound down to the immediate facts and data of life, but if capable of going beyond these, and of grasping them in their universal aspect. "It is thus," says Mr. Deney, "that Aristotle said that poetry is truer than history. The latter only tells us that certain things happened. Poetry presents to us the permanent passions, aspirations and deeds of men which are behind all history, and which make it. Keats expresses the same thought when he says:

'What care though owl did fly
About the great Athenian admiral's mast;
What care, though striding Alexander pass'd
The Indus with his Macedonian numbers?

Juliet leaning

Amid her window-flowers, sighing, weaving
Tenderly her fancy from its maiden snow
Doth more avail than these; the silver flow
Of Hero's tears, the swoon of Imogen,
Fair Pastorella in the bandit's den,
Are things to brood on with more ardency
Than the death-day of empires."

ON A RAFT.

(Continued from page 92.)

AT reveille, next morning, we jumped out of bed and peeped out to see if Old Probs. had favoured us. The captains will only shoot the bad rapids under certain circumstances. The wind must be from the right quarter and the weather clear. But the most fastidious could find no fault with the outlook that met our sight. There was not a ripple to be seen, and the haze that hung over the horizon on every side seemed to promise a glorious day. Filled with joy we rushed out of the cabin *in puris naturalibus* and flung ourselves recklessly into the inviting stream. An early morning bath like that is delicious. The water is so cool and bracing, and there is such a lot of it. A bucketful in a bath-tub does seem so paltry afterwards. We swam about for a few minutes, clambered up again, dressed, and then responded to Moses' invitation by a vigorous attack on the noble array of conestibles he had prepared. A warning whistle from the "John A. Macdonald" (that was the name of our tug—can you wonder that we felt secure under its guidance?) a turn of the paddle wheels, and we were conducted to the head of the rapids and there left to our own devices. It was not long before we felt the influence of the current, which increased in force every yard, and after we swept round the corner of a large island the whole panorama burst upon us. Instead of a narrow passage between high banks, as in the Sault, the river here was comparatively wide and studded with pretty little islands, in and out of which we raced and dodged until fairly bewildered at the narrow escapes of collision. This skirmishing did not last long. The islands suddenly disappeared and we found ourselves in the open channel. Immediately in front of us were the rapids proper. It was curious to watch the men at this juncture. They seemed fully aware of the risks they were running and were now to be seen, each man down on his knees, telling his string of beads and crossing himself as fast as ever he could. All this parade of religion, however, does not amount to much, for, on another occasion, we noticed that when Aimé shouted out an order of some sort at a critical moment, from their very knees these fellows sprang up with a volley of French oaths, and

after they had done what was necessary dropped down again to finish their prayers!

S— and I took up our positions in the bow and were kept tolerably busy skipping out of the way of the big swells as they broke on board. It was in the most exciting part of the trip, when the size and ferocity of the waves had impressed me with the most intense awe, that a sight loomed up before me that filled me with dismay. Nothing less than a precipice of green water, as steep as the prices of a New York tailor, and over which I felt we must be inevitably hurled. I gasped "good-bye, S—, we're goners," and leaned back hard to try and stop the dram. "Now we're off," yelled S—, as the bow bobbed down and the stern tilted up in the air. "Everything goes when the bell rings," I muttered in desperation. "Hang on tight," I could hear my friend shriek, as we were poised on the top of the slide, and next minute away we went into the thick of it. There was a mighty crash of the big logs as they felt the strong grasp of the waves—a swish of the water as it poured over us. What to me seemed a century of frantic suspense and lo! we bobbed up serenely on the other side of the chute. It was good fun after we slid down that hill. One really does not mind a wetting in July, and we knew the dram was well put together and in good hands, but that "dip" was coming it "rayther" strong. For a long time afterwards I felt that I had left an important part of my anatomy sticking to the top of the slide. We were now past the first chute, of which there are three—the "Little Coteau," "Cedars" and "Cascades"—the whole being usually called the Coteau Rapids. They are planted by the Creator in the midst of most enchanting scenery. The islands are covered down to the water's edge with a dense growth of cedars and lofty pines, so that the swirling torrent, clear and green, that dashes about their bases has almost the appearance of passing beneath them. Along the main shore we could see that strange "back-water" tearing up stream, undisturbed by wave or whirlpool—a dark, treacherous looking mass. A dram would be in a sorry plight if ever caught in its toils. Add to all this the beauty of the river itself, the exquisite colour of the water that seems peculiar to the St. Lawrence, the patches of white foam here and there, betraying the presence of some sunken rock, and the noble appearance of the mainland that rises abruptly out of the river and casts its dark shadow far out. I have never seen a more beautiful picture. As soon as our dram had reached quieter quarters, I proceeded to repair damages, and was engaged in wringing out my flannel trousers when I heard a "wee sma' voice" call out close behind me "beats tobogganing, doesn't it?" It was S—, who was collecting his shattered person together with a rake. On walking back to our shanty we met the old foreman: "Bonne sautage Aimé, n'est-ce pas?" Oui oui, Messieurs, bonne sautage,—comment est-ce que vous avez trouvé Coteau? We told him we trouvey-ed it pretty fine, but slightly wet. He laughed and mumbled something about

Lachine that made me uneasy. The next two chutes were very similar to the last. I might here state that the act of shooting a rapid is termed in patois "la sautage." If in the course of this letter a French word or phrase appears that to the cultivated ears (no reflection on any one's features) of a reader may sound unparliamentary, he must attribute it, not to a mistake of my own making, but to the perverted dialect of the people among whom our lot was at the moment cast. It was with the greatest difficulty that we could understand their ordinary expressions. Many words are taken bodily from our own language and suffer to such an extent in the translation as to be almost unrecognizable. "Cook," "all right," "steambot," "bowline," "spring-line," are words perfectly admissible in the patois of Lower Canada, and understood by all. We were very successful that morning and assembled near the village of Beauharnois, below the Coteau, without a mishap. There were a few logs missing, but these could be seen floating about in the river and were speedily pounced upon by Indians and habitants, who brought them up and received the salvage money—50 cents a stick. Aimé and some of the men ran the rapids in the big yawl boat, so as to be on the scene in case a dram broke up. A long wait ensued before the "John A." could bring us all together. She had to chase after each dram and haul it back, and with the current this was a tedious job. It must have been nearly 10 o'clock before a start was made. The sun was becoming unpleasantly strong, and there was no breeze to temper its rays. We had, certainly, been blessed with magnificent weather—not a sign of rain so far. It was very provoking that we had to stay on board. One would really have preferred the familiar "moderate winds, fair to cloudy weather, with local showers or thunderstorms." We couldn't sail without wind, and rowing was absolutely out of the question. So we selected as cool a spot as we could find and endeavoured with the help of our literature, that I fear had been sadly neglected, to kill the four or five hours before we reached the vaunted "Lachine." It was hard work I can tell you—a chapter—a swim—another chapter—another swim—a tune on the banjo—a jug of lemonade—a match at diving for eggs, &c., &c., that was our programme—not to say highly intellectual, but, under the circumstances, necessary.

(To be continued.)

ROUND ABOUT JAMAICA.

A VISITOR cannot go very far along the north coast without meeting places that are of historical interest. Here on this headland, near Annetto Bay, with its picturesque background of the famous Blue Mountains, in the year 1492, stood a party of Caribs watching with awe the approach of three "winged vessels." They were the ships of the discoverer Columbus fresh from his discoveries of those gems of the Antilles, Hispaniola and

Cuba. Small ships they would be considered in these days of monster iron steamships, but to the wondering natives they seemed very large indeed, with their great ungainly sterns, their high bulwarks, their towering masts and vast bulging sails. The Caribs were peaceful people and knew not whether the advent of these strange *canoes* meant a warlike attack or was a demonstration of the gods. As the ships drew nearer and came to anchor the Caribs observed smaller *canoes* being lowered and pulling shorewards. They were astounded at the white faces and curious dress of the strangers. "They are from the sun," they cried, and they fled up the slope into the woods, where they lingered, however, curiosity mingling with their fear. Then did they see men springing ashore; strange bearded men in rich apparel, the sun glinting from helmets, corselets and weapons, with waving banners and nodding plumes. Then these strange men knelt on the sand and chanted the most wonderful music, music such as no member of the tribe had ever heard before. It was the Te Deum. Then they arose and one man, taller than the rest, came forward with a standard in his hands, which he planted, and taking off his cap he uttered in a loud voice some proclamation, upon which his companions waved their caps and weapons and cheered. Then he who had apparently taken possession of the newly discovered country plucked a green bough from a shrub and advanced towards the woods where the Caribs were, making signs of peace and coaxing them to come out and make friends. Timidly, yet curiously, the natives, one by one, approach and are saluted and welcomed by the great white chiefs, and are made happy by the receipt of glittering presents of glass and richly colored clothing.

Such was the landing of Columbus, who gave the West Indies to the Spanish crown and opened the way for the extensive conquests of Pizarro and Cortez. Unfortunately, it also proved the death-knell of the poor Caribs, for Spanish atrocities soon robbed and butchered the poor creatures whose land they had usurped. Chains and slavery soon decimated their tribe, and when the English made the conquest of Jamaica, in Cromwell's time, very, very few of the race existed.

* * * * *

Columbus, the intrepid navigator, was ill-repaid for his great discoveries. He died in misery. But why should we say he was ill-repaid? Did not grateful Spain, after letting him die in penury and want, erect a noble monument and grave thereon: "To Castile and Leon Christopher Columbus gave a New World."

The great delay in issuing this number of the JOURNAL is not at all due to negligence on the part of the staff, but to an unusual rush of business in the publishing house. We hope for greater regularity in our succeeding numbers.

THE FOOTLIGHTS.

WAR ON A WHITE SHEET.

IT is not often that an opportunity occurs of hearing a man who has been "in eight campaigns on three continents" relate his experiences, with illustrations by his own hand; but such an opportunity presented itself recently when Mr. Frederic Villiers gave his lecture, "War on a white sheet," in the opera house here. Mr. Villiers was already well known to his audience through the sketches of his that have appeared during the last twelve years in the *Graphic*, and when the lecturer was introduced by Major-Gen. Cameron he was warmly received by the large and fashionable audience that had gathered to hear him.

Mr. Villiers began with a description of the manner in which illustrations are prepared for the papers, and then, for nearly two hours, held his audience deeply interested, while he related his experiences in the Turko-Russian war, in Egypt and in the Soudan.

The great charm of the entertainment lay in the fact that Mr. Villiers did not deliver an elaborate lecture, but talked to his audience; now thrilling it to the core with the account of the death-tramp of the Plevna prisoners, or of the march of the square to the Nile, now exciting sensations of a different nature by describing Lord Wolseley's wardrobe, or the Abyssinian St. George.

The fine presence and picturesque costume of the lecturer, the easy and natural manner in which he addressed his audience, and the sketches, drawn on battlefields that are still fresh in the memory of everyone, gave to the entertainment a *tout ensemble* that was quite unique in the experience of Kingston theatre-goers.

COLLEGE NEWS.

THE JUBILEE FUND.

HAMILTON LIST.

Jane J. Stewart	\$ 2,500
M. Leggat	1,000
Jas. Stewart & Co.	1,000
A. E. Malloch, M.D.	500
R. J. Laidlaw	500
John A. Bruce	500
John Calder	500
David Morton	500
Alex. McLagan	500
Friend per Dr. A. E. Malloch	400
John H. Park	250
James Balfour	250
J. M. Williams	250
Geo. Rutherford	100
Geo. H. Gillespie	100
Wm. Vallance	100
D. H. Fletcher	50

DESERONTO LIST.

E. W. Rathbun	\$10,000
S. Russell, B.A.	200
Jas. Cameron	100
Wm. Stoddart	100
John Newton, M.D.	100
R. J. Craig, M.A.	100

PEMBROKE LIST.

Thomas Hale	500
P. White	500
J. B. Dickson	500
Alex. Fraser, Westmeath	500
Andrew McCormack	500
Thos. Mackie	500
Alex. Miller	100
Andrew Irving	100
Arch. Thompson	100
W. R. White	100
Arch. Foster	100
W. Beatty	100
M. McKay	100
Wm. Moffat	100
W. C. Irving	100
T. & W. Murray	100
H. Halliday, B.A.	100
R. C. Miller	50

RENFREW LIST.

A. Barnett	1,000
Jas. Carswell	500
Stewart Bros.	500
R. Campbell, D.S.C.	300
Jas. Mann, M.D.	200
Chas. McDowell, B.A.	100
A. Francis	100
Jas. Wood	100
Jas. Craig	100

PAKENHAM LIST.

Jonathan Francis	400
J. Jamieson, M.D.	100
Hugh Taylor	100
J. Harvey Francis	50

ARNPRIOR LIST.

Mrs. McLaughlin	100
D. J. McLean, M.A.	100
Geo. Maloch, B.A.	100
F. F. Macnab, B.A.	100
J. G. Cranston, M.D.	100
Mrs. Robertson	100

QUEEN'S COLLEGE ORCHESTRA.

Honorary President—J. A. Minnes, '89.
President—W. A. Gray, '90.
Vice-President—W. D. Harvey, '89.
Secretary—H. A. Parkin, '92.
Treasurer—N. A. McPherson, '89.
Musical Director—H. B. Telgmann, '91.
Accompanists—Messrs. Russell, '89, and Brady, '91.
Committee—C. P. Jones, '91, J. E. Watts, '90, E. A. Lente, '92, W. C. Genge, '92.

THE NEW CONSTITUTION.

ARTICLE I.—*The Society.*

§ 1. The society shall be called "The Alma Mater Society of Queen's University."

§ 2. The annual ordinary-membership fee shall be fifty cents.

§ 3. The objects of the society shall be :

(a) To serve as a bond of union between the students, alumni and graduates of the various faculties.

(b) To serve as the medium of communication between the students and governing bodies of the university.

(c) To cultivate a literary and scientific taste among the students.

(d) To promote the general interests of the university.

ARTICLE II.—*Members.*

§ 1. The members shall be known as ordinary and honorary.

§ 2. All registered students, graduates and alumni of Queen's University, the Royal and the Women's Medical College of Kingston, shall be eligible for ordinary membership.

§ 3. The chancellor, trustees and senate of the university and affiliated faculties shall be, *ex-officio*, honorary members.

§ 4. Any graduate of the university and affiliated colleges is eligible for honorary membership, subject to the provisions of Article IV., § 1.

ARTICLE III.—*Rights and Privileges of Members.*

The rights and privileges of members shall indure the right

§ 1. To make, second and support all motions and amendments ; to raise questions of privilege, points of order, questions of appeal, and all points of parliamentary practice.

§ 2. To vote on any and all questions affecting the society, its members or interests at any and all society meetings—ordinary or special.

§ 3. To hold any office within the gift of the society, subject to the provisions of Article VI., except that honorary members shall be eligible only for the offices of president, honorary president and critic.

ARTICLE IV.—*Fees.*

§ 1. Honorary members shall be liable to no fees whatsoever, but shall be entitled to all the rights and privileges of membership, except as provided for by Article III., § 3.

§ 2. All other members shall pay the annual fee to the treasurer of the society, or his legally appointed representative, at some time previous to the first meeting in which said members take an active part ; except that

§ 3. In the case of the annual meeting, any member who pays his fee before nine o'clock P.M. shall be entitled to vote on the election of officers, subject to the provisions of Article VIII., § 4.

ARTICLE V.—*Election of Members.*

§ 1. A candidate for membership may be proposed at any meeting after a week's notice in writing of such proposal has been made to the society. Provided that

§ 2. In all cases the names of candidates for membership shall be posted on the bulletin board of the senate for at least five consecutive days previous to his proposal.

§ 3. The election of all candidates shall be by open vote or ballot at the discretion of the society.

§ 4. A candidate for ordinary membership may be elected at any meeting by a majority of the votes of members present, subject to the provisions of §§ 1, 2 and 3 of this article.

§ 5. A candidate for honorary membership may be elected at any meeting by a five-sixths vote of the members present, subject to the provisions of §§ 1, 2 and 3 of this article.

ARTICLE VI.—*Officers.*

§ 1. The officers of this society shall be elected annually and shall be as follows :

(a) An honorary president, who must be a graduate of Queen's University, or a professor or fellow of any college affiliated with or forming part of said university.

(b) A president, whose qualifications must be the same as those of the honorary president.

(c) Two vice presidents, who shall take precedence according to the number of votes cast in their election.

(d) A critic.

(e) A secretary and an assistant secretary.

(f) A treasurer.

(g) Four committee men.

§ 2. The above mentioned officers shall form the executive committee, five of whom shall constitute a quorum.

ARTICLE VII.—*Duties of Officers.*

§ 1. It shall be the duty of the president to deliver an address within three months after his election, and to preside at the meetings of the society.

§ 2. It shall be the duty of the vice presidents to preside at any meeting in the absence of the president, taking precedence as above provided.

§ 3. It shall be the duty of the Secretary to keep a record of the transactions of the society, and to enter the same in a book provided for that purpose ; to read the minutes of any previous meeting when called upon by the presiding officer so to do ; to keep a full and complete register of the names of members ; to give orders on the treasurer for all debts payable by the society when so directed by the society ; to conduct the correspondence of the society ; to give notice of all meetings of the society as hereinafter provided ; to keep copies of all letters received or written by him relating to the affairs of the society ; to present a written report at the annual meeting, and to act as poll clerk at the election of officers.

§ 4. It shall be the duty of the assistant secretary to aid the secretary in the discharge of his duties.

§ 5. It shall be the duty of the treasurer to take charge of the funds of the society, to receive contributions and fines, to pay all bills that have been countersigned by the secretary, and to submit a statement of accounts to the society at its annual meeting.

§ 6. It shall be the duty of the critic to act as leader of any criticisms by the society on the various papers read by members before the society, and to sum up and comment upon the various criticisms of members upon such papers and to criticise the language, demeanor, or in short anything he may see fit in the conduct of a member while taking part in the exercises of the society.

§ 7. It shall be the duty of the executive committee to transact such business as the society may direct.

ARTICLE VIII.—*Meetings.*

§ 1. The ordinary meetings of the society shall be held weekly during the session on Saturday evenings at 7:30 P.M.

§ 2. Notice of all such meetings shall be posted up on the bulletin board by the secretary at least three days previously, together with the general and special business of the meeting.

§ 3. The annual meeting of the society shall be held on the first Saturday of December, at 2 P.M., for the election of officers and transaction of business.

§ 4. The polls for the election of officers shall be open until 9 P.M., at which time the returning officer shall declare them closed.

§ 5. The society at the annual meeting shall constitute itself for the transaction of business at 7:30 P.M., in which no member shall take part whose annual fee has not been paid previous to 7:30 P.M.

ARTICLE IX.—*Order of Business at Ordinary Meetings.*

The following shall be the order of business at ordinary meetings:

(1) Reading minutes of previous regular meeting and special meeting or meetings, if any, confirming and signing the same.

(2) Proposition and introduction of new members.

(3) Communications read and disposed of.

(4) Business arising out of the minutes of previous meeting.

(5) Propositions and motions.

(6) Business from the executive committee brought forward.

(7) Matters affecting the interests and prosperity of the society.

(8) Arranging programme for next ordinary meeting.

(9) Debate or reading essays.

(10) Reading of critic's report.

ARTICLE X.—*Order of Business at Annual Meetings.*

The following shall be the order of business at annual meetings:

(1) From 2 P.M. to 9 P.M. polling of votes.

FROM 7:30 P.M.

(2) Reading of minutes of previous annual meeting and confirming and signing them.

(3) Reading reports of secretary and treasurer.

(4) Communications read and disposed of.

(5) Reports of committees submitted for approval.

(6) Business arising out of the previous meeting.

(7) Propositions and motions.

(8) Declaring of officers elected for the ensuing year.

(9) Matters affecting the interests and prosperity of the society.

ARTICLE XI.—*Rules of Order.*

§ 1. The society shall be governed in all its meetings by the parliamentary practice set forth in Cushing's Manual of Parliamentary Practice and in Dr. Bourinot's Parliamentary Practice and Procedure.

§ 2. In case these authorities differ, Dr. Bourinot's decision shall be final.

ARTICLE XII.—*Election of Officers.*

§ 1. The voting at the annual election of officers shall be by ballot.

§ 2. No member shall be allowed to give more than one vote for each of the required officers, and in every case those having the highest number of votes shall be declared elected.

§ 3. The poll clerk shall publish hourly returns of the votes cast.

§ 4. Four scrutineers shall be appointed by the society at the regular meeting preceeding the annual meeting, whose duty it shall be to supervise the actions of the poll clerk and treasurer.

ARTICLE XIII.

§ 1. Alterations in and additions to the constitution may only be made at the annual general meeting, if sustained by the majority of members present, provided always that notice in writing of such proposed alterations be given at any previous regular meeting.

§ 2. At all meetings for the transaction of business ten members shall constitute a quorum.

A. M. S.

AT the meeting on Feb. 23rd, the Society received from the Athletic committee an excellent report, which, besides giving a full statement of the committee's actions during the past year, contained a number of valuable suggestions. We will only mention a few. The first was that the fee now collected by the senate for athletics be made compulsory for all students, as it now is for Arts students. As matters stand at present the Medical students do not pay this fee at all, although they use the gymnasium, campus, footballs, etc., just as much as the Arts men. Another suggestion was that this fee should be doubled or tripled. This also should commend itself to everybody. Were it carried out it would remove several of the many collections that are now made among the students, save the collectors from

an immense amount of trouble, abuse and loss of time, and free all the students from a great deal of very unpleasant dunning, though it would also free them from an opportunity of expressing their disapproval of everybody and everything in any way connected with athletics. It was also suggested that the earth dug in the building of the science hall be utilized to fill the holes in the campus and make it suitable for the annual sports and foot-ball matches. Also that every effort be made to procure a good gymnasium somewhere in the neighborhood of the foot-ball field. The athletic committee appointed for next session consists of Messrs. Pirie, Muirhead, Farrell, Smellie, Bethune, Carmichael, Davis and Nickle. We hope they will perform their duties as satisfactorily as did the committee which has just retired.

On Saturday, March 2nd, the new constitution was finally adopted, and the society now has a system of rules which do not contradict themselves, and under which a member may raise a point of order with some prospect of making himself understood. It was decided to hold a conversazione at the close of the session, and after much discussion and more voting the following were chosen a general committee: Messrs. Cameron, Wright, Potter, Rankin, Elliott, Strachan, Binnie, Farrell, Parkyn, Davis, Argue and McIntyre.

MEDICAL Y.M.C.A.

AT the business meeting of March 7th, the following were elected officers of the Medical Y.M.C.A. for the ensuing session:

President—Gus. Gandier.

Vice-President—J. T. Kennedy.

Rec. Secretary—E. B. Echlin.

Cor. Secretary—W. A. Cook.

Treasurer—J. N. Patterson.

Librarian—S. Wilson.

During the past session, our medical association has done good work. In spite of the inconvenience of the hour of meeting, the attendance has somewhat improved and interest in the meetings increased. Yet there is room for far greater progress, and this we trust will be secured under the guidance of the active men elected for next session.

MISSIONARY ASSOCIATION.

ACCORDING to the reports recently given before the association our missionaries did good work last summer. Messrs. J. A. Sinclair and T. A. Scott labored in the North-West, and Messrs. Gandier and Sharpe in Mattawatchan and Wilbur respectively. Many were the difficulties with which they had to contend, yet they came back filled with greater love for the work and bringing to us fresh inspiration and encouragement in missionary endeavour.

Our missionary in China, Rev. J. F. Smith, M.D., is hard at work learning the language. His recent trip in-

land was a blessing to many, as he was enabled to give relief to many suffering of eye diseases. We are assured Dr. Smith will not be idle. Every student should have a part in the support of our foreign missionary, and thus share in the honor and blessing.

At the regular meeting of the association held on Saturday, Feb. 23rd, it was resolved: "That this association tender Principal Grant an expression of gratitude and appreciation for his interesting and instructive lecture on 'Our next door neighbors in Japan,' etc." All who had the pleasure of hearing the lecturer will agree with us, that Principal Grant was not at all idle during his voyage for health. The members of the association feel greatly indebted to the Principal for the interesting addresses to which they have listened from time to time.

The secretary of the association, Mr. E. G. Walker, will be glad to receive notice from any desirous of contributing papers and periodicals for distribution in the mission fields under the association.

Students who have subscribed to our foreign mission work will please pay their subscriptions to Rev. Dr. Bell at their earliest convenience, as the report will be published at the end of March.

DONATION TO THE LIBRARY.

At the last meeting of the senate a letter was read from J. S. O'Halloran, secretary of Royal Colonial Institute, England, stating that a distinguished Fellow of the institute, General Sir J. Henry Lefroy, R.A., K.C.M.G., had intimated his desire of presenting through the medium of the council of the institute, a set of the Glasgow classics which had been in the possession of his family for upwards of a century, to one of the Canadian universities. It was decided to present them to the library of Queen's. The following works are comprised in the set: Herodotus, 9 vols.; Thucydides, 8 vols.; Xenophon, 12 vols.; Tacitus, 2 vols., and Sallust 1 vol. To these Sir Henry has added Tully's three books of offices in English, published in London, 1753, and Virgil published in Birmingham, 1766. The senate has accepted the presentation and thanked the generous donor, whose name is familiar to all acquainted with the history of the exploration of our Rocky Mountains. Such literary curiosities as the above enrich the libraries in the old world, but are seldom seen in the new.

PERSONALS.

DR. ANNIE LAWYER, '88, has been lecturing in Ottawa.

Rev. Mr. Meikle, evangelist, has been holding very successful meetings at the capital.

Mr. Rattray will look after the spiritual wants of the people of Melrose during the ensuing summer.

R. E. Knowles, '89, is attending classes at Manitoba college.

A CONVOCAION FOR GRANTING DEGREES IN MEDICINE.

IN the JOURNAL of March 4th it is said that in the Royal College final students "wonder whether they must wait till the last week in April for their degree," and hope that the Senate may arrange for a separate Medical Convocation. It is surely known by this time that the University Council is the body that arranges for the calling of convocations, and that there are seven or eight representatives of the medical profession, including representatives of the Royal and the Women's Medical College in that body. If it is desirable to have a special convocation early in April, why do not these gentlemen move, or why do not the medical students ask them to move? Two or three years ago the Principal brought the proposal before the University Council, but no one was prepared to recommend a new departure. Last year the Council passed a resolution asking the Senate to consider the matter; but the Senate, seeing that there was not even a recommendation from the body whose business it was to act, and therefore not the slightest proof that the change would be a success, or even that it was wanted, very properly took no action. Let the members of the University Council attend its meetings or resign, and let them do something to satisfy their constituents.

COLLEGE NOTES.

SOME student was around again with a little tin horn. One of our Profs. asked him to practice outside or in Convocation Hall.

Lost, a long gown with a patch on the bottom; finder will please return to Colin C. Arthurs.

The next number of the JOURNAL will be respectfully dedicated to the senior year. Among other interesting articles will be a minute description of the individual members of this class, and as we have armed our Fighting Editor with a new suit of clothes and the promise of a rise in salary, no objections or protests will be tolerated.

EXCHANGES.

THE *Nassau Literary Magazine* is an admirable illustration of what is possible in the line of college literature of a high type. The pages of the February number contain articles in all tones, and all of them excellent.

In an editorial in the *University Monthly*, University of New Brunswick, a not ill-founded attack is made on examinations. With our exams not two weeks away we sympathize with the writer. The author of the article on "Genius" employs a considerable amount of that qualification, of his own kind, in attempting to prove his subject to be nothing but a combination of hard work and favorable opportunities.

The "Extracts from an Essay on Thoreau," in the *Varsity* (Nos. 11 and 12) are marked by a comprehension of that author which could only come from careful study of his work, and by a boldness of thought and felicity of expression that raise the article considerably above the level of the average essay to be found in college periodicals.

The Ottawa College *Owl* is one of the neatest of our exchanges, but the reflections, in its editorial columns, on the other colleges of Ontario, with sweeping accusations of greediness and vanity, have a spiteful ring about them. The article on "Gladstone and Ingersoll" is marked by some rather abusive language, which lends the number anything but a dignified tone.

Several light and amusing poems, in the ninth number of the *McGill Gazette*, would seem to indicate an abundance of poets at McGill.

The greater portion of the *College Transcript* is taken up with personal information concerning the students and alumni of the Ohio Wesleyan University. Its personal columns are too thorough to permit of the *Transcript* having much interest for any but students of the O. W. U.

The *Rutgers Targum* is chiefly devoted to local news, almost the only purely literary article in the last number being an instalment of a continued ghost story.

The *Notre Dame Scholastic* has also begun a series of tales of the same nature. Although they are entitled "A Blood-curdling Experiment," so far we have failed to find anything particularly curdling in them.

The ninth number of the *Lehigh Burr*—a well-edited and ever-welcome exchange—also contains a mysterious tale, which, while more thrilling, is at the same time told in a more realistic manner than the generality of such stories.

In the last—and best—number of the *Columbia Spec*, the staff which has so ably managed it for the past year, makes its bow. As we have remarked before, the *Spec* is the brightest and spiciest of our exchanges, and we can only hope that in the future it may be as interesting as in the past.

The *University Quarterly*, University of New York, is rather late in making its appearance. It is a bright little magazine, containing many items of interest concerning its own and other colleges.

The *Owl*, Ottawa College, ranks among the neatest of our exchanges. In the March number—which is exceedingly interesting—none of the articles are marred by the too forcible language which has lent to some of the previous ones rather an undignified tone.

The *Sunbeam*, Ontario Ladies' College, is probably the best of the ladies' college journals that come to our sanctum. Its contents are interesting and well-written, and moreover thoroughly feminine. The romance in one chapter, "Romeo and Juliet," tells of two Juliets and many misdirected caresses, but a Romeo is lacking.

The *Lehigh Burr* is entirely devoted to college news, chiefly athletic, which is given in a very interesting and creditable manner, and is not composed of vapid "gags"—by which the pages of several of our exchanges are marred—but of notes of genuine interest. The *Burr* is a model in its way—and that way a good one—and reflects the greatest honor on the good sense and ability of its editors.

The *College Times*, U. C. C., is the brightest of the school journals that we receive. Its editorial columns are always well-written, but we would like to see a little more news about the boys in it, even at the expense of its literary matter. Its "puzzle-corner" has excited a good deal of comment among its exchanges, but we suppose it suits the tastes of the younger boys. The only other exchange that indulges in this feature is the *College Mercury*, of Racine College.

The *Manitoba College Journal*, which comes out in a neat new cover, in some points not dissimilar to our own, takes up the question of examinations, and devotes some space to the discussion of both sides of the question. The Manitoba students must be foot-ball enthusiasts indeed, for we find in the *Journal* reports of a number of matches played in the snow. In the report of a literary society debate, we find mentioned a speech, "a continuous stream of eloquence, sparkling and brilliant and fully sustained to the close," by Mr. R. E. Knowles. We imagine that this must be our long lost "Demosthenes of '90."

*DE*NOBIS*NOBILIBUS.*

THE following song has recently been played with great success as a cornet solo to the tune of "I was seeing Nellie home":

In the sky the sun had risen,
And its beams on Kingston shone,
And 'twas from the ancient limestone city
I was seeing ——— home.

Sharbot Lake and Truro, N.S.,
Do not near each other come,
But 'twas only to the former village
I could escort ——— home.

For my purse in pocket rested,
Rested light as ocean spray,
And thus cruel fate forbade me, somewhat,
Seeing ——— all the way.

Zoology Man.—"There are various kinds of flies, horse flies, gad flies, eel flies, and—and—"

Classics Man.—"And *tempus fugit*."

An old lady from a mission field which was supplied last summer by one of our embryo divinities, recently met another student and quite took his breath away by inquiring:

"Oh, how did you leave dear Mr. *Saint Patrick*?"

The title *fits* very nicely, doesn't it?

"I met with a capital hit while reading the *De Nobis* column the other day," said one of our subscribers to us. "Indeed!" we replied quite delighted, "What was it?" "A whack on the head by my room-mate," was the unfeeling answer as we swooned away.

Quoth the preacher: "The educated are prone to religious indifference, the ignorant to spiritual fanaticism." "That hits us both, doesn't it," whispered a junior condescendingly to the freshman beside him, and somehow the latter got mad.

At a recent meeting of the class of '89, one of the subjects discussed was the advisability of placing the professors' photographs in the reading room, when a certain vice-president feelingly said: "It's no use. They won't give us their photographs. Just like a girl, you know, who won't give hers to a fellow though she wants to all the time." As he spoke with authority the matter was dropped.

The professor of physics says his class either won't or can't learn anything. He further said that he wished this fact stated in the *JOURNAL*, so here it is—but we don't happen to be taking that class this session.

We were asked by a charming young lady a while ago, "How do we know that a cyclone is bereft of sight?" This floored us, but we suggested that it might be because that is about all that was left of many a structure after having been visited by that destroyer. "No indeed!" was the disdainful reply. "Listen to this logic. A cyclone is a gale, a gale is a breeze, a breeze is a zephyr, a zephyr is a wool, a wool is a yarn, a yarn is a tale, a tail is an appendage, an appendage is an attachment, an attachment is love and—love is blind. There!" The doctor thinks that with careful nursing we will be around again in a week.

Not long ago a student at the ladies' college in Ann Arbor, Mich., read on Commencement Day an essay, the theme of which was "My Lovers." She not only gave the names of her admirers, but described minutely their varied manner of courtship, exciting great laughter in the audience, in which the young men undergoing dissection did not participate. We would like to hear our valedictorians on this theme for a change.

The lover's motto—Sofa and no father.

Prof.—Mr. B—d, what is freezing point?

Mr. B.—Well, I ain't quite sure, but I know squeezing point is two in the shade.

We understand that the senior students in arts intend tying their valedictorian down to one hour and a half. This certainly seems to us unjust, and we hope no such action will be taken.

We received a joke about the chemistry class from an anonymous friend the other day. It reminded us of Niagara Falls, for it is said that one can not take in that wonderful sight at a glance, but must study it day by day till its immensity and awfulness is fully realized. This may be a falls estimate of the value of the aforesaid joke, but nevertheless we must confess our inability to see the point, which is, we believe, in this case strictly mathematical.

Soon the departing college graduates will heave a *psi*, *beta* retreat, and sing with feeling. "*omega-n*." Perhaps it is *alpha* the best that they are leaving us. But *phi*! Some one should have *delta* blow at these jokes, which are all Greek to us. Now who will *kappa climax* to this *gamma-n*?

While the graduating class in medicine were being photographed the camera exploded. We are not at all surprised at this. What we wonder at is that the photographer didn't go too.

It was one of the '90 fellows who, when his country cousin drove up in a sleigh, said "Shall I help you to alight?" She jumped to the sidewalk and indignantly exclaimed, "What do you mean? You don't think I smoke, do you?"

An old Scotch lady who attends Convocation Hall services liked the orchestra "*vera weel*," but she "*didna* see why that daft mon was a wavin' of his han's a' the time like a weendmill."

SCENE—Chemistry class room.

Prof.—"Here is a bottle of that compound we were discussing, but unfortunately (pulls hard at the cork) the cork has (another pull) stuck and we—ah—have no cork-screw!"

Buzz of intelligence round the class—fumbling in pockets—each student produces one and hands it to astonished Prof.!

The ladies of the Levana society are at present reading and discussing Tennyson's "*Princess*." Some of these days we may see inscribed above the portals of their parlors in letters of fire: "Let no man enter in on pain of death." Then let those choir fellows make themselves scarce.

Sure signs of spring—Marbles and Mr. Bone.

One of the English students wants to know if it is polite to keep a cappon in class. We answer that the ladies have a monopoly in this practice.

KERNELS FROM THE SCIENCE CLASS.

Prof.—"Mr. O'C., what do you know about the composition of rock?"

Mr. O'C.—"I have lost my lecture book, professor."

Now this rock is not a bit like that, but they are both Gneiss (nice).

This piece of Schist is Schist the same as the other.

Graphie granite when polished looks like Hebrew. In fact a man who doesn't know hebrew can't tell the difference.

WHAT THEY ARE SAYING.

It is fine to be able to *reid* well. A. C. R—B—RT—N.

Say, I know where there is a cheap tailor.

You bet I won't get locked out again. W. T. H—LDER—FT.

A. G. HAY.

The bagpipes are too many for me. Excuse me a moment, please. R—U—SS—LL.

Jimminy Christmas! I wonder how my Cornwall girl is getting on without me. W. H. D—V—S.

A physics man was heard enquiring the other day if the number of men plucked was supposed to be occasioned by positive or negative eccentricity.

Youthful soph. (through the lather): "Strange, I cannot manage to grow a beard, for my grandfather had one three feet long."

Tonsorialist—"Can't account for it, sir, unless you take after your grandmother."

The last meeting of the JOURNAL staff was the best attended one this session. It occurred at Sheldon & Davis' photograph gallery.

I went home with a girl last Sunday night—to my sorrow. M. MCK—NZ—E.

They don't grow birch down at Marble Rock. Gimme Kingston every time for ornamental trees. G. EM—RY.

I can compare our rich misers to nothing so fitly as to a whale; 'a plays and tumbles, driving the poor fry before him, and at last devours them all at a mouthful. Such whales have I heard on the land, who never leave gaping till they've swallowed the whole parish, church, steeple, bells, and all.—*Shakespeare*.

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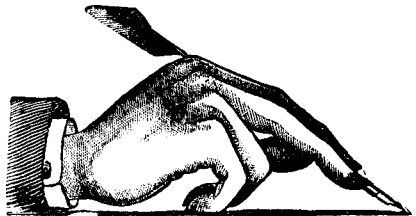
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QUEEN'S COLLEGE JOURNAL.

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The annual subscription is \$1.00, payable before the end of January.

All literary contributions should be addressed to the Editor, Drawer 1104, Kingston, Ont.

All communications of a business nature should be addressed to the Managing Editor.

THE Rev. Donald Ross, A.M., B.D., was capped Doctor of Divinity by the Montreal college last week. We know of no one more deserving of the honor than our genial professor of Exegesis; and if anything more than scholarship and culture were required in a doctor of divinity, we might add that Montreal will travel far before she caps a better looking man. While extending our heartiest congratulations to Doctor Ross, we beg leave to express in our mildest way the hope that he may not imagine that *we* are all D.D.'s also, when he sets our two papers in Greek Exegesis.

* * *

We are pleased to hear that the senior class in Arts has decided to follow the example of Harvard and have a class secretary, an annual, triennial and quinquennial report and a class fund. This is a step in the right direction. It will bind the different classes that graduate more closely to their university; it will keep alive the friendships formed in college days; and the reports of successful men in any given class will kindle in others a

spirit of generous rivalry, which cannot but have a beneficial effect upon the class as a whole. The class gatherings also, set at Convocation Day in the different years, will keep alive the old time interest in the college. So that, in every way, the action taken by the class of '89 is praiseworthy and deserving of imitation.

* * *

We have received from the Haliburton Society of King's College a brochure of some seventy-five pages, by F. Blake Crofton, B.A., the provincial librarian of Nova Scotia, entitled "Haliburton, the man and the writer." The pamphlet is neatly gotten up and clearly and crisply written. It is composed largely of excerpts from Haliburton's writings, but not too largely. It is, in fact, just what its author claims it to be—a *study*. We do not accept all of his conclusions. No one, however, can help admiring the painstaking and thoughtful way in which the work has been done. With what Mr. Crofton says about the shameful way in which the subject of his sketch has been neglected by Canadians we are in entire sympathy. This neglect, however, brings with it its own punishment. If Haliburton were read and known a little more and better some of our statesmen would make themselves a trifle less ridiculous in their discussion of Canadian, American and Imperial affairs. With Haliburton's idea of a state of colonial dependency we sincerely and heartily agree. Colonies *are*, as he said, "ponds which produce frogs"; they have "no openings for genius and ambition." It has always seemed to us a remarkable thing that the Solons at Ottawa and elsewhere who are eternally croaking about the blessedness of being a colony of the British Empire shut their eyes to the fact that there are not two literary names in the country, from Vancouver to Cape Breton, who can see this blessedness. There are not to-day two men of letters in the Dominion worth the name who think that colonialism is anything but an unmitigated nuisance.

* * *

As Haliburton said, there are now, just as there were then, only three courses for Canada—Imperial Federation, Independence or Annexation. His faith in Independence was small—but as Mr. Crofton has noticed—we must not forget that he wrote before confederation. Had he lived to our time, he would in all probability have changed his mind in that respect. Canada with a territory stretching from the Atlantic to the Pacific, bound together by a railway and telegraph line from Halifax to Vancouver, is quite a different thing from the Canada of

his time. If anything can be made of imperial federation, it is about time that its admirers presented the country with a scheme of federation that at least pretended to be practical. For our own part, we do not think this impossible. It is possible. But that those who now have the scheme in charge will formulate such a scheme we think exceedingly improbable. Almost every federation speech that we have read deals with the glories of England and the beauties of loyalty. All this is pretty, very pretty—from the English stand-point. And if there were only the English standpoint to be considered, it would be enough.

* * *

Fortunately, however, or unfortunately—as one chooses to look at it—there is another side from which the promoters of this scheme will have to look at this question—and that is, the Canadian. The glories of England are all very well; as the product of the work of our ancestors we take pride in them. But what we look at is not the past glories of England so much as the present and future glory of Canada. Loyalty is a beautiful theme—for the tenth class politician or the first class poet. But loyalty in this country and for us means *devotion to Canada*. This trifling fact is conveniently overlooked by many of our imperial federation friends. They style themselves patriots, and they fill our ears with a tale of our obligations to England. This would have done very well—excellently well—a couple of hundred years ago. But the French revolution and American revolution have happened since then. And men in our day recognize the fact that loyalty and patriotism are words bounded by the limits of the country in which they dwell.

* * *

No man has a right to the title of patriot in this country who places the interests of any other country whatsoever before the interests of Canada. And this is what many of the imperial federationists are doing. The air is full of England—but it is only a chance time that we hear anything of Canada—and when we do it is usually a description of the debt she owes the mother country. As a matter of fact what she owes England is very much less than what England owes her. If any man hopes to see imperial federation *un fait accompli*, he will have to learn to base his hope, so far as Canada is concerned, on the benefits which such a step will confer upon us. We do not deny the existence of such possible benefits—we want to hear of them—that is all.

* * *

This is, however, a digression from the pamphlet of which we spoke—and yet it is no digression. The name of Haliburton, to those who know him, is—like the name of Joseph Howe to all who know him—a synonym for patriotism—it is intimately and lastingly connected with the bone and sinew of our national life. All that concerns the nation concerns this name—conversely, all that concerns the name concerns our country. For this reason, we hope that Mr. Crofton's work will be largely and

widely read. It deserves to be. And, if the Haliburton will allow us to make a suggestion, we would advise that a fitting subject for the second number of their series would be "Joseph Howe, his life and speeches." We hope that every student of Queen's and every graduate whom the JOURNAL reaches will enclose half a dollar to King's college, Windsor, Nova Scotia, and procure "Haliburton, the man and the writer," by F. Blake Crofton.

* * *

Everyone, we fancy, will sympathize with the Senate in its splendid attempt to raise the standard of work done in the different classes by its new curriculum. The enlargement of Junior Mathematics, Philosophy, etc., into two compulsory classes, the junior and the senior, cannot be regarded as anything but a decided advance in the line of educational reform. It will undoubtedly result in better and cleaner work in both classes. It is beyond contradiction that a single year in Philosophy is insufficient at once for the student and for the professor. The work has been divided hitherto into two great parts, the one treating of the history of Philosophy and the other dealing with its general principles. The kind of work required in the two departments is essentially different, the first part being mastered largely by a good use of the memory and the latter demanding original thought. The time hitherto given the student to get into trim for the second and more difficult half of the work, viz: Three or four months, is far too little. The change from memorizing to reflection was too pronounced and as a result the benefit to the student was reduced nearly to a minimum. He was graduated from the class just as his eyes were beginning to be opened to the character of the work he had on hand.

* * *

By the new curriculum all this is changed. For the whole of the first year he will deal with the history of Philosophy, with a few side lights thrown in by the professor in the way of original work. These will be, as we have said, few; but they will have enough of suggestiveness about them to give him a fair conception of the work which he will enter in the next session. He will then have the six months vacation in which to develop into the work of the second year. So that, when he begins the senior class, he will do so with his eyes wide open and prepared to make a fit and proper use of the lectures which he will then receive. That this will at the same time make the work much lighter for the lecturer, and prove of very considerable service to the student is, we think, beyond question.

* * *

The same thing holds good and in much the same way with the course in Mathematics. But while this will improve the character of the work done in these two departments, it will at the same time make it very much easier for those who desire to pursue a course foreign to them. For example, to those who take honors in litera-

ture, the first year in Mathematics will be Compulsory, and it alone. That this is much easier than the work at present crowded into the junior class is to be assumed.

* *

There is, however, one difficulty which may possibly arise in this connection. The arrangement for the examinations at present is, we believe, that a pass in the morning paper entitles the student to consider himself passed in the junior class; a pass in the afternoon paper entitles him to exemption from the senior class of next year. All this is very nice. But, what if the student is plucked in the afternoon paper and yet has made enough marks in the two taken together to give him a complete pass on the subject according to the old regulations? Some of the students appear to fear that in this case they will be compelled to take the senior class next year. With all due regard to the ultimate advantage to the boy in that department by the work of another year, the thing is unfair. It is an *ex post facto* law and it certainly should not obtain at this examination.

* *

The annual conversazione is just at hand, and the instant examinations are over, we hope that every man in the University will turn out and help to make it the best that the University has yet had. Men are wanted on almost every committee, more especially on the committees on decoration, finance and refreshment. We hope also, seeing that the convocation is only three days after the last examination, that every student will remain this year and grace with his presence the greatest day in our college year. Let every man who comes through the present crisis with all of his feathers, be, from the 20th to the 24th inclusive, as a thank offering to the Fates, *plennis laborum* in all that concerns the convocation or the conversat.

✻ ASSOCIATE EDITORIALS. ✻

THE NEW CALENDAR.

WE are glad to see the new Calendar for the year 1889-90, Part I., because it is somewhat later than usual in making an appearance this year. This gladness, on the part of the students, was evidenced by the fact that a great crowd pressed into the library after the boy who brought up the package from the bindery and eagerly awaited the distribution. But alas! they were disappointed. Under the softening-severe tones of our worthy Principal, who said, "Students who have classes at this hour will be kind enough to retire to them," this goodly throng dispersed. Since then, however, the Calendars have been distributed, and we will now take a look at one.

The first thing noticeable is the additional names that have been made to the instruction officers' list, those, namely, of the two new professors, one lecturer and several tutors. We have no doubt that this will add

greatly to the general efficiency of that body. But besides this, we hope that Part II. of this year's Calendar will record additional names still, in the lines of philosophy, etc.

We are pleased to notice the changes made in regard to degrees. Hitherto a man has not been able to get M.A. degree until one year after date of graduation as B.A. with honors, and without submitting a thesis satisfactory to the senate in his honor department. But according to the new plan M.A. will be conferred on a man who takes honors in one department, without thesis, and without having graduated as B.A. We do not mean to say, however, that the degree will be any more easily obtained on the whole than formerly. And B.A. degree will be conferred on one who takes either the pass-course work, or the pass work prescribed and first year honors in certain subjects.

First year work, in all classes except those of the languages, which remain as they were, is now divided into junior and senior and extends over two years. And the work of the old senior class is now made over to first year honor.

This change we note with much approval, as we are sure the present arrangement will be a great benefit to the student. It will give him time to think over and digest the work, which hitherto he had to cram up lest he should get left on the spring examination. In this connection, it might be observed that, in the pass course, junior and senior classes in philosophy, mathematics and physics are compulsory, while junior and senior philosophy are required in every honor course as well, with the exception of two optional courses in mathematics and physics, in which case only the junior is required.

This will, no doubt, be of inestimable value to the student. We hope that, under such a training, there will be sent out from our halls, a large number of thinking men: for that is what is required more than anything else in the world of to-day.

Leading to the degree of M.A. there are thirteen optional honor courses. This course is recommended to students intending to qualify for high school teachers. We, however, take pleasure in commending it to all, for undoubtedly it is a superior course.

Great chances also are afforded teachers and extra-mural students. Certificates, in accordance with certain regulations, will be accepted *pro tanto*. Further a student may complete his college course in three years, provided he has passed three of the following junior classes in Latin, Greek (or its equivalent in French and German) mathematics and English, before attending college. The work for extra-mural students is, in all cases, definitely prescribed, and by complying with the necessary regulations, they will be admitted to the pass and honor examinations without attendance upon classes.

Again the summer session classes, and the proposed classes, where at least ten candidates present themselves, or where a satisfactory sum is guaranteed, afford students

grand opportunities in their desired lines of work. Now, by all these considerations and more, the efficiency of the university will be considerably increased, and the interests of higher education in the country advanced.

Then in regard to higher degrees, we notice a great change. Instead of conferring the degree of doctor of science (D.Sc.) on a candidate who obtained first-class honors in any two departments of literature, philosophy, mathematics and science, two years after date of graduation as M.A., and on deliverance of three satisfactory lectures, the authorities have decided to confine that degree to the two last named departments, viz., mathematics and science. And they have instituted the degree of doctor of philosophy (Ph. D.) in the two first named departments, viz., literature and philosophy. These degrees will be conferred on candidates who have pursued courses in the respective departments, four years after date of graduation as M.A. and on submitting of a thesis embodying the results of original investigation.

We might say that, to one looking at these courses as laid down, they appear easy and attractive. However easy they may be when we come to pursue the work remains to be seen; but we hope that the attraction will be very effective, and that many men will be induced to follow them up, not only for their own good but for the higher interests of the community. Surely no one can deny that this is a step in the direction of the promotion of the higher education and consequently the higher interests of this country. It would be gratifying indeed to see the Provincial and other universities do all in their power to encourage this higher, post-graduate work, and thus make our Canada a nation of strong men. They will certainly not oppose such steps.

We are aware, of course, that before now the Provincial university especially has at first, openly rejected and disparaged new measures proposed by Queen's, but in time, when the wisdom and truth of such measures began to be realised, they were received and gradually worked into the fibres of that university's system. Little disparagement should appear against such a high end as is presented in this new scheme. We cannot but commend the wisdom displayed by the authors in the planning of such a curriculum.

We sincerely hope that, under its direction, there may be annually turned out large numbers of strong men, such as shall shed lustre on the name of Queen's and honor on our noble country.

* * *

CONVOCATION.

A few years ago an attempt was made by the University authorities to regulate the attendance at convocation and so prevent the uncomfortable jam which had hitherto greatly interfered with the success and enjoyment of the exercises. With this end in view tickets were systematically distributed, the holders of which were allowed to enter the hall before the general public,

and thus, it was expected, much confusion and crowding would be avoided.

This arrangement, in our opinion, has been only half successful, for the simple reason that the doors were not opened early enough. As a matter of fact, instead of the result aimed at, convocation hall has been filled almost at one rush, and a most undignified rush at that, because the audience had accumulated outside the closed doors on the green, and when access was obtained there followed a general *saute qui peut*.

Now since the remedy for such an apparent evil is so simple, we confidently expect that matters will be so arranged this year that ticket holders will be admitted into the hall as soon as they may arrive, and thus reap the benefit of the old rule, "first come, first served."

* * *

THE MINISTER OF EDUCATION.

In our recent issues we were somewhat inclined to find fault with the Minister of Education for the stand which he has taken on educational matters in the past, but, on considering the subject more carefully, we have almost come to the conclusion that we owe him an apology. We must frankly confess that we expected too much of him, that we forgot to make our criticism relative to the intellectual dimensions of the man whom we were criticising. As a matter of fact, the Minister of Education is not a highly cultured man, a man of broad comprehensive ideas. He is simply an ordinary school teacher mysteriously elevated to the position which he now holds. Those who have been censuring him, in the press, during the last number of weeks, have lost sight of this fact. They have been demanding too much of him. They expected that he should be able to see eye to eye with the most advanced thinkers of the day. This is unreasonable. It is like scolding a boy because he is not a man. We believe in giving the Minister of Education fair play, and in order to do so we must judge his actions with reference to his own ideal, and not with reference to an ideal that is infinitely beyond his mental grasp, and, when he errs, we must extend to him that sympathy which is due to a man who errs through ignorance. We have no doubt he is trying to do his best to advance the educational interests of the province. Still, we must say that he has accomplished very little. It is said, on good authority, and we do not doubt it for a moment, that he was a very successful public school teacher. Well, we can only reply that it was a great pity to spoil a good teacher by making him Minister of Education, and we would strongly advise him to give up his present position and return to the humbler occupation of his youth. When he was appointed Minister of Education there was a craze among people to fill important positions with what they called "Self made men." These extraordinary creatures we understand to be men who are capable of development under the most adverse circumstances, men who would attain to intellectual greatness even suppose they were

bottled up in air tight jars. The idea that these so-called "self-made men" are intrinsically superior to men who have been educated at universities, arises from a false conception of what education really is. It arises from supposing that education consists in having a knowledge of a great many particular facts, and that the man who acquires a knowledge of these facts by himself is naturally superior to the man who gets his training at a university. Our experience with "self-made men" is, that they are, unexceptionally, men who are not made very far. They are men who have never really wakened up to a consciousness of their own limitations. The very fact that men of this character are at the head of our educational system, shows that we as a people, have not yet reached a very high stage of intellectual development. Our educational affairs will never thrive, as they should, until they are managed, not by politicians, but by men of practical knowledge and experience.

* * *

ELEMENTARY SYNTHETIC GEOMETRY.

A difficult subject treated in a new and interesting manner, by N. F. Dupuis, M. A., F. R. S. C., professor of Pure Mathematics in the University of Queen's College, Kingston, Canada. London, McMillan & Co.; Kingston, John Henderson & Co.

THIS is not an edition of "Euclid's Elements." It is a work on Geometry. In a neat little book of 290 pages the author has thoroughly developed the substance of Euclid's Elements, books I-VI, with many important extensions, generalizations and applications of the principles enunciated by Euclid. In addition he has treated synthetically many geometric propositions usually treated by modern methods of analysis.

The book is divided into five parts. Parts I-III treat of the substance of Euclid's Elements books I-VI, while parts IV-V are devoted to Modern Synthetic Geometry. The method of treatment, especially in the earlier parts of the work, is unique. Starting with a point and combining with it the idea of motion the author obtains the conception of a line as a locus and a straight line as direction. Adding to the line the idea of rotation, the conception of an angle is developed. Assuming space to be homogeneous, all general spacial relations are continuous. Applying the principle of continuity, many of Euclid's general propositions are found to be but particular cases of a much more general proposition. In many cases, also, the order of development is reversed. In all cases the author has sought the most general form of the truth enunciated, and has, where possible, grouped subordinate propositions as deductions under these most general forms. A valuable feature of the book is the Geometric interpretation of Algebraic forms, which affords an easy introduction to Cartesian Geometry and invests both Algebra and Geometry with new interest for beginners. The principles of *limits*, of *symmetry* and of *continuity*, judiciously applied in the first three parts of

the book, are freely used in the two later parts devoted to Modern Synthetic Geometry, and, thus, many propositions are freed from the limitations of a less scientific treatment.

The general make up of the book is good. The type, though small, is clear. The *diagrams* are elegant and the lettering distinct. The subject is treated in sections and paragraphs neatly spaced and numbered for convenient reference, while all references are duly noted. The free use of symbols has enabled the author to comprise a vast amount of matter in a small compass, which must prove of great service to students in an age when so much depends on economizing time and energy.

Written by a mathematician for mathematicians, by a practical teacher of wide and varied experience for the benefit of students, we feel assured this book needs but to be read to be appreciated. Geometry, we think, has long since out-grown its Euclidean garb. Why should it be any longer trammelled by the antiquated logic of its first master? We think Professor Dupuis has by his practical yet elegantly scientific treatment of this subject, made a valuable contribution to the literature of Mathematics and rendered students and teachers of Canada, especially, a service they will not be slow to appreciate.

LITERATURE.

THE RED CROSS FLAG.

(John Napaier, in The Moravian.)

"When the smoke of the cannon cleared away, we saw the Red Cross flying over the hospital."

THE shot sped out from our serried ships,
Like the sob of a strong man crying;
The sun was veiled as with sudden eclipse,
When the shot sped out from our serried ships,
And England's flag fly was flying.

Up from the shore the answer came,
The cry of the wounded and dying;
A burst of thunder, a flash of flame—
Up from the shore the answer came,
Where the Prophet's flag was flying.

So we dealt destruction the livelong day,
In war's wild pastime vying;
Through the smoke and thunder and dashing spray,
We dealt destruction the livelong day,
And the hostile flags were flying.

But far through the rolling battle-smoke—
Ah God! 'mid the groans and the crying—
A sudden gleam on our vision broke;
Afair through the rolling battle-smoke
The Red Cross flag was flying.

O'er the house of mercy with plain, white walls,
Where they carried the wounded and dying,
Unharm'd by our cannon, unfear'd our balls;
O'er that house of mercy with plain, white walls,
The Red Cross flag was flying.

As the sign of the Son of Man in the heaven
For a world of warring and sighing
We hailed it; and cheered, for the promise given
By the sign of the Son of Man in the heaven,—
The Red Cross banner flying.

For we knew that wherever the battle was waged,
With its wounded and dead and dying,—
Where the wrath of pagan or Christian raged,—
Like the mercy of God, where the battle was waged,
The Red Cross flag was flying.

* * * * *

Let the angry legions meet in the fight,
With the noise of captains crying;
Yet the arm of Christ, outstretched in its might,
Where the angry legions meet in the fight,
Keeps the Red Cross banner flying.

And it surely will come that war will cease,
With its madness and pain and crying.
Lo! the blood-red Cross is the prophet of peace,—
Of the blessed time when war will cease;—
And the Red Cross flag is flying.

ON A RAFT.

(Continued from page 104.)

WE were precious glad to see, in the distance, the reflection of the sun on the metal roof of the convent at Nun's Island. This is a celebrated place—celebrated for the fishing in its vicinity and for the enterprise of the nuns in turning it to such account. The appearance of the island is singular. Perpendicular sides of dazzlingly white clay some hundred and fifty feet in height and the summit a broad plateau on which is built the convent, etc. It would be a splendid place for a fortress one would think. We now bestirred ourselves, for the rapids were only a couple of miles further down and everything betokened the approaching tussle. A squad of men were hauling the big yawl boat upon our dram. They don't try to run Lachine in it. The barrels of pork and biscuit were rolled to a safe place and good sound oars were placed in the notches. But our crew had not yet made its appearance. The steamer had just finished a masterly performance on the whistles when out from the mainland darted canoes in every direction. These contained Indians who were to conduct us down the Lachine. Each canoe was manned (sic) by a squaw and her better-half, the squaw to paddle the canoe back. I was watching the business like manner in which the guides were divesting themselves of their good clothes (ye Gods) and climbing into greasy overalls, when I felt a tap on the shoulder and a "voila!" from one of the men.

I looked up. It was the big war canoe (a good deal of "canoe" and very little "war") that was coming towards us. Although, on a close inspection, this majestic looking craft might seem somewhat in need of a coat of paint and the general aspect thereof convey the erroneous impression that it had been built by Frontenac, and, on the death of that chief, had gone into service as a coal barge and continued in that capacity ever since without any repairs or cleansing whatsoever, there is no getting over the fact that, at a distance of half a mile or so, with its swarthy crew of real, genuine, blown-in-the-bottle savages, it was a sight that was imposing if not sublime. The paddles, of which there were twenty to a side, entered the water as one, and the big dug out fairly leaped under the force of the stroke. It drew up alongside and discharged its murderous looking cargo and was taken back by a couple of old men. As I glanced at our reinforcements I thought I had never seen such forbidding countenances. Moses warned us to lock up all our knick-nacks and nail fast the shanty door. I need say nothing more about the Caughnawaugas—jam satis. We were nearly a couple of miles above the rapids, yet the "John A." cast us off and with a metaphorical wave of the hand was quickly out of sight. We found the current much stronger than we had anticipated and our dram, again in the van, glided along at the rate of four or five miles an hour. Ahead of us towered the new bridge of the Canadian Pacific railway—a monument of engineering skill. It is wonderful how they managed to build those massive cut stone buttresses in such a fearful current. We shot under the spans at a hang-on-to-your-hat speed, just grazing one of the piers by about two feet. If we had struck it there would have been "a funeral in the state of Denmark." Moses kept up a doleful serenade in our ears "bien proche, bien proche, shentlemens, you see ze terrible Lachine scon. Fourteen men drown las' year, fort dangereux." About a quarter of a mile in front of us lay the rapids but, as yet, we could see no sign of them even from the top of our cabin, whither S—— and I had retreated. This was odd; the river was broad here and there were no islands to intercept our view. What did it mean? Had some convulsion of nature removed them? Our doubts were quickly dispelled. It was another of those terrible dips, but the one at Coteau was an infant compared to this monster. The drop here was like the side of a house and everywhere, in front of us on both sides of us and behind us were huge jutting rocks that poked their black noses out of the torrent with a suggestive sort of air. Suggestive of smashed drams and mangled corpses. How we were going to escape destruction was a mystery. I commended my soul to the saints above and calmly awaited what seemed to me my certain fate. At Coteau I was desperate and had resolved to sell my life dearly. Here I was quite resigned. There is no fooling with Lachine. I could see that. On all sides my eyes met the forms of men on their knees praying like steam. It was a cheering sight, I don't think,

and I turned away. One second more to live I thought and after taking a hurried glance at the green meadows and blue sky, I jammed my hat down well, stuck a testament in my breast pocket in case my body was found, shut my eyes and insanely shouted "let her go, Gallagher," which extracted a feeble cheer from S— who was hanging on like grim death to the flag staff. It broke with his weight at a ticklish moment and he would have assuredly perished had not the watchful Moses grabbed him by the scruff of the neck and laid him in a place of safety. Luckily Lachine is a very short rapid—little, but oh my! On opening my eyes the extreme grandeur of the scene overcame me. It was a retrospective view and perhaps on that account I enjoyed it the more. All had gone smoothly with us. The gable of the shanty was evidently the spot *par excellence* on which to shoot a rapid. I was not even wet. An oak dram was at that minute balanced on the edge of the dip; it hesitated an instant, as if to draw a deep breath, and then plunged with its living freight into the towering maelstrom that yawned below. I counted twenty before I saw that dram again and was about to start a subscription for the widows and orphans when it burst through a wall of green water and followed us down.

"And we have passed the terrible Lachine,
"Have felt a fearful tremor thro' the soul,
"As the huge waves upreared their crests of green;
"Holding our feathered bark in their control,
"As a strong eagle holds an oriole."

Strange to say, at the foot of the rapids, there is a calm little lagoon, formed by a layer of rock, in the shape of a half moon. In here there were numerous canoes and dorys waiting for "salvage." We held on our course, however, and soon came in sight of the mighty Victoria bridge and the city of Montreal.

No stoppage is made here by the rafts. They wait till they reach Hochelaga, about four miles below the city, and there tie up while the steamer takes on wood and supplies and the men throw ashore the heavy bundles of oars. There is a regular car-yard established at this place. Each raft unloads on the way down and the tug on the return journey picks up a supply and carries them back. Soon after we had accomplished the feat of running Lachine and were lazily drifting along on the broad river, highly satisfied with the result of the manoeuvre, our dram ran hard and fast on a shoal. This was provoking. Not that we minded the bare fact of running aground. There was no fear of springing a leak to disturb us or harassing doubts as to whether the stoker had left the doors of the air-tight compartments swinging loose or the dread of having any red paint or varnish scraped off the hull. No, it was the humiliating ordeal of seeing the other drams slipping past us and perhaps having to submit to a few derisive cheers. If the late Mr. Fahrenheit had been asked to indicate the warmth of Arine's feelings at this juncture he would have given 212° as the figure. Hat after hat went to the happy hunting grounds,

under the influence of the old man's heels, and it was only from sheer exhaustion that he ceased the flow of his oratory. S— and I concluded that to remain any longer on the dram would be to utterly destroy our moral tone, so we decked ourselves out in war paint and feathers and determined to face the music of St. James street and the Windsor Hotel. We felt we were martyrs, *mais que voulez vous?* As we shoved off from the dram, Moses told us that the tow would leave Hochelaga that night somewhere about 11 o'clock. Our jaws dropped. How were we going to make connections at that time of night? We had almost given up the expedition, when visions of a dinner at that splendid hostelry and an evening on shore came floating up before us. We bade Moses farewell. July is not a particularly delightful time of the year to pay a visit to Montreal. The heat is usually terrific and in our case no exception was made. Rowing down the current with the wind at one's back and a scorching sun overhead is anything but pleasant. When, in addition to this, there is nothing to meet the eye but tall chimneys and dusty roads, with perhaps a railway train or two moving sluggishly along, it becomes absolutely unbearable. As soon as possible we sought the cool corridors of the hotel and drowned our woes in copious libations of etc., etc., etc.

(To be continued.)

★COLLEGE NEWS.★

OUR SENIORS.

BEFORE the curtain falls on the class of '89 we would like to line them up and give our readers the opportunity of seeing what kind of men we manufacture here. If they are not exactly perfect they are at least infinitely better than they were before Queen's got hold of them, although a good number of them were never intended to be angels. Strange to say there are no sweet girl graduates this year, so that the chancellor need have no fear of disarranging bangs and back hair when he taps the heads of the suplicants before him at convocation.

JAMES BINNIE is one of the heavy men of the class. He is slightly addicted to football, the gymnasium and singing bass, but also does some philosophical work for recreation. He will enter Divinity Hall next year.

WILLIAM BROKENSHIRE is more commonly known as "Hallelujah Billy." His face by actual measurement is half as broad again as it is long and wears at all times a drop-a-nickle-into-my-mouth-and-see-me-smile expression. We understand that he is going to spend the rest of his natural life visiting his friends, the heathen.

FRED BROWN.—Well, that's about as far as we can get. He is so quiet that we do not know much about him except that he looms up about the college occasionally looking for something. We hear that he is not a bad fellow when one knows him, but we don't.

JOHN BOYD is noted for his hair, his horror of novels and his ardent affection for the fair sex. He holds that Adam was a Gael and lived near Glasgow, but does not know "chust" where the apple incident occurred. He is an enthusiastic supporter of the concursus, but prefers feminine victims and on that account did a lot of private courting on his own hook at the skating rink. He intends to take a course in theology, so we will have the pleasure of his company a few years longer at Queen's.

S. S. BURNS served a penal term in the Alma Mater Society as secretary last year. This session he was unable to attend class but will be on hand for the exams. As his name signifies he makes a warm friend despite the way he brushes his hair.

CLEMENT B. BURNS, familiarly called no doubt "My Darling Clementine," by some lady or other, has only spent two years of his course at Queen's, having been at Dalhousie for his freshman and sophomore years. We are astonished that the latter university has survived his absence, but perhaps he has left his photograph in the museum there. His favorite friends are a pair of gloves and a cane and he may often be seen promenading King street in their company. He appears to enjoy life, but we do not think he will ever get excited about it.

JOHN M. CAMELON is regarded by his professors as a regular prodigy and will no doubt some day electrify the whole civilized world by doing something or other. We have an idea that he intends taking a nine years course.

STANLEY T. CHOWN has spent this session mixing senior philosophy and physics together in equal proportions. Differing from Plato and Aristotle he has at last come to the conclusion that the *sumum bonum* is to pass the exams at the rate of several hundred tachs and to fall upon his degree at the angle of repose. His exploits on the football field, at the dinner table, in the Y. M. C. A., and even in the pulpit prove him to have no mean ability, notwithstanding the fact that he doesn't wear a moustache. His address will soon be Yabaticatcheronomyum, Japan, where he will instruct the natives in the arts of dress-making and music.

GEORGE T. COPELAND has pursued the even tenor of his way through college without giving the authorities much trouble. Besides being a footballer he is secretary of the class and has performed the arduous duties of this office, such as putting up notices, etc., very satisfactorily indeed.

WILL CURLE—gentleman—is as sweet as he looks. He is mathematically inclined and it is supremely refreshing to hear him discourse on the mysteries of Mercator's Projection and the sectorial area of the hyperbola. When we first knew him he despised "woman," but latterly he has been developing his affection for the fair sex as an infinite periodic continued fraction, though up to date we have been unable to exactly locate him. He will probably spend the remaining portion of his declining years in the North-West.

DAN DRUMMOND is chairman of the year, having filled that honorable position throughout the session. He is a hard working and successful student, giving his attention particularly to Classics, but finds time to show his interest in his fellows and he is highly esteemed by them all. He is rather quiet, but not oppressively so and when occasion demands it proves himself to be "as jolly as they make 'em."

GEORGE DYDE has already been introduced to readers of the JOURNAL. We are not quite sure what he intends to do with himself after lassoing his degree, but we have an idea that he is going to run a Greek machine in some school. For further information we would refer the reader to page 55 of the present volume.

ED. B. ECHLIN has a tenor voice, a taste for athletics, a symmetrical moustache, a great wish to demolish a certain obstructionist in the A. M. S., and a desire to become an M. D. He stands, approximately, eight feet four without his boots on and his landlady, we are told, has threatened several times to charge him double fare owing to his capacity. As he has already entered the Royal we will, no doubt, hear from him again during his course there.

J. P. FALCONER is the quietest man in College. We haven't heard him speak more than seven times since he came here four years ago. Among his settled habits are a nap after dinner and a walk after tea, rain or shine.

J. M. FARRELL is quarter-back on the football team. His distinguishing characteristic, next to his moustache, is his bashfulness when no ladies are around. His studies this year were largely confined to the Etruscans, crabs, lady students, crusades, the gymnasium and limestone. Jim will never succeed in being a dude for he has too much common sense, but he would like to be one awfully. We are sorry to have him leave Queen's, but we wish him success in the legal profession which he has chosen.

T. HARRY FARRELL runs the finance department of this influential and wealthy periodical and on this account has a number of very attentive friends. He is a humble follower of Euclid, Archimedes and Dupuis, and also spends some of his time in the observatory looking for stray stars, when he isn't engaged in writing conciliatory letters to wrathful subscribers. Strange to say he has some popularity even within the charmed circle of the Levana Society, which, we are told, is very sparing of its patronage and favor. He intends to become some day or other a full fledged M. D., after which he may hang out his shingle on the Pacific Coast.

ALFRED FITZPATRICK holds the reins of government in the Y. M. C. A. and announces that if anyone says he is long-faced, he would respectfully ask them to come outside for a few minutes. We don't intend giving a detailed list of his faults for there are only sixteen pages in this number, but we must say that in one respect he greatly disappoints and grieves us—he doesn't know how to flirt. He is a heavy fore-ordinationist, we understand, and

hopes sincerely that he is one of the elected on Convocation Day.

A. G. HAY is the philosopher of his class. He can explain the howness of the why with his eyes shut and can just pulverize Kant. Toronto University, we understand, are making strenuous efforts to secure him for the vacant chair in Metaphysics, but he asserts that he is coming back for a post mortem course next year. While in Kingston he has resided in a good neighborhood and has a great affection for — the Limestone City.

FRANK KING spends the greater part of his time wrestling with conic sections and other interesting plants, but always finds time for an afternoon walk, in which he indulges with such a get-there earnestness that when we meet him it makes us feel tired for some hours afterwards. He intends to study law after graduating.

J. H. MADDEN—will somebody please play the dead march?—has decided to become a judge and with that end in view has already entered a law office. The general opinion regarding him is very favorable and we must say that his actions prove that sometimes appearances are deceptive. For we can assert that he is not preternaturally grave and has been known to smile several times lately. We wish him success.

PERRY MAHOOD is little, but, oh my! He spent his time very quietly and studiously and is a general favorite among his fellow students. We understand that he aims at being a schoolmaam, and if he does so he will no doubt succeed. We cordially wish him all prosperity.

T. G. MARQUIS, like Browning's "Grammarians," lives on blissfully regardless of the flight of time. He owns a tamoshanter and a poetic soul, the latter being his most prominent characteristic. He does not, however, wear long hair and a far away look in his ear, but on the contrary is a sturdy foot-baller and has often helped on our team to victory. May his shadow never grow less.

J. H. MILLS slaves away like a Turk at classics, and sticks to his books like fresh paint on a new suit of clothes. Like many others, however, he takes a constitutional stroll in the afternoon, after which he boxes with Drummond in the gym. and invariably gets licked out of sight.

R. S. MINNES is also up to his eyes in study, grinding away like a musical tramp at mathematics and we have hardly had a chance to speak to him since last Christmas. He is deservedly a great favorite with the ladies and is also highly esteemed by his fellow students. After graduating he will take a course in the Royal.

J. W. MUIRHEAD thinks that pheeics does not constitute an essential element of true happiness, in fact he doesn't know that science does either. He is a *very* quiet boy when he is asleep, and is never known to laugh louder than a fog horn. As he is a member of the glee club it is unnecessary to say that he can't sing a little bit contrary, however, to his firm belief. He is known among the students as the champion collector, and the number

of ten cent pieces he has extorted from innocent victims is tremendous. He has an indefinite idea that he will be a missionary some day if he can find any place worse than he is, but wherever he is we feel sure that he will never disgrace his Alma Mater.

FRED McCAMMON used to be called "shorty," but is now one of the heavy men of the foot-ball team. He knows a thing or two about the Tiber river and the North-West and his present ambition is to become an M. D.

D. D. MACDONALD is the Samson of his class. In fact he might be called a Turk for he is a regular *Mussul* man. It has been said that he uses a telegraph pole for a cane, but we can confidently state that this is not the case, a cordwood stick being his favorite companion. He can speak Gaelic as fluently as molasses, and his songs in the same language fairly fascinate his looking glass. If his power in the pulpit is as great as it is in the gymnasium the church will be happy who secures him.

D. G. McPHAIL holds the honorable and onerous position of Vice-President of the Alma Mater, the duties of which he performs to the satisfaction of everybody but himself. This session he has had an easy time on account of having gone in for hard work during the previous years of his course. He has already begun his theological studies.

NORMAN McPIERSON owns a rheumatic fiddle on which he scrapes away from morn till eve. His favorite songs are "Annie Laurie" and "Home, Sweet Home," which, as he plays, draw the tears to the eyes of his hearers, like onions. Throughout his course he has behaved well and will no doubt continue to do so.

RANNIE M. PHALEN is the valedictorian of the class. When he first arrived here four years ago "a stranger in a strange land" he was immediately received by his admiring fellow students as a modern Demosthenes, and since then he has ably sustained that reputation. It is said that he can talk around a subject for an hour and a half without stopping for breath or once hitting the point. He has a tenor voice and curly hair, but with all his failin's we are glad that he purposes to continue a few years longer at Queen's taking a course in theology.

CHARLIE O'CONNOR has been already portrayed in these columns at greater length and more graphically than we can do it now, so we will refer the enquiring reader to page 67.

J. A. REDDON wears a long black coat, a melancholy expression, and a sepulchral voice. His chief aim in life is to acquire an inexhaustible store of knowledge and an unlimited vocabulary with which to express it. He has never been known to listen to a sermon without making frequent use of his note book, and some ill-natured people assert that he even writes down the prayers. He is philosophically inclined and his search after the infinite is very energetic. He is, we understand, a very good preacher, though at times rather deep.

JOHN SHARPE is the patriarch of his class. He entered with the '88 fellows, but was compelled by circumstances to give up attendance on classes for one year, so that he was unable to graduate last session. His future field of work will be the church.

JOSIAH S. SHURIE is always just two minutes late, and when he does arrive his head is several yards in advance of the rest of his corps. He belongs to a cane which accompanies him in all his perambulations and exercises a fraternal care over him at all times. He also possesses a tenor voice and a smile, both of which are of tremendous calibre and very dangerous at short range.

J. SINCLAIR isn't "Prowler," notwithstanding rumors to that effect. His greatest ambition is to be eaten by cannibals, and accordingly he has decided to go out as missionary to Texas or some other heathen country. If he does go he will probably not be alone, and the savages will get two sweet morsels. Yum! Yum!! The only things we know against him are that he boards on Colborne street and doesn't attend Alma Mater.

E. H. RUSSELL might be introduced as the Campanini of his class. He can take X sharp with ease and the soft sweetness of his voice beats gum-drops. There is no musical instrument from the Jew's harp to the pipe organ that he cannot play, except perhaps the sewing machine. As a rule he carries a bewitching coquettish smile about with him to throw at any ladies he may chance to meet but the results are not often very harrowing for he is a bad shot. We hear that the Levana Society are about to elect him an honorary member. It is said that he will, after graduating, devote his time to running a Ladies' College and if he does so his success is assured.

DANIEL STRACHAN is as long as the moral law and as slim as the chances of our having new window curtains before next session. He owns a voice that would make a kazoo green with envy, and realizing this fact, the Glee Club has made good use of him as conductor. His good nature and genial disposition have gained him many friends and certainly during his stay at Queen's he has done what he could to make up for the apathy displayed by many, for the welfare of the student element in the university. After graduating he will devote his attention to Theology.

Queer gang, aren't they? But after all we are sorry they are going to leave us and wish them all success in their exams. We should say, however, that all these gentlemen do not intend graduating this year; some will postpone their departure for various reasons to a later date, although the mass of them will don their hoods as soon as they can lay their hands upon them, and, if we are any judge, few will be disappointed.

RESULTS OF ROYAL EXAMS.

HONORS—FINAL YEAR.

Gold medalist—F. B. Harkness, Kingston.
Silver medalist—A. E. Elliott, Belleville.

HOUSE SURGEONS—THIRD YEAR.

Augustus Gandier, Fort Coulonge, Que. ; W. A. Macpherson, Prescott.

DEMONSTRATOR OF ANATOMY.

J. McKenty, Kingston.

FIRST YEAR.

Silver medalist—Isaac Wood, B.A., Kingston.

FINALS M.D., C.M.

F. B. Harkness, Kingston, gold medal.
Arthur R. Elliott, Belleville, silver medal.
John A. Belch, Kingston.
H. M. Buchanan, Kemptville.
R. C. Chanonhouse, B.A., Eganville.
Felix Clontier, Crysler.
W. C. David, Willetsholme.
P. Drummond, Almonte.
John Duff, Inverary.
G. F. Eperry, Gananoque.
A. Freeland, Quebec.
S. H. Gardiner, B.A., Kingston.
Norman Grant, B.A., Stellarton, N.S.
H. C. W. Graham, Portsmouth.
William D. Harvie, Galt.
Adam E. Hilker, Port Elgin.
Joseph Holderoft, Tweed.
W. H. Johnstone, Kingston.
Omar L. Kilborn, B.A., Toledo.
Henry O. Lanfeare, Newburg.
W. C. Little, Barrie.
Alex. C. Mavety, Railton.
Isabel McConville, Kingston.
Michael E. McGrath, Sunbury.
James T. McKillop, Beachburg.
Harold S. Northmore, Cataraqui.
James A. Patterson, Port Elgin.
W. H. Rankin, Collinsby.
Andrew Robinson, Kingston.
Ernest Sands, Sunbury.
Elias T. Snider, Odessa.
Alexander Stewart, Renfrew.
Henry G. Tillman, Jamaica, W. I.
Stanley R. Walker, Wilton.

REV. DONALD ROSS, D.D.

REV. DONALD ROSS, D.D., M.A., one of our most talented professors has had the distinguished degree of doctor of divinity conferred upon him by the Presbyterian college, Montreal. He addressed the graduating class after laureation.

Rev. Donald Ross, M.A., D.D., was born at Martintown, Glengarry, of which place his father was also a native. His grandfather came from Tain, in the Ross shire, Highlands of Scotland, when four years old, to Schenectady, N.Y., where the family settled and remained until the outbreak of the war of independence, when they removed to Canada, remaining in Kingston a year,

and finally taking up their residence in the virgin settlement on the banks of the river Raisson, near Martintown. The subject of this sketch was sent to the district school when four years of age while yet he was able to speak only the Gaelic tongue. In his eighth year he commenced the study of Latin and mathematics, and continued to do so until his fifteenth year, when he was appointed teacher of the same school. Having taught four years he matriculated in Queen's in 1857, carrying off the only matriculation scholarship then established. During his college course he carried off the highest prizes in all his classes, graduating B.A. with honors in 1860, and M.A., also with honors, in 1862. He took his theological course in Queen's also, and was to receive the degree of B.D. in 1863. In 1864 he discharged the duties of the classical chair, and again in the session 1874-75, during the absence of the lamented Professor Mackerras in Italy. He spent a part of the years 1864 and 1865 travelling in Europe to fulfil the conditions of the fellowship in theology to which he had been appointed, but which unhappily has not been continued. In October, 1865, he was ordained to the pastorate of Chatham and Grenville on the lower Ottawa, where he remained eleven years, being translated to St. Andrew's church, Lachine, in 1875. He was appointed by the board of trustees of Queen's to deliver a course of lectures in Apologetics during 1883-84, and in April, 1884, he was appointed professor of Apologetics and New Testament Exegesis. For twelve years he was a member of the board of trustees, and he is at present a member of the temporalities fund of the late Church of Scotland in Canada, and also a governor of the Trafalgar institute, founded by his friend, the late Donald Ross, of Viewmount, Montreal. In December last the senate of the Presbyterian college, Montreal, resolved to offer for his acceptance the degree of doctor of divinity.

PERSONALS.

ADAM SHORTT, M.A., Cosby Tutor in philosophy, is at present in Ottawa presiding over the final examinations which are being held in that city in connection with Queen's.

W. J. Patterson, B.A., and William Nickle, tutor in mathematics, leave on 19th inst. for Prince Albert, N.W.T., to take charge of the schools there. No doubt Billy will be able to give them some new ideas in the exact sciences.

Among the extra-murals who have come up for examination we notice Mr. Snell, '90, looking as genial as ever.

We were glad to see Mr. T. Boyle, '90, around again and able to attend the examinations. We hope Tom will get through his exams. without any trouble.

Rannie M. Phalen will be the valedictorian of the arts graduating class, Norman Grant, B.A., of the meds., and Chas. J. Cameron, M.A., of the divinities. We must congratulate these classes on the selection of such talented representatives.

Rev. H. Parker, who for some time was professor of elocution at Queen's, has gone to Samoa to report the condition of affairs there for a Sidney (Australia) journal.

Neil Macdonald, a graduate of Queen's college, has been associated with Gen. Wilson in the preparation of Appleton's biographical cyclopedia. Mr. Macdonald had charge of the Canadian department. He has long been attached to the staff of Frank Leslie's *Illustrated News*.

Mr. Wilkie, '91, has astonished us all again. He has undergone a complete transformation, and having got rid of his winter's growth of whiskers appears as youthful looking as ever. He and Mr. Sinclair, '89, probably patronize the same barber.

It is a matter of regret to every one in the college that we have not the benefit and guidance of the worthy President of our Alma Mater Society, Edward Ryan, B.A., who has been seriously ill for some weeks. More especially do we regret it on his own account as this is his final year in medicine. Queen's has seldom seen a more faithful student, and the mere fact that he was elected to the highest office in the gift of the students shows the universal respect and esteem in which he was held. We offer him our sincere sympathies, and hope he may soon regain his health and strength.

C. J. Cameron, M.A., has received notice of his election as a member of the Haliburton Society.

Prof. A. Nicholson has been conducting the final examinations in Toronto during the last week in connection with this university.

Dr. Annie Lawyer, of Montreal, goes to New York to take a course of polyclinics and make a round of the hospitals in connection.

Dr. Cochrane has received from the Church of Scotland colonial committee the sum of £50 for Queen's college bursary fund.

COLLEGE NOTES.

ALL is now grind! grind!! grind!!! The midnight oil, brains, ponies and examination papers are in great demand, and all energies are concentrated in the one great effort to pass those "miserable exams."

The annual concert tour of the glee club, we regret to say, will not come off this spring. For the last two years this venture on the part of our musical fellow-students proved a great success both financially and otherwise—particularly otherwise—but the disorganized condition of the club this session makes another trip impossible.

The conversazione is getting well under way. The different committees are working hard in their several departments, and everything looks promising.

These are solemn times for the boys. Many of them are looking sad, and even the bravest shudders as the fatal 22nd draws nigh.

In our last number a typographical error made Dewey's Psychology read Deney's.

Following the example of last year's graduating class, the seniors have decided to hold their class dinner after the examinations. The date fixed is April 20th, and no doubt a pleasant time will be spent, though we sympathize with the caterer.

Now is the time that the photographs of the various clubs and societies of the university begin to pour into the reading room. Surely the energetic curators, Messrs. Findlay, Drummond, T. B. Scott, Hay, Carmichael and Gandier, whose duty it is to hang up these and other neglected pictures will get to work soon and make the room look at least tidy.

We hope that some attempt will be made this summer by the university authorities to secure more presentable window curtains than those which now ornament the building. The present style may be collegiate but it isn't very attractive.

We regret that the old custom of presenting ornamental trees to the university, which used to be observed by the graduating classes, has fallen into disuse. We consider that there is still room for improvement in the grounds and no more suitable or acceptable memorial could be donated by retiring students. Let the class of '89 consider the matter.

EXCHANGES.

A LETTER in the *Trinity University Review* would lead us to infer that the good old college songs are becoming things of the past there as they are here—almost.

Editorials in Nos. 15 and 16 of the *'Varsity*, referring to Principal Grant's complaints, exonerate Toronto University, and throw the blame for the lowering of the matriculation standard on the education department of Ontario.

Among the papers that favor our sanctum with their presence is the *Scientific American*. It is without doubt the leading scientific weekly of America and is too well-known to need praise from us. No one desiring to keep abreast of modern ingenuity can afford to be without this paper, in which all the latest inventions and discoveries are recorded in a readable and interesting manner.

The *Nassau Literary Magazine* is a good specimen of what college writers are capable of producing in a purely literary line. Among its contents we find many articles of a high order in all tones. The literary gossip is always refreshing, and, in the number for March, the articles on "The Philosophy of Latter-day Poets," and the rather morbid sketch, "A Fatal Realism," are especially worthy of notice, as also the short articles on "The Critic and his Two-fold Task" and "College Opinion."

*DE*NOBIS*NOBILIBUS.*

EXIT '89.

YOU must wake and call me early, call me early, chummie dear,

For to-morrow 'll be the final day of my short sojourn here,

Of all the college year, chummie, the most hilarious day,

For I'm to receive my degree, chummie, I'm to become a B.A.

I've studied hard four years, chummie, I've lived in Plato's state,

I've dug Greek roots and Latin and I've swallowed physics straight,

And the goal I aimed for all the time, it seemed so far away,

But I'm to receive my degree, chummie, I'm to become a B.A.

My gown is now in shreds, chummie, my cap is cracked and worn,

My books have lost their covers and their leaves are sadly torn,

But what care I for these, chummie, of what use now are they,

Since I'm to receive my degree, chummie, I'm to become a B.A.

When I first came to Queen's chummie, in the fall of '85,

I was in my opinion then, the wisest man alive,

But I knew far more then, chummie, than what I do to-day,

So I'm to receive my degree, chummie, I'm to become a B.A.

My knowledge is not great, chummie, but still I've learned to see

That very many things exist which are unknown to me, And so perhaps the profs., chummie, are not so far astray

In granting me a degree, chummie, and making me a B.A.

And yet in all my joy, chummie, I must confess to you, To think of leaving Queen's for good—it makes me feel dark blue;

It makes me wish sometimes, chummie, that I could longer stay,

But I'm to receive my degree, chummie, I'm to become a B.A.

There are several dozen girls, chummie, I would like you to console,

And tell each dear one for me that she treacherously stole My poor confiding heart, chummie, and then look glad and say,

"But he has got something instead, darling, he has received his B.A."

So you must wake and call me early, call me early, chum-mie dear,
For to-morrow will be the jolliest day in all the college year ;
I long to feel the Chancellor gently tap on my head and say,
"The senate hath decreed it ; get up off your knees, B.A."

And is this human flesh and blood
That now before me stands,
With hair unkempt and clothes all torn
And ink upon his hands ?
Is there a face behind that dust ?
What is it ? Tell me pray.
For I think 'tis some effigy
Dressed up and stuffed with hay,
Or perhaps it is some wandering tramp
Just from his hayloft bed,
Or — No, I'm floored. What is it please ?

"Why, my dear sir, it is only one of the JOURNAL editors who has just been down in our well ventilated, bright, luxurious, clean and altogether lovely sanctum, trying to write an article on "The refining influence of a university education," full of energy, humor and philosophic wisdom, and he has just come out to see what color the ink is, black, blue, green or red."

"He called me a profane vulgus, be gobs !" said a Hibernian the other day, apologetically, "So I knocked him down forinist a mud puddle d'ye moind, an' bedad it seemed to me as how he was a profane vulgus hisself, by what he was a sa'in' wen he got up."

A noted lecturer not long ago, speaking of the ease with which some languages are mastered said, "Why, I know a way to learn the whole German language in twenty-four hours." "How?" exclaimed an excited listener. "Take the whole German language," said the lecturer impressively, "and divide it into twenty-four parts—and learn one part every hour." What's the matter with that ?

"Science may be a great invention," said Jones, as he limped out of a dark room the other evening with a black eye and holding on to both shins like grim death, "but I'd like it to rise and explain why, when the light is put out, every blessed chair, table and swinging door in the room deliberately gets up and stands right in front of a fellow when he's trying to walk across the room."

SCENE: Philosophy class room.

Jimmy—"Is the soul latent after it departs from the body, professor?"

Prof.—"What's that, Mr. C.?"

Jimmy—"Is the soul la-tenant after death?"

Prof.—"Well, I shall have to refer you to the New Testament, sir."

RULES FOR A PROPER OBSERVANCE OF CONVOCATION.

1. After the doors are opened the students shall immediately invade the gallery after the style of cultured Zulus and yelling in an orderly manner ; the freshmen shall occupy the front seats, the sophomores and canes the next, while the juniors, divinities and graduates shall stand on the back seats or remain outside.

2. Before the proceedings open, and as often as possible thereafter, the students shall spend the time playing musical selections on tin horns, shouting and singing new songs such as "There is a girl named Dinah," "Saw my leg off," and "Old Ontario's strand," for the entertainment and edification of the audience.

3. While the professors and other gentlemen of convocation are filing in headed by the chancellor, the students shall sing "See the mighty host advancing, etc.," or if this has ever been sung before, the Dead March in Saul shall be whistled instead.

4. The aforesaid gentlemen having taken their seats the crier of the court will recite in a loud voice the harangue usually delivered at the opening of the concursus. This, it will be noticed, will have a marked effect upon the audience, which shall regard it as a sign of great originality on the part of the afore mentioned official.

5. Upon the Registrar first rising to his feet the freshmen shall say in solemn tones "Next Lord's day." There is something refreshingly novel and striking in this remark and it will cause general admiration.

6. When the decree of the senate is read, that part of it which says, "And hereby do confer," shall be repeated in chorus by all the students in an impressive manner, and with emphasis on the "do."

7. As the laureating process is going on the students shall display their wit and originality in such sayings as the following: "Quite a con-cushion!" "What feet!" "On his knees at last!" "Well lassoed, professor!" together with divers remarks concerning any visible moustaches and sideboards possessed by the members of the graduating class. This will be an agreeable departure from the remarks usually indulged in at previous convocations and will be devoid of any chestnutty taint.

8. If there be any lady graduate she shall, upon her arrival on the platform, be greeted with a chorus of smacks and other audible evidences of good will and brotherly affection.

9. When the proceedings terminate the students shall line up in the hall and select from the out-coming audience their various young lady friends whom they shall escort home. If any dispute arises as to precedence the janitor shall act as arbitrator.

We beg to remind those of our subscribers who have not yet sent us their subscription that the session is drawing to a close, and as it is very desirable for us to wind up the affairs of the "Journal" before the holidays it is to be hoped that all unpaid subscriptions will be forthcoming immediately.

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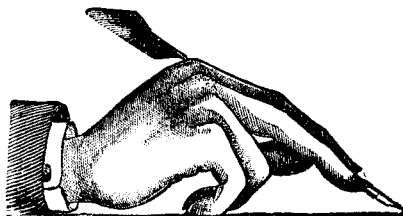
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QUEEN'S COLLEGE JOURNAL.

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H. A. LAVELL, B.A., - *Managing Editor.*

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The annual subscription is \$1.00, payable before the end of January.

All literary contributions should be addressed to the Editor, Drawer 1104, Kingston, Ont.

All communications of a business nature should be addressed to the Managing Editor.

WE present to our readers in this double number of the JOURNAL a full report of the proceedings of the 48th Convocation. We have made the number just twice as large as usual so that none of the particulars should be postponed to a later date. If some of the other departments have suffered in consequence we hope that our subscribers will take it in good part, and assure them that in the next and last number we shall endeavor to do all that in us lies in the way of atonement for the present omission.

We have conducted the JOURNAL this year upon business principles and have succeeded thus far in paying for each issue as it was produced. We have at present about enough to pay for the production of No. 10; but not enough for the double number. We are most anxious that we should accomplish all that we undertook at the time of our appointment. We have tried very hard to make the JOURNAL entertaining, crisp, independent and instructive. While we do not expect a universal assent to

all our ideas, we have good reason to believe that they have met with great favor at the hands of a large number of our subscribers. We hope, then, that those who have not yet paid their subscriptions for the current year will kindly hold up our hands in this matter as they have so generously done in the others; and, by forwarding their subscriptions at once enable us to hand over the JOURNAL to our successors, not only without the deficit of a copper, but with a respectable little surplus. They will realize the importance of *immediate* action when we remind them that only three members of the staff—the editor-in-chief, managing editor and secretary-treasurer—are in town, and that we may be called away.

* * *

There has been quite an excitement among students, members of Presbytery, etc., over Presbyterian Examinations. With all due deference to those gentlemen whose sensibilities have been wounded by the rigor of the Examinations, the methods which they have adopted to ventilate their grievances seems a most unfortunate one. The writing of editorials in the JOURNAL or letters in the church papers, should have been a *dernier resort*. The true remedy under such circumstances is to bring the matter up before the Presbytery itself. But, after all, while the examinations were pretty stiff, those who had the hardest papers—the gentlemen who were up for license—appear to be the only ones who have nothing to say on the matter. In any case, the principle of running to the Press with every little grievance is a bad one. If the Presbytery *refuses* to settle it, then, we say, go to the Press, but not till then.

* * *

One of the most welcome of the exchanges that reach us is Dr. Barnardo's *Night and Day*. It is, as it claims to be, a record of Christian philanthropy, and details the history of the 3,100 waifs which Mr. Barnardo has rescued from the streets of London. Every child saved is one less in the number of the criminal classes, and one more added to the ranks of that intelligent Christian population which forms the backbone of the country. If ever a cause deserved the support of a Christian people, it is this. The history of some of these waifs is heart-rending. The Home is at present in need of funds, and we hope that all of our readers who can spare a little will send it to Dr. T. J. Barnardo, F.R.C.S.E., 19-26 Stepney Causeway, London E., England. The journal edited by Dr. Barnardo is only two shillings a year, and

a better investment could be made by no one. If some of these bigots who are eternally straining at the gnats of society and swallowing the camels, would only expend their superfluous energy upon a cause like this, what a blessing it would be! We strongly urge all of our readers to subscribe for *Night and Day*, and we are certain that they will come through a year's reading of it better, nobler, more charitable men and women.

Each number is full of illustrations of the waifs, their homes previous to their rescue, etc. We hope also that all who can will help Dr. Barnardo in his grand work.

✻ASSOCIATE*EDITORIALS.*

STUDENTS AT CONVOCATION.

RECENTLY in a letter to one of the city papers Rev. D. J. Macdonnell, of Toronto, gracefully modified the statement which had been made that he had been greatly annoyed by the students during the first part of his speech. He says:

"I should like to assure you, and through your columns to state to the students and their friends, that I was not in the least 'annoyed' by the remarks which were interjected from the gallery. I simply wished to have my share of the fun, which I regarded as harmless. When I came to the serious portion of my address the quietness and earnest attention with which the students listened were all that any speaker could desire."

This certainly proves Mr. Macdonnell to be a man of much charity and forbearance, for many others in his position would have immediately become enraged by the deplorable want of reverence displayed for a short time by the boys, and in all probability would have taken their seats as quickly as possible in order to escape the jibes and jokes at times hurled at them from our Mount Olympus, the gallery. We are glad the reverend gentleman took his scorching so kindly, and certainly we are sure he has lost nothing by doing so. At this season of the year the boys are to a large extent forgetful of anything else than the fact that exams. are over, and their exuberant spirits, so long kept confined, chained and checked, with one rush burst their bonds and an explosion takes place. It could hardly be otherwise. But Mr. Macdonnell goes on to say:

"It is true that if I were a member of the committee that arranges the jokes to be cracked I should advise less of mere noise and more of pointed wit and humor. Moreover I would strongly urge that in the treatment meted out to those who come forward to receive their honors, there should be discrimination between ladies and gentlemen. I cannot help regarding it as a serious fault, even on an occasion when a good deal of license is allowed, that young ladies should be subjected to remarks on personal appearance, etc., which, if made at any other public gathering, would be regarded as the height of rude-

ness. I commend this matter to the earnest consideration of the gentlemen of Queen's, and I shall be glad if, in this particular, they will revise the code of academic etiquette."

A committee to arrange jokes! Would that we had such a combination. But, alas, it is "every man for himself," and each vies with the other to yell the loudest or shoot the largest dart. For the greater part nothing is heard by the audience, so far as the gallery is concerned, save a confused roar as of a menagerie at dinner. If this incessant and annoying racket were modified and the insipid repetition of stale jokes abolished, it would be possible perhaps to indulge in a few pointed jokes which could be generally appreciated. As it is, it is useless to attempt such a thing. We are glad, however, that as a rule speakers are seldom troubled by this racket, which generally takes place in intermediate stages and during laureation. The audience, we are sure, heard almost every sentence spoken in the addresses from the platform, provided they were given in a reasonably clear tone. In this respect Queen's is greatly superior to many other Canadian universities, and especially to one institution where a few weeks ago fire crackers were exploded and other disgraceful actions indulged in during convocation. We hope the day will never come when the students of this university will forget that they are gentlemen and refuse that respect to which their guests are alike entitled.

✻QUEEN'S*48th*CONVOCATION.*

THE CLOSING EXERCISES.

THE halls of Queen's are again deserted, and her sons are scattered to the four winds; some are the proud possessors of freshly-won sheepskins, while others are taking a breathing space in which to gain sufficient energy to climb the tree of knowledge next session. The closing exercises were exceptionally interesting and successful, and we regret that space forbids us to do more than give a bare summary of events. On Sunday afternoon, April 21st, Rev. A. Macgillivray, M.A., of Brockville, delivered the baccalaureate sermon in Convocation Hall. He spoke for thirty-five minutes to a very large audience from the words:

"Be of good courage, and let us behave ourselves valiantly for our people, and for the cities of our God: and let the Lord do that which is good in his sight."—I. Chronicles, xix., 13.

The discourse was a most excellent one, and, from the remarks afterwards heard, was much appreciated. In beginning he said to the graduates: "I appreciate the honor and responsibility of speaking to you to-day. Our paths touch for a moment, to diverge again, till we all meet in that central spot whither the Lord will bring his own. I have but one hope in addressing you, that I may

be used by our common Master to say a few helpful words to you as you pass out to take your place by the side of those who are working for the betterment of the world. It is fair to assume that you accept as true (and true and personal to you), 'None of us liveth to himself.' You recognize, therefore, that you have a call to go forth to do battle for God and country. The hopefulness and enthusiasm with which you doubtless contemplate your work will have a shading of regret as you think you are soon to part from companions by whose side you 'climbed Parnassus,' and from teachers that not only directed studies and imparted knowledge, but stimulated thoughts and incited to high and noble things. It has been a high privilege in your college life that you found in your Principal and Professors not only able teachers but helpful and sympathetic friends.

"Possessed with 'the mighty hopes that make us men,' you quit this seat of learning, 'yearning for the large excitement that the coming years will bring.' Knowledge, strength, faith, sympathy, all are yours, to be used by you for those who have not, and for those who have in lesser degree. You are ambitious for that distinction that comes of service, and I therefore take as our theme acceptable service, and for our text those grand, inspiring words, read at the beginning, that stir like the blast of a trumpet."

There were four things in the text that he asked to be considered, inasmuch as they were of the elements of "acceptable service," not necessarily "successful" service. He was not free to say that men were bound to serve "successfully," as we generally use the term. Men had served faithfully and acceptably in the sight of God, to whom success, in the common use of the word, did not come. "Succeed if you can," he said; "work for success; but if you fail, let it be said that you did the best possible to any man, that you deserved success."

He advised men to let a right cause be the only one to command their service. Humanly speaking, there were tremendous odds against Joab and the mighty men that he led with such a dauntless spirit. The children of Ammon and their hired allies, the Syrians, had their tens of thousands of chariots, manned by hundreds of thousands of soldiers. But right was on the side of the smallest battalions. They drew the sword for their people and for the cities of their God, and before their onslaught Ammonites who did battle for a shameful wrong, and Syrians who sold their strength for gold, broke and fled, thus demonstrating that the might of God is with the cause of right, and teaching men that

"Thrice is he armed that has his quarrel just,
And he but naked, though locked up in steel,
Whose conscience with injustice is corrupted."

Men with high abilities, natural and acquired, were under correspondingly high obligations to use them so as to give the maximum amount of service to the world.

Special qualifications fitted the graduates for leadership among men. They would find the battle that wrong

wages pitched before "the gates of the city," and they could not, as men, do less than gird on the armor and draw the sword "for your people"—that was their country—"and for the cities of your God"—that was their faith.

There was an urgent call that as Canadians they should ask themselves, "Are we realizing what we owe this fair land, where our home is, and which God has given us to possess for Him?" Questions affecting the political, social and commercial life present themselves every day and call for solution. What was to be done with the partizan politician? the Jesuit? the liquor traffic? the combines? These are among the problems Canadians are asked to deal with. "I am not going to venture on this consideration here," said the preacher, "but I submit another question, and on its answer I modestly believe the solution of those greater ones depends. I ask, 'What are we going to do with ourselves?' The public life in all its parts is no better and no worse than the units that make it up. We may take it as an axiomatic truth that if the individual is right, then the community and the nation cannot be wrong. We are bound to believe that the politician, as a rule, represents those who choose him. A pure, high-minded electorate will be known by their representatives as such. As long as communities, constituencies, races, creeds and class interests give bribes in the way of support and receive bribes in the way of material good, public life will be poisoned, and the poison has been introduced at the fountain head. Beyond doubt we will have independent, patriotic men in high places when we place them there, not to serve a party, but to serve the nation. The public man to-day who wants to be free from all party trammels has to choose between independence and political death. Ennobling as the spectacle of political martyrdom would be, those ready to embrace it for conscience' sake are few. We fervently pray that the few we have may be spared to the public life of the land. Young men, you can make the right easier for our representatives. Call no party or faction master. Partizanship blinds the eye and warps the judgment. Hold yourselves free in your God-given strength and independence to assist the right and to resist the wrong, suffer who may. When we do right, and insist on the right being done, the politician will realize that if he is to remain it will be to promote the country's interests, and not party ends. This may be something of a trial, but he will bear it and stay. Let us do right and the Jesuit, as a disturbing element, will go. If he remains his power of mischief will be gone. A community, vigilant for freedom, will easily keep a few marplots from harm. You will surely be ready to join hands with those who ask no favors on the ground of race or language or creed. Asking and receiving none for yourselves, you will find it both easy and right to resist and refuse the demands of those who do. If the individuals in the communities are right, then social evils must go. The upas tree of the liquor traffic will be hewn

down, and its hateful shadow will cease to darken the land; and practising the golden rule—do as you would be done by—the meanness in commercial life will disappear.”

Doing what was right, and therefore best for the country, men would be doing what was best for their faith. To serve the country was to serve God. The fear of God and the love of man should permeate all actions. What all men had they had received from God. Sacredly and reverently it should be held in trust for Him. The best services and noblest sacrifices of which great souls were capable had been given and made for the faith as it was in Jesus. As true men the lower love of country would lead to the higher love of God and constrain to the practice of that “righteousness which exalteth a nation.”

“This land for God” should be a first belief. Just as they brought in and kept in the pure, life-giving light of the gospel would men see their community of interests. Truth was the great solvent before which difficulties disappeared, Christian love the great unifier that blended into one different nationalities and creeds.

A “fearless spirit” was an element in all acceptable service. “Let us be of good courage,” said Joab, “we have a good cause; we fight for our people and the cities of our God.” To be animated by any other spirit would be dishonorable. God is honored in the courage of his servants. Waiting on God, they would find that strength of heart that He promised, and with a reverent fear of Him all fear of man would vanish.

The manful bearing, born of the fearless spirit, was the third element in service that the speaker commended to the graduates. “Let us play the man,” said Joab to his comrades in the hour of conflict. “Whether your battles are fought in secret against self and alone with God,” said Mr. Macgillivray, “or in public against prevailing wrong, you must act the manly part. The occasions so to act will not be few. In the war with sin within, and in the world around us, there is no discharge in this life. The siege is never raised until God calls his warriors to their rest. The world has need of every man. Every man as a soldier, every soldier a hero. The world has no use for that timid goodness that stands silent and passive in the presence of evil, leaving the right without defence. Be the position humble or exalted in which God places you, occupy it for God, and adorn it by noble service. God may not call you to the achievement of splendid victories, but he calls us all to be faithful unto death, daring to do right, keeping that committed to our trusts. There is never an age in which the world does not need the men with the fearless spirit and manly bearing. Our country never needed them more than now.

“God give us men! A time like this demands

Clear minds, pure hearts, true faith and ready hands;
Men who possess opinions and a will,
Men whom desire for office does not trill,
Men whom the spoils of office cannot buy,
Men who have honor, men who will not lie;

Tall men, sun-crowned, who live above the fog
In public duty and in private thinking;
Men who can stand before a demagogue
And damn his treacherous flatteries without winking;
For while political tricksters with their worn-out creeds,
Their large professions, and their little deeds,
Wrangle in selfish strife, lo! Freedom weeps,
Wrong rules the land, and waiting Justice sleeps.”

The speaker concluded by asking the graduates to show in life and work an abiding trust in God. Without that element there would be no successful or acceptable service. These words, 3,000 years old, thrill us still, “Let the Lord do that which is good in his sight.” Such faith was sublime. Under such inspiration they could imagine the mighty men of David marching to the conflict without a tremor, knowing, as they did, that “the battle was not theirs, but God’s.” “So, brothers,” he said, “let it be with us. We do not know what the future has for us. In the fight let us bear ourselves like men. God will care for the issue and for us. “Shall not the Judge of all the earth do right?”

THE MISSIONARY MEETING.

On Monday evening, April 22nd, the Queen’s College Missionary Association held their annual convention in the history class room, which was crowded. Principal Grant occupied the chair, and after a few well chosen remarks called upon the Rev. John Hay, B.D., to address the meeting. Mr. Hay spoke concerning the home branch of the association’s work. The progress of mission stations under the care of the association was very marked. As an example of this the case of Merrickville was cited. The speaker referred specially to the rapid progress of the work during the past ten years. It has now Dr. Smith and his wife in Honan, China, and five missionaries in the home work. As one interested in the association’s welfare he wished it Godspeed.

Rev. A. H. Scott, of Perth, presented the report of the foreign work. He spoke of the interest and enthusiasm manifested by the students of past years in taking up such a work in China. The association had every reason to be grateful that to-day it was enabled to take such an active part in the evangelization of the world. He believed the association had procured the best man possible—one who had taken a course in arts, medicine and theology, as well as a special course on the eye in New York. He was assured that Dr. Smith and his partner in life would meet with success in their labor of love.

Rev. Dr. McTavish, of Toronto, was then called upon, and in beginning his remarks paid a high tribute to Dr. Pierson’s “Crisis of Missions” as representing the work in all its aspects. He spoke of the opportunities for work and the encouragements given in it. The cause of Christ was advancing despite the opposition of such men as Sir Leopold Griffin, India, and Canon Isaac Taylor. It is often objected that the attention given to foreign work should be turned to home work, while the fact is that

those who are most earnest advocates of foreign missions are most actively engaged at home. Among other examples he cited the noble work done in Toronto by Mrs. Ewart and Mrs. Harvey. The prayer no longer is, "Lord, open the doors," for all the doors are open; nor is it, "Lord, thrust forth laborers," for there are 3,000 who have volunteered for service. It should rather be, "Lord, help me to thrust my hand into my pocket and help to send those who have volunteered."

Judge Macdonald, of Brockville, and Mr. P. C. MacGregor, B.A., of Almonte, then told of their interest in the mission work of the College, and expressed their pleasure at the general enthusiasm of the meeting. Rev. R. Campbell, D.D., of Montreal, and Rev. S. Childerhose, B.A., of Madoc, in short, spicy addresses, concluded the evening's proceedings. The missionary association met next morning at half-past ten o'clock and finished up the business connected with the present session.

THE VALEDICTORIES.

The Convocation for valedictories, etc., was held on Tuesday afternoon at 2:30 o'clock. There was a very good attendance, the gallery being especially patronized by unchained students. The proceedings were opened with prayer by Rev. Mr. Scott, of Perth, after which the Chancellor introduced the valedictorians.

VALEDICTORY IN ARTS—R. M. PHALEN.

Farewells occupy a prominent place among the sad and glad events of our existence. We say sad and *glad*, for to assume that farewells are always *sad* is to believe that we are never called upon to sever ties that are perhaps disagreeable to us, or to break loose from associations that have been other than conducive to our happiness. We can conceive of "Robinson Crusoe" when he took the last look at his lonely island, raising a whoop of delight that would put to the blush an ordinary Indian or cause the noisiest student in a street procession to turn green with envy. Then again, if the modern funny man is to be believed, the average husband says good-bye to his mother-in-law with a thrill of joy and a feeling of superlative gladness which the initiated alone are capable of fully appreciating. Many other instances, perhaps not so extreme as these, might be adduced to show that farewells may be, and very often are, the real bright spots in our existence.

But while this is so, we are on the other hand frequently called upon, through the vicissitudes of ever varying fortune, to say farewell when the dearest wish of our heart rebels against it, and sheer necessity alone compels us to go through the painful ordeal. Perhaps no nobler word picture of Robert Burns is handed down to us than that which portrays him standing as he thought for the last time on the shores of his much-loved Scotland, and through a mist of tears and oppressed with heart-breaking grief, saying,

"Farewell, old Coila's hills and dales,
Her heathy moors and winding vales,

The place where fancy loves to rove,
Pursuing past unhappy loves,
Farewell, my friends, farewell, my foes,
My peace with *these*, my love with *those*,
The bursting tears my heart declare,
Farewell, the bonny banks of Ayr."

This was the cry of a manly heart, when asked to part from friends whom he had learned to love, to sever friendships, or rather companionships, which were dear to him as life itself, and to go forth into the unknown and untried future friendless and alone. Scotland was dear to Burns, and Scotland he could not think of parting from without finding the scalding tears coursing down his cheeks. This intense love for country, for community, for home, kindred and friends, is one of the most redeeming traits in the otherwise irregular character of Burns. His tears on this occasion are not to us a sign of weakness, but rather of strength, for only the strong man is capable of deep feeling.

We, the class of '89, desire this afternoon to unbottle the phial in which these tears of Burns have been handed down to us, not that we, like him, should weep, but that we should at least as we are about to say farewell to our Alma Mater, catch somewhat of the spirit which these tears embody, the spirit of loving regret and genuine sorrow, that circumstances force us to say good-bye to all the associations and loving ties which have held us willing captives to our Alma Mater for the last four years.

We know full well that to a casual observer who does not know the inner feelings of the average student, our adieu to-day may appear to be one of greater gladness than sadness. Ah! but deny us not our little season of gladness. The big sorrow will come later, and all too soon. When convocation is over and the crowd of beautiful ladies and passable gentlemen dispersed, and we come to the full realization of the fact that we have been kindly yet firmly thrust from the nest in which we have been nurtured to make our own way in the big world, then, and perhaps not till then, shall we fully realize the great place our Alma Mater occupied in our affections and the many cherished relations about to be lost to us, which cluster round her revered halls. Sorrow is the sister of joy, and the student who perhaps appears most hilarious at present will, ere many days be past, find himself longing, perchance with tears, for the tender grace of his dead college days. We cannot think of him as less a man or more incapacitated for the faithful performance of life's duties because he may feel as we have described.

But the lines of joy and sorrow must converge, at least on the day of graduation, for every student, and for us in common with others: sorrow that college days are over, but joy because our benign mother is about to enroll our names among those of her worthy sons. Then again this is a day of joyfulness for us, because it marks our triumphs over many difficulties, difficulties which we

have not always met in the spirit of Caesar, when he could say *veni, vidi, vici*. Perhaps in many instances we could more truthfully say *veni, vidi, victus sum*. Yet we hope that even from our failures we have learned wholesome lessons which will profit us in the after time. Yes, we stand here to-day glad that our course of study, in so far as it was mixed up with the unpleasant and we would almost say unprofitable system of cram and final examinations, is, for most of us at least, a thing of the past. Some of us, it is true, may be so glad to get rid of cram and final examinations that we shall henceforth not do much more in the line of study. To such we would say, our present educative system, with its trying terminal examinations, prizes and medals, is particularly framed to meet your case. You need a goad to urge you on, and these are the goads which our teachers and professors adopt. But just here comes in the evils of the system, for the man who studies faithfully with a view to preparing himself as thoroughly as possible for the duties of life, will be called upon to answer to the prod in common with the dull, lazy ass who will not move without it. We are glad, then, that we are from under this goad, and that now we shall be able to study a subject closely without being distracted by the looming apparition of a final examination, or urged to efforts beyond our powers by the thought of possessing a medal. But we have other than selfish causes for joy to-day. Our dear old Alma Mater has given us great cause for rejoicing by the energetic efforts she has recently made to lead the van in higher education in Canada. No longer, we are devoutly glad to say, shall the oft-times supercilious student of Toronto University be excused for his ignorance if, in all the innocence of his heart, he asks whether or not Queen's has degree-conferring powers. Our new calendar, scattered throughout the length and breadth of this country, will show all intelligent people that Queen's possesses the power in a pre-eminent degree, in fact that she has so far soared to the heights of presumption as to think of conferring the degrees Ph. D. and D. Sc. It gives us unqualified delight to note these signs of progress in our Alma Mater. And this delight is intensified by the thought that we have the men and money in Queen's to make these sweeping changes in her curriculum a telling reality in the educational life of this Canada of ours. We are only sorry that many of us will not be privileged directly to benefit by this infusion of new brain power, and the consequent degree of new life, which have been added to the work of our University.

We hail with gladness the greater scope and thoroughness which recent changes have made possible in some other very important classes in our curriculum. These changes must mean increased diligence on the part of those who aspire in the future to the high position of graduates of Queen's. In this increased diligence, however, directed by able and sympathetic professors, we see the prospect of Queen's becoming even greater than she at present is.

And now we must, even at the risk of being hackneyed in our style, turn to say a few words of farewell, to our professors in particular. We part from you with regret, not because you are professors, for no student feels regret in parting with a mere professor any more than the laborer feels regret in parting with the machines which have aided him in his work, but because we have found in you men in the truest sense of that word. Your superior learning and experience you have not used in the way of making us more keenly feel our defects and inferiority. In your most exacting demands as professors we have sought and generally found your sympathy as fellow-men. You did not look upon us, and therefore did not treat us, as inanimate lumps of clay in the hands of a potter. Recognizing your own separate individuality, you were willing to concede a like privilege to us. Your object then as teachers was not to develop in your students reproductions of yourselves or any other man, but to show to each the most successful line along which he could realize the best that was in him, consistently with his individual peculiarities. Then outside of your class work you were not so awfully unbending and dignified as not to notice your students when meeting them. Your kind nod of recognition was always appreciated. Then your warm, friendly hand-shake, which we have been privileged to receive when returning to our work in the autumn, although perhaps a seemingly small thing to you, meant much to us. It gave us the impression that you were again glad to help us through another session's work, while it made us more willing than ever to be helped by such men. We have heard uncomplimentary remarks made at your expense by the students and perhaps by ourselves; but we have also heard praise lavishly poured out upon you, the latter being usually very largely in the ascendant. The proportion between the praise and blame which we have heard visited upon your heads was generally fixed by the degree of sympathetic good nature or cross-grained peevishness which you infused into your class work. That you were firm, yet considerate, in your demands for honest work we thank you. It has been beneficial to us. But that you at any time showed that the work done was more important in your eyes than the class who did the work, we do not thank you, for to such impressions, if they ever did arise, we can trace no good results.

At your homes we have always found a true welcome, and this to students in a strange city means much. We are, though students, social animals, and that you were so kind as to recognize this we feel thankful. Your welcome was always natural and free from that lofty condescension shown by the superior to the inferior, a condescension which must always be gall and wormwood to any free-spirited individual, be he student or mechanic, literate or illiterate. Yes, we thank you to-day for treating us like men, both in your capacity as professors and in your social relations with us—thank you that you always gave us credit for the possession of sufficient

common sense to know and keep our own place, without resorting to that contemptible and unmanly way of teaching us the lesson, viz., by snubs and high, cold looks. You have most effectually taught us that the truest way to retain one's own manhood is to be ever ready to acknowledge the manhood of others. We hope you will not think us presumptuous in speaking as we have. We can feel the pulse of the students: we know, therefore, that much of the success of any university must depend upon the cordiality of feeling existing between the students and professors. Believing this, then, we have no hesitation in saying that though in the years to come you will most assuredly be remembered for your eminent abilities by the class of '89, yet on the tablets of enduring memory which live in the heart as a secret recess, your image as sympathetic, helpful men will be indelibly retained, when as mere professors you are relegated to the shades of forgetfulness.

But now turn we in sadness, and with many, fond regrets, to say good-bye to this good old limestone city. We have nothing but good words for Kingston and its people. We have found the city beautiful for situation and its inhabitants all that the people of such a matter-of-fact, substantial old city should be. Common sense in all their dealings, yet hospitable and free in their manner to students to a degree to which our words cannot do justice. If any of our class leave Kingston without having fully worn off that rusticity of speech and manner which no doubt sometimes characterized us, it has not been through lack of delicate and considerate attention from the good cultured people of Kingston. We would like to abide with you always, to be known as citizens in your midst. Were we, therefore, M.D.'s we would immediately after graduation hang out our shingle in some conspicuous part of your city, and after a few weeks' practice expect to wear a silk hat and drive with a jehu-like speed in a convenient two-wheeler through your principal streets, to give the public the impression that we were doing a rushing business. But we are not M.D.'s and it doth not yet appear to some of us perhaps what we may eventually be. We shall, however, we believe, be fulfilling the highest expectation of our Alma Mater, professors, and good friends of Kingston if we strive by God's help to be men. Our heartfelt thanks we offer the good people of Kingston for the amount of genuine pleasure which their kind attentions have infused into the four years' course which we have just completed.

To the students we are leaving to succeed us we have not much to say. We are glad to know that we leave many more to succeed us than have preceded us, glad to know that the coming students will find in Queen's broader and better opportunities for development as the years go by. To you students with whom we are immediately acquainted is entrusted the honor of the college for the coming three years at least. Be faithful, we would say, faithful in your studies, faithful on the campus, faithful in the Alma Mater, and we would almost

say faithful, at least we would say enthusiastic, in blowing your tin horns and kazoos in the gallery during Convocation gatherings. We know you, boys of the first, second and third years, for thanks to the admirable system prevailing at Queen's, no hard and fast lines of demarcation separate one year from another. Yes, we know you and respect you, and this being so, we can safely entrust matters to you for the future. We are sorry to leave you as you will be sorry to leave your fellows when your turn comes. We have had our disagreements, both within and without the Alma Mater, yet in the midst of all we have retained a mutual respect and tender regard for each other, and can pray fervently that it may be our privilege through the coming years to meet under auspices as agreeable as those which surrounded our life when we sang together in the corridors of our dear old Alma Mater, "Queen's College is a Jolly Home."

VALEDICTORY IN DIVINITY—C. J. CAMERON, M.A.

Mr. Chancellor, Mr. Vice-Chancellor, Gentlemen of Convocation, Ladies and Gentlemen:

The graduating class in Divinity is naturally anxious that to-day, as it looks, as students, for the last time upon these dear old walls, its valedictorian should give expression to the feelings which, like Banquo, "bodiless and unbidden," rise up before them to add a new charm or a light touch of regret to the pleasure of the hour. And so, taught from my earliest recollections that poetry is the highest expression of human thought, I have concluded that it, and it alone, could adequately convey the mingling emotions which master them to-day. Of all the various gems of genius which have charmed the world for ages, it seems probable that no one better voices their sentiments to old Queen's at this time than the well known and yet ever beautiful quatrain—

"The rose is red,
The violet's blue:
Sugar is sweet—
And so are you!"

Gentlemen may smile—but if this is not a fair expression of the sentiments of the Divinity class to Queen's, they are at perfect liberty to consider it—to quote the diplomatic language of the Principal—as an expression of their affection for "some of the *friends* of Queen's." And if they still persist in thinking that the poetry inadequately voices their affection for either the one or the other, I can only say that I shall try yet again ere I have taken my seat, and if I fail this time they must e'en give it tongue themselves.

The graduation day of a University is always a time of interest to all men who have at heart the welfare of their country. It is a field day for the veteran—a time in which those who have taken part in the life of the nation—who have served as private or commander in her "battles, sieges, fortunes"—and who carry, it may be, upon their brows or upon their hearts, the scars of many a

well-fought field or many a hard-won fight—come down to look upon the raw recruits who are coming forth at the country's call to fill the ranks of the recreant or the dead, and judge of the fitness or incapacity of the sons to take upon them the burdens which for many a long year their fathers have so well sustained. Ah, yes—graduation day means more than a mere going forth from one class room to another and a larger one—more than a mere parting from those

"Whom we have only known to love —
And loved to know" —

more than merely another son sent forth into the world well equipped for the struggle, to lift the mother or the father or the family a step higher in the way of comfort or social standing, or a step nearer to the luxuries which have become so necessary to those who have

"fed on the roses and lain on the lilies of life."

It is important to the individual—it is of moment to the family—but to the NATION it is a thing of life or death!

It means the sending forth of a band of young men who will strengthen the hands of evil or of good—who will make the hard task which those who are toiling for her welfare have before them yet harder, or who will cast into the scales on the side of Right that inestimable influence which youth, energy, enthusiasm, faith have given them—and nerve with a cheer the hands already trembling and the hearts already faint with "the heat and burden of the day."

It is important as a day of results, first, to the graduate himself. Consciously or unconsciously, he reviews the work done by him during his four or seven years' course, and the review shows him how far his work has been a failure and how far a success. Read rightly, faithfully, conscientiously, it will nerve him for the work that lies before him—it will guard him against the errors that are behind him—it will give him courage for the efforts of the future.

What it has taught him he alone knows—not the College Don, not the Faculty, not the Senate, but himself. And if we venture to read aloud some of the lessons which experience has borne in upon us, we believe that the boys, whom—with all the little differences of opinion that have existed between us—we still love, will receive the little that we have to offer them in the same spirit in which it is given, as a symbol of our common struggles, our common hopes, our common aims, and as a token, however slight, of that imperishable fraternity that exists, and must exist forever, between all the sons of Queen's! And so we say—

HAVE LOFTY IDEALS.

Not every man who has them is great, but no man is great who has them not. I know—no one better—that there is nothing more prosaic and practical than the constant grind of college work. I know, no one better, that the student's heart yearns, when he is overwhelmed with

toil, for a word of sympathy and encouragement from those who are qualified, by their broader experience and their supposed wider Christian life, to be able and willing to give it to him. And I also know—no one better—that for the most part he looks for it in vain. Is it wonderful, then, that some of us have learnt to appreciate to the full the worth and beauty of the Laureate's words—

"Oh, for the touch of a vanished hand,
And the sound of a voice that is still!"

But all this is a mean to an end. Disappointed in the practical, the student turns naturally for comfort and hope to the ideal; and if only his ideals be high enough, and his efforts to their attainment strenuous enough, he will, by the force of that "divinity that stirs within him," rise superior to all circumstance and *compel* the recognition which mediocrity is ever so slow to give.

Live with good and great men.

We do not mean in the social and political sphere. This is a part, but only a very small part, of the life of the individual. You may be of that cynical disposition which takes small pleasure in the latest style of spring bonnets, the newest thing in cuts, or the last shade of dress goods. It may not be Paradise for you to gossip for hours over the next wedding—the beauty of the bride or the terror of the groom. This is, in all probability, due to a defect in the constituent elements of your nature—but there are all kinds and conditions of men, and you may be one of this kind. You may not be beside yourself with joy at the defeat or election of the Grit or Tory candidate in the Island of Anticosti. You may even go so far as Carlyle, and hold that you are a unit in a population of 25,000,000—mostly fools.

But all this is a matter of small importance. It is the *inner* life that makes the individual,—

"The soul is its own place, and of itself
Can make a heaven of hell—a hell of heaven."

A man may live with poachers, tapsters, flunkeys, and yet, with Shakespeare, swing the world behind him.

See the good in all literatures, philosophies, religions. The effect of University life should be to give you culture, and culture consists in the acquaintance with, and appreciation of, the thoughts and lives of all other civilizations as truly as your own.

When you see this good, USE IT. We are told that the pulpit has lost its hold upon the race. If this be so, it is the fault, not of the faith *behind* the pulpit, but of the *man in it*. There must be a progression in the pulpit as truly as in the state. It is the task and privilege of the minister to adapt himself to the circumstances by which he is surrounded. If men will persist in using the phraseology and the forms of thought of a century ago, they have no right to expect the indulgence of those that hear them. Did the daily press act upon this principle, the minister in question would, in all human probability, be the first to object, and he would likely object pretty dogmatically, too. For the Theology of the past I have

the utmost veneration and respect; for its methods of expression, as applied to our time, none at all.

If there is a failure in pulpit power it is because the minister is *afraid* of his people. He takes to himself Paul's words of being "ALL things to ALL men," and when he pats this or that vice on the shoulder he thinks that he is a second Paul. He is laboring under a trifling delusion. And the wondrous part of it is that he is the only one who does so. This was not the spirit of Paul; it was not the spirit of Stephen; it was not the spirit of the Prophets of old; it was not the spirit of Christ. He is not really aiming at playing the part of Paul; he is after popularity. Such a course is not expedient. It means in every case a life failure. Such a course is not long possible. The past teaches—so clearly that he who runs may read—that the great men of the earth—the men who have, by sheer intellectuality, moral force or divine power—and all ministers should be such—lifted the world up from the plane of the lower to the higher, and swung the ages after them—were men, who not only were not popular, but were oftentimes the objects of its hate and scorn.

I have read many a life of the past; I have conned with pleasure many a deep thought and wise saying of the mighty spirits who "are not, because God took them"; I have studied the literatures of many languages; but I have yet to know a master spirit of any clime or time who did not find in his own bitter experience the truth of the words that were first applied to the central Personality of the ages—"He came unto His own, and His own received him not."

What shall we say of Galileo and the reception which the world gave him? "Recantation or death!" And yet he spoke the truth.

What shall we say of the discoverer of the circulation of the blood—the immortal Harvey? Did the men of his time acknowledge the truth and worth of his discovery and crown him with immortelles? Let the records of his struggles answer you!

And so it has been in every department of thought and life. The history of all literature is an almost unbroken record of earthly failure, of unpopularity, and—of divine success.

And so we say, if the pulpit power is failing in its search for popularity, it deserves to fail. A minister has nothing to do with popularity. He has to reckon, not with man, but with God.

And so the class of '89 offers you as part of its closing words, that which expresses its own faith—Let popularity go!

"To thine own self be true!

And it must follow as the night the day
Thou canst not then be false to any man."

It does not lie in the power of man to make or mar your life. Never mind the past—it is behind you. Recall it only to spur you on to greater and nobler efforts.

The future is before you. Dwell on it only as a time in which to realize the results of the work you do to-day. As this is, so shall that be—yet in larger measure—more of good or more of evil.

"The Present! Ah, the mightiest mind
Holds only that! We may not see
The dim days, or the undefined
And unformed ages yet to be.
Enough for us that if we do
The present deed that should be done,
The Three shall open to your view—
Past, Present, Future—One!"

Ladies of Kingston:

For all the many and generous expressions of kindness which you have given us during our residence in this city, we are deeply grateful. The class which I represent appears to be solicitous that I should not close this part of my valedictory without quoting to you, in their name, words with which they appear to think *you* very familiar, and which *they* certainly know perfectly. They will need modification for the occasion:—

"Good night! Good night! Parting is such sweet sorrow

That we could say 'Good night' until to-morrow."

Gentlemen of the University:

In our days it is thought that the sole necessary qualifications of a good teacher are knowledge of a given subject and a greater or less ability to impart that knowledge to others. Anything beyond this—as, for example, adaptability to the natures and sympathy with the aspirations of students—is mere sentiment, and as such valueless to hard-headed, practical men. The gentlemen are wise—intensely wise, and practical—very practical; and yet some of us have a dim sort of a recollection of a man whose name should be uttered and heard with reverence in a place like this—of one who completed the first step in the line of a Federated Empire—of one who was hard-headed enough to checkmate Gortschakoff and Bismarck, the mightiest diplomats of Europe, and practical enough to place a coronet upon his own brow while he set the tiara of empire upon the forehead of his Queen—of Benjamin D'Israeli, in short, who said that the secret of his success lay in the apprehension of the truth that "Sentiment was the first principle of empire."

The success, gentlemen, of your work, like the Kingdom of Heaven, be it said with reverence, "cometh not with observation." It does not depend merely upon your knowledge of a given subject or your ability to impart that knowledge to your students; many men have this. It does not depend merely upon your giving them living examples of wisdom, integrity, truth. There are many such examples. It does not depend solely upon your intellectuality or your moral worth. These are all good—are very good; but they are good only as being part and parcel of something infinitely higher and better.

You have to deal not only with the class, but with the individual. And upon your treatment of the individual will depend largely—more largely than you may think or I can tell—the true and abiding success of your work. You are wise, and your wisdom will win much for you. It may garb your name and presence with dignity. It may inspire with reverence your pupils. It may awaken their admiration, but it will never win their love. With one word of kindness, a single expression of sympathy, you may do more in five minutes than all that you have done in a decade—more work, a higher work, a greater work. What do I care for the teaching of a man whose every action shows that it is a matter of infinite indifference to him whether my life is a blessing to my country or a curse! It is not merely knowledge that we want—we can dig out knowledge for ourselves. We want our characters moulded, shaped, purified, impressed by those who are older than ourselves, and who know by practical experience the difficulties which we shall meet in the walks of life. We have read history badly if we have not yet discovered how little it takes to make or mar a life—how narrow the line between the sinner and the saint, between the immortal patriot and the equally immortal traitor.

I know, sir, of no way of judging of the future but by the past. And, judging by the past, the stains on the pages of human history are to be traced for the most part no more to the natural depravity of the individual sinner than to the unnatural brutality of the should-be saint. What has been is, and will be. Envy, jealousy, ignorance on the part of the moral majority, and ruin of body, wreck of soul, and oftentimes national dishonor are the fruits. An unjust censure by George Washington—a censure which was the outcome of the jealousy and hate of lesser minds—and Benedict Arnold, the hero of Quebec, the patriot of Saratoga, goes forth to the world for all time as “Arnold, the traitor!”

That censure was a trifle? Yes, a trifle to the men who inspired it—a trifle, it may be, to the man that uttered it—but that trifle broke the heart and wrecked the life of the man upon whom it was inflicted—that trifle brought shame and infamy upon a name that would have shone like burnished gold upon the records of a people, and would have been, but for that trifle, to all succeeding years

“A name not casting shadow anyways,
But gilt and girt about with light and wine;
A name for men to dream of in dark days,
And take for sun when no sun seemed to shine.”

That trifle changed history then, and such trifles are changing history to-day. And so I say that it is the trifles that make the epochs, and it is only by the consideration of such trifles that a teacher has claim to our veneration and respect.

Some such teachers we have had here. And for these men, while the heart throbs or the memory lives, the class of '89 will have only the most pleasant recollections

—the highest veneration and the most unalloyed respect. And so, farewell, O Queen's!

For thee our hopes are high, our fears few, our doubts none. Strong in the faith which they must needs possess who have been for seven years partakers of thine inner life, we go forth from thy gates with full confidence that those whom we leave behind us—to whom we now give over the sacred heritage which we in turn received—will guard as the apple of their eye—as a sacred thing—thy stainless honor; and believing that, when they stand where we to-day are, they will bequeath it, with a yet diviner lustre, to other and to younger hands. May thy paths, which have often been compassed about with clouds, with darkness, with doubt—which have run under starless skies and beside troubled waters—move henceforth along in easy and ever-upward course! May the stars of night smile down upon thee from the depths of the infinite calm above! May the sun in its meridian lighten up thy way—flowers bloom about thy path—brave sons walk with thee to bear thy burdens—wise minds and strong hands direct thy goings—until, in the fulfilment of thy fate, thou prove thyself a sign set for the rise of many in Israel—a centre of light and wisdom, one of the imperishable pillars upon which shall rest the glory of our country's Future!

THE PRINCIPAL'S ADDRESS.

Principal Grant then addressed the assembly as follows:

Mr. Chancellor, Members of Convocation, Ladies and Gentlemen:

In the programme of our “commencement” proceedings my address was put down for this afternoon, because features connected with to-morrow's convocation threatened to lengthen it, and it was felt desirable to divide the business, even at the expense of encroaching on the time set apart for the valedictories. A sense of duty and of courtesy therefore constrains me to be brief.

This time last year I was in Oxford, where I had the pleasure of addressing the students of Mansfield College, and of seeing, under the guidance of Principal Fairbairn, the wonders and some of the men of the University. Its heads and graduates, I may say, never speak of it as “this great University,” and when a stranger ventures on a compliment they laughingly disclaim it or seriously acknowledge their shortcomings. At this distance, however, I can venture to tell you that there can be only one Oxford and one Cambridge. We may have in Canada what will suit most of our young men better. No doubt of that. But we cannot have these. When I visit countries like the expanding states to the south, or the cities under the Southern Cross, whose growth has been still more rapid, and guides point out to me some new stately college hall or richly endowed university, I always say to myself, “There is no reason why we may not have as good as that in Canada, and we shall have it, too, as the country grows older.” But a different feeling comes over one as he walks through the gardens of Magdalen, or

FOR "LIGHT AND WINE" READ "LIGHT DIVINE" IN PAGE 136, 11 LINES FROM BOTTOM.

hears the thunders of the Sheldonian, or worships in King's College Chapel, Wordsworth's ode mingling with the music of the "scanty band of white-robed scholars." You cannot duplicate the Bodleian. You cannot give an order for the memories of a thousand years. The precious possessions of the British Empire are stored there. They are there for us. They are our cradle, our birth-right, our heirlooms. They are not to be bought or stolen. Barnum could buy Jumbo, but not these, and as for stealing, the world has pronounced righteous judgment on the carrying away to London of the Elgin marbles, and Napoleon's pillage of museums, as it has on the looting of the Emperor of China's summer palace.

While in Oxford I did not forget the Convocation of Queen's, and when the Chancellor cabled me that it was a success I felt that I could leave England with a light heart. When, months afterwards, I read in New Zealand the generous references that had been made by students and other speakers to the Principal's efforts and services, my heart warmed within me, and an old vow was re-sworn to dedicate all that I am, or have, to making this university worthy of its sons and of Canada. This vow, thanks to you and those whom you represent, is no longer a burden. It was indeed something terrible when it meant, in part at least, asking others for money. I tried to bear it then smilingly, for grumbling never yet helped any one, and people therefore thought that it was quite a pleasure to me—a pleasure which, however, few asked to share—proof, surely, that human nature is not as selfish as it is supposed to be. No; it was a yoke that pressed on me every moment, and galled. Now, thank God, I am free of it, and free to devote myself to work formerly dreamed about. The success of the Jubilee Fund has made Queen's safe. Remember, it has done nothing more. Extension is imperatively demanded in different directions, and I invite the attention of intelligent men and women to these opportunities for investment. Equipment that was considered adequate for a University on any part of this continent a quarter of a century ago is now laughed at. Let there be no mistake on this point, and let our friends who have done little or nothing as yet for our last effort make Dr. Smith's work as light as possible. They have an inducement now. They know that the future of Queen's is secured, and it is for them to determine whether it shall do its work on a small scale or on one commensurate with the time and with the efforts that some have made.

I am thus led to give a brief report of the Jubilee Fund, and I can do so with peculiar pleasure. A year ago last month it was announced that the minimum sum required, viz., \$250,000, had been guaranteed, and that, according to the terms of subscription, interest would be expected if the principal were not paid. Now the Treasurer is able to report that \$96,000 has been sent in to him, and that, of the nine or ten thousand of interest due on the balance, about \$8,000 has been paid, a sum more than equal to what we formerly got from the five years'

scheme. In other words, nine-tenths of the whole amount subscribed has been paid in full, or in the form of the first year's interest, and of part of the tenth still unpaid we by no means despair. The total cost of obtaining this quarter of a million was \$682! I make no comment in this report, and draw no moral. That may well be left to others. The graduates and friends of Queen's sacrifice willingly for a cause they deem of sufficient importance, but they have no desire to talk of their sacrifices. The cause is the highest possible development and enrichment of the life of the nation. They believe that no nation can be great except along the lines of education of the best type and free from bondage of every kind. No matter how good the native stock of a people may be, it requires the best kind of cultivation. To this end the wisdom of the past and the resources of the present must be laid under tribute. The best efforts of all are needed, and should be welcomed. It is therefore matter of regret that there should be any lack of unity in this high work. Red-tape, doctrinaire conceptions, prejudices and pride are all out of place. The thing to be aimed at is the organization of our best educational forces so that there may be no schism in the body politic, but harmonious action everywhere. This is what we long for, though we declined to have anything to do with a scheme that looked like organization, but that to us meant absorption. That it was so intended is indeed becoming evident to the people generally. They see now that we have always aimed at unity and rational development, but that our proposals, even for consultation, are declined. I must be allowed to express my disappointment at the language of the Minister of Education in bringing down the correspondence on matriculation at the close of the session. The charges against the department and the Senate of the Provincial University were tacitly admitted. All that was said, however, so far as reported, was to call attention from the point at issue by an observation which may or may not be correct, but which was irrelevant. The Universities, the House was informed, would not be likely to surrender their power of holding their own matriculation examinations. What steps, may I ask, have been taken to ascertain the mind of the Universities? Is it proposed to surrender all power to the department, as at present constituted, or to a body that would represent the best educational thought and experience of the country? Everything would depend on that, and that could be ascertained only by a conference, like the one called to consider the question of federation, and which its promoters consider to have been useful, while it cost the department nothing. Another conference might well be called, on the same economical conditions, to consider the possibility of a rational and uniform matriculation examination. The crude conception of gathering all colleges into one place may, I think, now be dismissed. But the point the Minister was called upon to refer to was something quite different from departmental centralization. He had years ago announced himself in favor of

a common matriculation, and hoped that the four universities would accept this policy, promising that if they did the department would conduct the examination free of expense. Three of the Universities did accept, and the fourth refused. He, as an acknowledgment, now pays the expenses, not of the three, but of the fourth. The only explanation of this method of pressing a policy and keeping a promise is that chartered Universities are to be treated with injustice unless they surrender their independence. Their money, it would seem, must also be surrendered. A little newspaper, supposed to voice the ruling policy, has recently declared that "Queen's must hand over her endowment to the Government before she can be allowed to co-operate in improving public education." The sweet reasonableness of this doctrine every free man must admit. The regard for the educational interests of the Province is manifest. It is enough, however, to say at present that any ministry that asserted it openly would not live long in a civilized country, and that the institution that preached it would be its own worst enemy. Fancy a newspaper in Massachusetts declaring that Harvard, Boston, Amherst and Williams must hand over their endowments to the Government before they could be allowed to co-operate in improving public education! That Cornell, Columbia, and other Universities in New York must also commit the happy despatch! That Oxford, Cambridge, London, and the Scottish Universities must go and do likewise! Enough on this subject. I apologize for the digression. More detailed treatment is needed, and I have promised to give that at a special meeting of the University Council, to be held next month.

One word more in acknowledgment of the liberality of our graduates and benefactors. Nothing binds men together so much as common action, of an unselfish kind, voluntarily undertaken towards the attainment of a high ideal. We, being many, have thus been made one. Other Universities have received large sums from a few wealthy donors in one locality. Our friends are in every part of the country, and of every religious denomination. Their action has consolidated them and us into an organism, closely united like a family. Into this family you gentlemen, who are to be laureated to-morrow, will enter. I can wish for you nothing better than the family spirit. The graduates and students are the strength of any university, and its best representatives to the general community. Let those who go from us, even for one short summer, remember that the reputation of their Alma Mater is entrusted to them.

THE LAUREATION.

The final day at last came when the successful students were to receive their reward in the stape of degrees, and at 2 p.m. an excited crowd had assembled outside the main entrance, which was for some reason or another closed. When it was opened, however, one grand rush filled the hall, the students occupying the gallery, where they conscientiously endeavored to rigidly observe the

rules as laid down in the last number of the JOURNAL, and in a great measure they succeeded gloriously. The platform was well filled with professors, trustees, members of the Council, graduates and friends of Queen's, among whom we noticed Rev. Dr. Smith, general secretary; Rev. Dr. Wardrope, of Guelph; Rev. D. J. Macdonnell, Toronto; John R. Lavell, B.A., Smith's Falls; Rev. A. H. Scott, Perth; Dr. Bolter, Stirling; A. T. Drummond, Esq., Montreal; D. B. McLennan, Q.C., Cornwall; Rev. Dr. Campbell, Montreal; Rev. James Gray, Stirling; Dr. A. P. Knight; Prof. Waddell, R.M.C.; George Y. Chown, B.A.; R. W. Shannon, M.A.; Rev. Dr. McTavish, Lindsay; John Hay, B.D., Campbellford; and many others.

The Principal, addressing those present, referred to the fact that on Tuesday the term for which Chancellor Fleming had been elected expired, and announced that the popular Chancellor had been elected again. (Cheers.) He then proceeded to install him. This ceremony was brief, the Chancellor undertaking, "in the strength God has given him, to defend the College and protect its rights." Then there was more applause, and the irrepressibles in the gallery sang that old song which, on so many similar occasions, has done duty, "For he's a jolly good fellow." Mr. Geo. Chown, B.A., of Kingston, and Mr. J. R. Lavell, B.A., of Smith's Falls, placed the robes of office upon Chancellor Fleming's shoulders, notwithstanding the fact that they were informed that the Chancellor could put on "his own duds."

The Chancellor then made an interesting address. He said that he accepted the duties and responsibilities of the high position conscious that the authorities would accept his earnest efforts to discharge its obligations. He would again look for the indulgence and support hitherto invariably received. He was delighted to see the Principal back again and to express the common sentiment of all present, and of every one of the many friends of Queen's throughout the country, in hoping that his restored health would enable him to continue for many years the noble work he has undertaken.

Reference was made to the visit of the Governor-General and the manner of his reception. His Excellency has expressed his deep interest in the University, and has stated his intention of offering a scholarship of \$75 for competition. "Within the last few months we have lost an old and true friend in the death of Mr. John Caruthers," said the Chancellor. "We hoped that his life might have been spared for him to take part in laying the foundation stone of the Science Hall, which is to bear his name; it has been decreed otherwise. This hall will be a lasting memorial of his worth and of the aid he has generously given. Efforts were made so that the foundation stone could be laid during Convocation week, but this preliminary work has been deferred from unavoidable circumstances."

The Trustees having determined to issue a doomsday book much material has been collected by Rev. Dr. Wil-

Williamson. The book will contain the names of every individual who has, from time to time, aided in the endowment, and in it will also be chronicled important facts in relation to the history of the University. Dr. Williamson has prepared an appropriate introduction embracing the narrative of the preliminary proceedings from 1831 to the date of the Royal Charter, 16th October, 1841, with records of the founders and first benefactors, some of whom are still alive. It is contemplated to embrace the following chapters :

1. Introductory—1831 to 1841.
2. Comprising events from the date of the Royal Charter to the purchase of the Summer Hill property and the occupation of the old college buildings—1841 to 1854.
3. From 1854 to the appeal by Dr. Snodgrass and Prof. Mackerras for endowment in 1869.
4. From 1869 to the erection of the new buildings in 1880.
5. From the occupation of the new buildings to 1890, or as may hereafter be determined.

In it and succeeding volumes it is designed to chronicle the good deeds of every friend of Queen's. The Trustees have further resolved to place memorial tablets in Convocation Hall in honor of the students of 1887-8, and of the subscribers to each separate endowment fund in the years 1840-1869, 1878 and 1887. The subject of tablets of the most fitting character is under consideration, and a committee of the trustees has been appointed to place them in position as soon as practicable.

By the increase of the staff the Senate has been enabled to add to the strength of the curriculum. Material additions have been made to the courses for honors, and special provisions have been made for the steady advancement and careful supervision of extra-mural students. New arrangements have also been made for post-graduate students. The object aimed at is to afford facilities in Canada for extending the attainments of those who have attained the degree of M.A., and encourage them to look forward to reaching a still higher educational rank. The Chancellor hoped that the Board of Trustees would be able to still further extend the usefulness and efficiency of the University. In connection with the question of providing new buildings great inconvenience was experienced by the Women's Medical College, as the rooms used are unadapted for the purpose, and were at a great distance from the arts and science lecture rooms. This allied college, of no small importance in the work it was endeavoring to accomplish, should, as soon as practicable, have similar accommodation to that enjoyed by the Royal Medical College, and should be provided in some position more contiguous to the building occupied by the arts classes.

"It will be remembered," said the Chancellor, "that the proposal of some few years back to move Queen's from Kingston to share the fortunes of a State University at Toronto had the effect of uniting every friend in a common determination that the seat of learning should

remain on its original site. It was also determined that means should be employed to strengthen the endowment ; with that object in view 'Queen's University Endowment Association' was organized, with active branch associations in many parts of the Province. This association proved advantageous, independently of the immediate purpose for which it was established, in bringing the College authorities at Kingston into direct communication with the many friends throughout the country and providing a channel for the interchange of views and aspirations. It is therefore felt that although the immediate object for which the association was formed has been accomplished, it will be in the interest of the University to continue the organization under the name of 'Queen's University Association,' and it is suggested that the main body and all the branches should hereafter be known by that title."

The Chancellor said that there was reason for gratification with the steady advancement made and the excellent prospects before them. The past two years have been eventful in the history of the institution, but the minds of those who conduct its affairs were no longer weighted with the burdens which at one time pressed upon them. The number of students in all departments is steadily on the increase, and there is the strongest proof that Queen's has gained the confidence of the community. It must be the desire of all that the institution continue to be recognized as indispensable to the moral and intellectual advancement of the Dominion.

Reference was made to the self-denying exertions of Principal Grant, and besides conveying the sentiments of the Trustees, as was done on his return from his trip around the world, his portrait was ordered and this further agreement decided upon : "That all contributions to the Endowment Fund, beyond the minimum of \$250,000, that may be received, be applied, as far as required, to the endowment of a chair which shall bear the name of Principal Grant." The General Secretary says progress has been made in this direction. Dr. Smith speaks hopefully of the prospects of receiving the sum required to endow the Principal Grant chair.

At the conclusion of the address the Chancellor turned to Dr. Grant and said : "And now it is my pleasant duty at this stage of the proceedings to call upon the Chairman of the Board of Trustees to unveil the portrait of the Principal, which will hereafter remain a prized possession of the University."

Rev. Dr. Wardrope, Guelph, in the absence of Hon. Mr. Morris, unveiled the picture. The familiar face, in oil, created applause. Dr. Grant glanced at the portrait, and a naughty medico suggested, "That's the handsomest man you have seen." The students sang, "For he's a jolly good fellow."

The names of the winners of scholarships were read and the cards handed over. When Mr. T. L. Walker walked up to secure the Gowan prize in natural science, for the best collection of Canadian plants, Dr. Grant

remarked on Senator Gowan's interest in Queen's. He mentioned the many instances in which he had given money to the College. "When he comes among us—and I hope soon to see him here—you will know what kind of a man he is," said Dr. Grant.

Envelopes were broken by the Chancellor, and he made the announcement that the following had won prizes, thus:

Lewis. Value \$25. Given for the best lecture on Luke x. 38-42 inclusive.—John A. Reddon, Mildmay.

Macpherson. Value \$25. Given by Sir David Macpherson, Toronto, for the best essay on the "Influence of Britain on India."—P. A. McLeod, Dundas, P.E.I.

The honor list was read and the medals presented. Prof. Fletcher, in handing the Prince of Wales gold medal in classics to D. R. Drummond, and a silver medal to G. E. Dyde, said the winners were worthy men. He also mentioned that the paper of J. H. Mills, of Lindsay, was of the highest merit.

Prof. Dupuis gave R. S. Minnes the gold medal for mathematics. He said the young man had won it after a severe contest. Two or three of the papers were so good that a most critical reading had to be given before any distinction could be made.

P. A. McLeod was tendered the Mayor's gold medal in philosophy by Dr. Grant. The medal in natural science will be forwarded to J. T. Bowerman, of Ottawa, who won it without attending the College. This showed the advantage of having extra-mural students in connection with the institution.

Dean Fowler presented the medals to the winners of them in the Royal Medical College. Then the laureation of the various graduates occurred. Miss Isabella McConville's appearance, to secure the degree of M.D., C.M., was greatly applauded. The degree of M.A. was conferred on five gentlemen, and that of B.D. on two. The gentlemen to whom the honorary degree of LL.D. was given were announced, and the names ordered to be enrolled on the list of graduates.

Rev. D. J. Macdonnell, B.D., Toronto, addressed the graduates. He spoke of the days when he attended college, and the lack of facilities enjoyed in comparison with those of the present time. Then there were no girl students in attendance, and no chance for displaying that marked academic etiquette; chaffing the sweet graduates, as now enjoyed. Truly they had lived in a simple, barbaric age. He congratulated the students upon having reached the present stage in their lives, and also upon having secured degrees from Queen's University. The institution, while conservative, was manifestly growing. It was independent and catholic. This latter feature was made prominent by the Presbyterian Trustees asking for legislation by which men of other denominations could be represented on the board, and by the election of R. V. Rogers as the first of five such men.

The advice offered was, in the words of the late David Livingstone to Scottish school children, "Fear God and

work hard." This was an age, he said, not characterized by a spirit of reverence. But the graduates need not be among the irreverent. He advised them not to treat the realities of life as *Punch* or *Grip* treat the frailties and foibles of mankind. If they dealt with the verities of life, truth and eternity in that way they would soon have no religion to ridicule. They should not be ashamed to study their bibles. It would throw light on all the duties and relations in life. They should also work hard, for to be successful, distinguished or honored required men to use the powers God had given them with unstinted diligence, and to have the conviction that they were doing all for God. He advised all men to have ideals and to make them realities. Their motto should be, "What ought to be done can be." He urged this more particularly in this age of selfishness. The graduates should be men, and believing in the motto mentioned, then partisanship in politics, and the graver things that threaten the existence and life of the people, would forever be quieted. He asked them to be true to themselves and to their country, and then they would be true to God. Dare to do right, be Queen's men in reality, then their lives would be grandly successful.

When Mr. Macdonnell concluded his earnest, brilliant address he had so won the admiration of the audience that he was stormed with applause.

Principal Grant said that it was almost two years since he had attended a previous convocation. At that time Queen's had reached the great crisis in her history, but the dangers had been surmounted. The same might be said of his life. Since then all that had happened had been good. He asked the assemblage to rise and sing the grand old doxology, "Praise God from whom all blessings flow." The chaplain concluded the exercises of the day.

MEETING OF TRUSTEES.

After Convocation the Trustees of Queen's University met in the Senate room, and at six o'clock adjourned until next morning. Those present were: Chancellor Fleming, Principal Grant, Dr. Wardrope, Guelph; Dr. Laidlaw, Hamilton; Dr. Campbell, Montreal; Rev. D. J. Macdonnell, Toronto; Rev. W. Herridge, Ottawa; Rev. Dr. Bain and Rev. M. Macgillivray, Kingston; A. T. Drummond, Esq., Montreal; D. B. McLennan, Q. C., Cornwall; W. C. Caldwell, M. P., Lanark; Dr. Boulter, Stirling; and Messrs. G. M. Macdonnell and R. V. Rogers, Kingston.

It was decided to proceed at once with the erection of a Science Hall in accordance with plans submitted at the meeting, and the carrying out of the details will be left in the hands of the local Trustees. The building will be known as the John Carruthers Science Hall.

A committee was appointed to see what additions to the teaching staff are needed, and to report as to the state of the finances.

The Rev. Jas. Carmichael, of King, was appointed Lecturer in Church History for the coming session, and

the Rev. James Ross, B. D., of Perth, Lecturer for the following session.

Owing to the constantly increasing duties of the Registrar, the Rev. Dr. Bell has been relieved of his duties as Librarian, and Mr. Adam Short, M. A., appointed to do the work.

In the form of a resolution the thanks of the Board were tendered the Hon. G. A. Kirkpatrick and Senator Vidal for their services in securing the passage of the act amending the charter of the University.

Dr. Moore, of Brockville, was appointed Representative of the University in the Ontario Medical Council. The report to the General Assembly was read and adopted, and the reports from the Librarian and Curator of the Museum were also read, and a grant made to the Library.

The lease held by the Royal Medical College authorities expires in a few weeks, and the Trustees granted a new lease for an additional term of ten years.

Rev. Dr. Bain, Kingston; Rev. D. J. Macdonnell, Toronto; Dr. R. Campbell, Renfrew; Hon. Justice Maclean, Toronto; E. W. Rathbun, Deseronto; and Andrew Allan, Montreal, were re-elected Trustees, and the Rev. J. Mackie, of St. Andrew's, Kingston, was elected to fill a vacancy.

Several other minor matters connected with the University were transacted, and the meeting adjourned.

The following is a list of the Honors, Medals, Scholarships, and Graduates:

MEDALS.

Classics—Gold Medal, D. R. Drummond; Silver Medal, G. E. Dyde.

Mathematics—Gold Medal, R. S. Minnes.

Philosophy—Gold Medal, P. A. McLeod.

Political Economy—W. J. Patterson.

Chemistry—T. S. Walker.

Natural Science—J. T. Bowerman.

SCHOLARSHIPS.

Foundation No. 1, Senior Latin—Miss A. G. Campbell.

Foundation No. 2, Senior Greek—J. A. Roddick.

Foundation No. 3, Senior English—Miss M. A. King.

Foundation No. 4, Junior Philosophy—F. Heap.

Foundation No. 5, Junior Physics—S. T. Chown.

Foundation No. 6, Junior Chemistry—C. C. Arthur.

Nickle, Natural Science—F. King.

Cataraqui, History—Miss L. Shibley and J. M. Farrell, equal.

St. Andrew's Church, Toronto, (close), Junior Greek—W. H. Davis.

Glass Memorial, Junior Mathematics—H. A. Hunter.

HONORS.

Greek, Class I.—D. R. Drummond, G. E. Dyde and J. H. Mills. Class II.—J. Cooke.

Latin, Class I.—D. R. Drummond, G. E. Dyde and J. H. Mills. Class II.—E. S. Griffin.

Mathematics, Class I.—R. S. Minnes, F. King, T. H. Farrell and W. Curle.

Mathematics, first year, Class I.—J. C. Gibson, E. Ryerson.

Natural Science, second year; Botany, Class I.—J. T. Bowerman. Class II.—E. J. Corkill, T. L. Walker.

Zoology, Class I.—J. T. Bowerman.

Geology, Class I.—J. T. Bowerman.

Chemistry, Class I.—T. L. Walker. Class II.—E. J. Corkill and F. J. Pope.

Philosophy, Class I.—P. A. McLeod. Class II.—J. Sharp, J. Binnie and A. G. Hay.

Political Economy, Class I.—W. J. Patterson, W. Curle, J. A. Sinclair, J. Millar. Class II.—R. M. Phalen.

English Literature, first year honors, Class II.—J. Marshall, B. A., C. F. Hamilton and F. Ireland.

Natural Science, first year; Botany, Class I.—R. Lees, T. L. Walker and A. M. Fenwick.

Geology, Class I.—A. M. Fenwick, Pope, and Lees. Class II.—R. R. Robinson.

History, Class I.—R. M. Lett.

English Language, Class II.—R. M. Lett, N. Macdonald.

French, Class II.—E. S. Griffin and R. M. Lett.

German, Class II.—R. M. Lett and E. S. Griffin.

MASTERS OF ARTS.

John Marshall, B. A.

John McKinnon, B. A.

Thomas G. Allen, B. A.

Andrew Haig, B. A.

Wm. T. McClement, B. A.

O. L. Kilborne, B. A.

Alex. H. D. Ross, B. A.

BACHELORS OF ARTS.

James Binnie, Durham.

John D. Boyd, Alexandria.

James Cattanach, Williamstown.

Stanley T. Chown, Kingston.

Geo. T. Copeland, Cornwall.

R. H. Cowley, Ottawa.

Wm. Curle, Campbellford.

D. R. Drummond, Almonte.

Geo. E. Dyde, Kingston.

E. B. Echlin, West Flamboro'.

John P. Falconer, Sydney, C. B.

James M. Farrell, Kingston.

T. H. Farrell, Kingston.

E. Scott Griffin, Kingston.

R. M. Lett, St. Thomas.

John H. Madden, Delta.

Perry Mahood, Kingston.

John H. Mills, Lindsay.

Robt. S. Minnes, Kingston.

F. J. McCammon, Kingston.

D. G. McPhail, Lanark.

R. M. Phalen, Cape Breton.

John A. Redden, Mildmay.

E. H. Russell, Douglastown.

J. S. Shurie, Trenton.

D. Strachan, Rockwood.

John B. Turner, Hamilton.

✻ LITERATURE. ✻

ON A RAFT.

(Continued from page 119.)

BUT Montreal from an after-dinner point of view seemed rather a jolly sort of place. There is a peculiar fascination about a large city in the evening with its myriads of gaslights, its well kept streets and crowds of promenaders. Accustomed as we had been to the severe simplicity of the good saint Ignatius reflected in the village bearing his name, no wonder that the hour at which we should have been at Hochelaga found us still gazing from a friend's window at the passers-by and chatting over our adventures since we had left Kingston. The situation at first sight appeared alarming, but a calm contemplation of the subject revealed the fact that there was nothing for it but to remain in town another day and take the steamer to Three Rivers in the evening. This proposition I feel bound to state was received with considerable satisfaction. The tow moves so very slowly that it was a moral certainty we should be able to head it off and the novelty of the idea of chasing a runaway raft down the St. Lawrence struck us so forcibly that we relinquished, without a sigh, the prospect of a five o'clock breakfast and a sunstroke on Lake St. Peter. Next evening, limp and wilted with the intense heat that the natives informed us was indigenous to Montreal, we boarded the Quebec, and having ascertained that she was due at Three Rivers about 2.30 a. m., settled ourselves gloomily for the trip. Great as had been our enthusiasm the evening before, it had now wholly vanished. Our sole desire was to regain the raft, visions of a home, a mother and a bright hereafter were swallowed up by this absorbing aim. We were careless of surroundings and would cheerfully have undergone shipwreck if it could have placed us the sooner under Moses' fostering care. The events of that dismal voyage need not be raked up. After spending a couple of hours in anxiety and suspense on a deserted wharf at midnight, we spied the twinkling lights of the tow four or five miles away. We joyfully launched our boat which we had brought with us and, half asleep, rowed out to meet it. Even at that early hour the men were stirring and the smoke curling up from the caboose chimney bore witness that Moses was still alive. Sure enough his smiling countenance appeared at the door as we hauled our boat up on the logs. He advanced with his bland smile and would have gone more into detail had not S—— whispered fiercely into his ear, "If you try any of that fancy five o'clock breakfast business this morning, I'll cut your throat from ear to ear." Moses looked solemn in a moment. Frenchmen, I notice, generally understand that sort of language. We were not disturbed and slept peacefully till tired nature expressed herself content. The St. Lawrence from Montreal to Quebec is not particularly interesting. In fact in some places it is horribly monotonous. There is a distressing

sameness about the scenery that palls upon one whose tastes have been educated up to the Thousand Islands and the Coteau. This we soon found out and congratulated ourselves on having escaped so much of it. The price paid, it is true, was rather extortionate, but the quality of the value received was undeniable. Lake St. Peter, over whose treacherous bosom we were journeying, is merely an expansion of the river. It is very shallow and very dangerous. The steamboat channel is a most intricate affair and, viewed bird's eye, resembles the form that a lively boa-constrictor would be apt to assume were you to jab a spike into the tip of his tail. (The latter experiment is, by the way, quite unnecessary, as anyone who thirsts after knowledge may, for a small outlay, obtain Government maps which are sometimes quite reliable and afford a much more convenient method of arriving at the information.) The storms on Lake St. Peter are most justly dreaded. They are fierce, violent and vindictive. They rise on the shortest notice and speedily convert the tranquil surface of the lake into a white sheet of angry waves. Woe betide the raft that is caught unawares. It would drift out of the course into the shallows whither the tug could not follow and most likely go to pieces on the lee shore. Soon after we had passed Batiscau the wind began to freshen and we immediately hove to near a white sandy beach. It was lucky we did as, in a short time, it was blowing a gale. We were wind bound at this beautiful spot for nearly thirty-six hours. The country round about was flat, not to say marshy, and, owing to the long drought, the fields had that cracked and wrinkled aspect which is proper to the complexion of an Egyptian mummy. A few wild raspberry bushes were making a valiant effort to sustain the credit of the region, but alas, their parched and withered appearance told a tale of toil, suffering and blasted hopes. There were four raspberries found on the premises and these were carefully divided among the crew. The bathing was unsurpassed and served the double purpose of refreshing the heated body and offering a valuable field for researches in natural history. No one, I should imagine, with a penchant for that fascinating study, could fail to be impressed with the unusual development and activity of the blithe water-snakes or avoid becoming attached to the many specimens of the affectionate leech that abounded on all sides. And S—— never ceased regretting the loss of a magnificent snapping-turtle which he had been unable to capture owing to the fact that Moses had borrowed his club to kill lizards and he had come away without his breeches. Most of the men on the steamer hailed from Champlain, a village hard by, and they joyously betook themselves home as soon as we cast anchor. S—— and I, in a momentary fit of envy, wished that we lived in Champlain too, but on second thoughts and after having listened to a lively description of the place from Moses, we concluded that, on the whole, we were rather glad we did not. You may depend on it we hailed with intense delight the asthmatic toot from the John A., which, like

the slogan on the Scottish hills, summoned the clansmen from afar. The clansmen arrived in due course of time, that is, about three hours after the whistle and whatever may have been our indignation at their unpardonable delay, it was speedily mollified by the alacrity with which they set to work. The huge snubbing cables were hauled on board, the tow line was once more adjusted and again we urged upon our wild career. If all went well, to-morrow's sun would see us in Quebec. The men seemed fully aware that they had but one more night to spend on the raft and, as evening drew on, instead of going off to bed as usual, assembled on the big dram and "feats of strength and sleight of hand went round." They seemed very fond of practical jokes and considered that any comrade who was green enough to be caught was fair game for their ridicule. A favorite trick was to persuade one of their number to stand in front of the open head of a barrel on its side and try to kick it upright. This generally ended in the man's being thrown violently on his face with his legs in the barrel and was of course received with roars of laughter. It was a rough sort of joke and is perhaps responsible for the remarkably ugly noses that one sees everywhere. Another of their harmless little games was to grease the flat top of a log and get some fellow who had not seen the preparations to take a running hop, step and jump thereon. As soon as the unfortunate youth struck the "slick" part he would, in all probability, sit down suddenly and sail away amid thunders of applause. Sometimes the end of the log was tilted over the edge of the raft and a ducking would end the man's woes. If the victim couldn't swim, the more boisterous was the mirth. The men kept up this sort of fun till darkness set in and then retreated to the big bonfire that, according to law, must be maintained every night after leaving Montreal. Moses had served out all the remnants of pork and hardtack and things looked flourishing for a big carouse. The latter fact came home to S—— and myself after we had sought the seclusion that our cabin granted. The whole blessed night we had dinned into our ears the dismal refrain of some popular lower Canadian melody, sung in a monotonous shiny-on-your-own-side voice that went through and through us like an east wind. This melancholy chant never ceased for an instant and had a most demoralizing effect on our night's rest. At 1.30 a. m. S—— and I were sitting up in bed, staring wildly at one another, our ears neatly folded back in the endeavour to keep out the sound and both of us calculating the probable consequences of "sick-ing" Spot at the crowd. Such is the power of music, however, if persistently laid on, that S——, like Bute, the fairest of all men, was presently captivated by the strains of the Sirens and first thing I knew was hunting about in the dark for his breeches and flannel shirt. He informed me that he was tired of sleeping and believed he'd go out and see the fun, advising me, at the same time, to follow his example, but I failed to see the point and told him I could hear splendidly where I was. Some-

how the concert seemed to flag after he went out. The presence of a stranger doubtless proved too much for their bashful natures and one by one the soloists dropped off till at last I dropped off too. When we awoke next morning we found that we had not made as much progress as we had hoped. The strong tide running in proved a serious obstacle and for hours we would remain in exactly the same position, although the John A. was pulling for all she was worth and the nine sails were up to catch what slight breeze there was. It was very exasperating to look at the broad front of the raft and see the surging waves tossing about — the pace apparently something tremendous—then to cast your eyes on some object on shore and perhaps perceive that the only advance we made was a retrograde movement (there's a bull for you.) Arine calculated that we should reach Quebec that evening about six o'clock and he was pretty near the mark. The magnificent spectacle offered by the Citadel and Cape Diamond to travellers entering the harbour from above or below, burst upon us late that afternoon. It was the first time I had seen Quebec and I was profoundly impressed with the stately grandeur of the old town. The view from the river cannot be surpassed and once seen can never be forgotten. We drew up at the "coves" a short distance above the town. Everything about us reeked of lumbering. The coves are nothing but a series of long wharves jutting out into the river, between which the logs are stored until required. As soon as we had made lines fast and stowed all the paraphernalia of rafting on board the tug, the cant hooks, sails, ropes, etc., the men, without any compunction, proceeded to demolish the caboose and accomplished the business in short order. The dram looked deserted without the familiar stove-pipe sticking up in the air, but alas! in the morning our little cabin was to share the same sad fate. The neighbourhood of the coves is not aristocratic. The houses along the shore are small and, with but few exceptions, excessively dirty. The playful disposition of the inhabitants may be inferred from the fact that, on intimating to Moses that we intended walking into town that evening, he held up his hands in holy horror and told us we would assuredly be "stuff-club and rob." The nearest wharf was monopolized by a most disreputable looking crowd, among whom was an individual with bloodshot eyes and ghastly visage who had perched himself on the extreme edge and was vigorously proclaiming his grievances to a couple of small boys who were passing in a boat, all which disclosing the important historical fact that French-Canadian whiskey is quite as effective in its small way as any other. Needless to remark we locked the shanty door that night and placed several chunks of Moses' cake within easy reach to hurl at any midnight prowler. But we were not disturbed. It is a most singular coincidence that whenever the John A. Macdonald enters Quebec harbour it immediately begins to rain. This is not the result of two or three observations, but of careful study for many years past.

In consequence of this proclivity she has been dubbed the Rainboat and those in the trade will tell you that there is always a heavy run on umbrellas and Mackintoshes the day before she is expected. No superintendent of a Sunday School, unless he were insane or had sinister designs on the cake and lemonade, would avoid ascertaining whether there was the slightest chance of the John A. arriving on the same day as the annual picnic and no power would induce a Quebec girl to wear her best bonnet while the obnoxious craft was within range of the very largest telescope. Sure enough, next morning it was raining hard and, from the gloomy state of the sky, bid fair to continue all day. We packed up our belongings, took a last look at the comfortable little lodgings and hastily betook ourselves on board the tug. Ten minutes sufficed for the destruction of the two shanties and in half an hour one solitary dram was all that remained on the raft. We felt inexpressibly mournful as the old concern broke up. It had borne us safely through so many perils and had afforded us an endless source of enjoyment. No less sorry were we to part with the faithful Moses. He had exerted himself tremendously to give us the best of everything and the robust health that universally prevailed bore ample testimony to the success of his efforts. We gripped hands and expressed a hope that we should meet again next year. S—— and I then jumped on board the 11 o'clock ferry and were very soon landed at the Lower Town market. We spent the whole day knocking about. Drove out to Montmorency through the quaint little village of Beauport, and inspected the falls, giving Spot a swim in the clear water at the foot, hired a calèche, comme il faut, and drove about recklessly. Paid a visit to the Citadel and gave the sentry at the gate a quarter for touching his hat as we passed out. Walked about on the esplanade enjoying the superb view till dusk and then made tracks for the tug, which we discovered only after the most frantic search. At 10.30 that evening we crept noiselessly out of the harbour. The moon was just rising over the Heights of Abraham and shedding her pale light on the towers of the city and the frowning outline of Cape Diamond. We sat on deck wapt in admiration and light overcoats till a turn of the river hid the glorious sight from view. Then we became aware of the fact that we were bound for Kingston and Kingston we eventually reached after as jolly a fortnight as fault-finding humanity could possibly desire.

"What do you think of Fielding?" asked a Boston girl of a Harvard graduate. "Oh it's important, of course, but it doesn't amount to much without good batting."

Judkins (with apparent carelessness)—"By the way, Feebil, you're a lawyer; what would you do if a fellow was to refuse to pay for a bill of goods?" Feebil (dryly)—"I would see a lawyer, give him a retainer, and state my case."

ADDRESS TO THE GRADUATES IN MONTREAL

BY REV. DONALD ROSS, D.D., M.A., PROFESSOR OF THEOLOGY
IN QUEEN'S COLLEGE, KINGSTON.

(From the Presbyterian College Journal.)

Gentlemen of the Graduating Class :

THIS day crowns your work in this institution. You stand at the goal to which you have been eagerly pressing forward through several years. You have been toiling patiently along the arduous road to knowledge, developing and strengthening your intellectual and spiritual powers, broadening the horizon of your thought, cultivating more catholic sympathies, so that you may truly say with Terence, "*humani nihil a me alienum puto*," or, with a much more illustrious Roman, "I am debtor both to the Greeks and to the Barbarians, both to the wise and to the unwise." You have been taking the true measure of yourselves, and I do not doubt that you have now a more humble opinion of the extent of your knowledge than you had when you first entered these halls, that you have learned there is a great deal more in the realm of thought than your philosophy then dreamt of. The true end of education, the highest wisdom, is to know ourselves—what we are capable of doing, wherein our real strength as well as our wisdom lies. No more profitable expenditure of time can be made than in mastering that lesson. For genuine self-knowledge implies an accurate understanding of our place in the intelligent universe, of our relations to God and our fellow-men, and the obligations these relations impose. Unless we have a right apprehension of these, how is it possible for us to fulfil them aright, and merit the eulogium of good and faithful servants. So that the seven, or ten, or twelve years you have devoted to preparation for the gospel ministry and the service of man have been by no means too long a time for fitting yourselves to be workmen in the highest field of effort. I congratulate you on having finished your course and received the *imprimatur* of your *Alma Mater*, as fully qualified by scholastic training, for the sacred vocation you have chosen. Yours is a position to be envied. Standing on this high plane you are about to assume enlarged responsibilities. The question you have now to face is, how can you make your career in this calling profitable in the highest degree? What must you do to ensure success in the practical work for which you have been so long in training.

It seems trite to say that there must be complete personal consecration on your part. One who studies for the Christian ministry is supposed to be actuated solely by the desire to spend his strength and other gifts in the service of his Divine Master, and to have received of His fulness, and grace for grace. Your mission is to make known to men what He was and is. To do this with the best results you must have that mind which was in Him, which led Him to seek not His own glory but the glory of God in the redemption and elevation of fallen man.

It was with similar devotion that Paul traversed Asia and Europe beseeching men to live by faith in unseen realities. How he might most effectually employ his splendid gifts in the service of his Master was ever uppermost in his thoughts. It was his complete consecration that carried him through perils and opposition that might well paralyze all efforts on the part of any man of less intense earnestness and strength of purpose. Such devotion is indispensable to success in advancing the kingdom of righteousness and truth in the earth, and inspiring men to think and act truly. We expect those who go on foreign mission service to be men of faith and consecration, filled with a moral and spiritual earnestness. It is men of this stamp that are just as surely needed in the church at home. Without this all other gifts will be of little avail. The greatest preacher of the apostolic age, or of any age, declared that though he possessed the gifts of eloquence and understood all mysteries and all knowledge, yet, were he not inspired with love to God and man, his ministry would be fruitless. The opinion of so high an authority ought to carry great weight. Those who are to be instruments of righteousness to others ought to be men of pronounced sanctity, and to be filled with the spirit of true benevolence. Personal holiness, with the spirit of true benevolence. Personal holiness, transparent purity of life, harmony of profession and action, is absolutely necessary to success in preaching the gospel and ministering to the spiritual needs of men. Daily renewal of purpose to be wholly the Lord's is requisite to feed the flame of devotion on the altar of the heart. This is the secret of power with God and with men. Covet this best grace, and your life will be fruitful of blessing to the world and of truest enjoyment to yourself.

Then to make your religious life and work rich in results you must be men of prayer. Prayer is an appeal for help to One to whom belongeth all power and wisdom. The expectation that divine light and strength will be granted is reasonable, not mystical. Prayer has a higher value than the satisfaction experienced in giving expression to our emotions and desires. It is said that we are living under an order of things which is invariable. The only help we can fairly expect is from a wise use of the laws by which we are environed. We might as well plead with the pitiless waves not to engulf us, or with the pestilence that walketh in darkness not to come nigh to us, as to supplicate God to direct us in perplexity, or to give us courage in an emergency. So argues the man who is under the intellectual spell of the scientific conception of law. God is under the limitations of the laws which He has Himself established, and He cannot interpose or interfere with their action. But law is nothing in itself. It is simply a formula expressing the mode in which phenomena occur. But phenomena are manifestations of a power acting in nature, and producing change. The laws are not that power. They are merely the intellectual interpretation of the manner in which it acts. Therefore to speak of the laws of nature restrain-

ing God from interfering with them is equivalent to saying that His ordinary method of action prevents Him from operating differently. This notion is absurd, unless we deny Him the attribute of freedom. To assert that the stability of the universe necessitates undeviating uniformity in the Divine action is equally irrational, for even man can interfere with the laws of nature for his own ends, or the good of others, without disturbing its equilibrium. It is not impossible for God, then, to deviate from His usual mode of action and answer our petitions. Neither is there anything to hinder the Divine Intelligence from acting directly on ours, so that we shall be filled with a higher wisdom, and enlightened in regard to questions that are dark and perplexing. There can be no difficulty in understanding that the divine mind may inspire and influence us just as the mind of a teacher, or guide, or friend does. It is a fundamental article of your religious faith, as well as a fact in your personal experience, that the power which upholds and governs the universe makes men strong, gives wisdom to the wise, and knowledge to them that know understanding. You have an abiding conviction that "more things are wrought by prayer than this world dreams of." The heroes of religious liberty found inspiration and courage both to do and to endure through this agency. Our Lord spent whole nights on the mountain sides in prayer that He might receive strength for the exhausting ministry in which He was continually engaged. Elijah and Daniel among the Prophets, Peter and Paul among the Apostles, Luther and Knox among the Reformers, Wesley and Whitfield among the revivalists of later days were importunate in supplication. They held constant communion with Him without whom nothing is wise, nothing is strong. They were imitators of their Divine Master in this as in so many other respects. And, certainly, if you would be successful in spiritual work, you must be nourishing the hidden life of the soul by constant fellowship and communion with the Father of spirits. Jacob wrestled with the angel until the break of day, refusing to let him go without a blessing, and he prevailed. The lesson is plain. "The effectual, fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much."

In addition to all this, set before yourselves the highest ideal. Aim at nothing short of perfection. Depend upon it you will fail to attain it, but your constant effort must be to reach this goal. As preachers of the word of life, as wise master-builders, you ought to go on developing your capacities to their utmost limit, to make the most of the possibilities of your nature and your opportunities, endeavoring all the while to be true to your own individuality, and not to become like some one else who may be constituted entirely different from you. Your faculties may not be of the highest order—ten talents are given only to the few—but you ought to cultivate them diligently so that you may fully approve yourselves before God. How can I turn my advantages to best account is a question that ought to have your most serious thought,

for there is no chance given to re-live or reconstruct the past. Unimproved opportunities rush by leaving their indelible record behind. I have heard men, again and again, express the keenest regret that they had not utilized their privileges as they might have done in the early years of their ministry. The trend of habits cannot be changed. The potter can make of the clay a vessel to honour, or to dishonour, according to the conception or ideal he has before him; but once made he cannot remodel it. It henceforth retains the form into which he has shaped it. You can make success or failure out of your circumstances according as you will and act; but you cannot undo your career and refashion it. It remains unalterable. By earnest effort you can exchange the brass and stone and wood into gold and silver and precious stones. There is a secret alchemy within your reach by which such wondrous transformation can be wrought. Your resolve must be to achieve this splendid result. Every man has consciously, or unconsciously, a standard before him: Let yours be the highest and most approved.

Success in your ministry will require continuous hard study and growth in knowledge. To have completed a course of theological discipline is not enough, for theological science is progressive. Its realm is widening with the process of the suns. Of course I do not mean that the sum of saving truth is being increased—that any additions are being made to the revelation of God's will to man in matters of faith and duty, but its rich contents are being gradually discovered and exposed to view by devout scholars. The enlargement of human knowledge in every direction is contributing to a fuller development of the truth of God as expressed in scripture. See how the secrets written in the great volume of nature, the mysteries which have been hid from ages and from generations, are being brought to light year after year, and being added to the sum of our knowledge. The sciences that are devoted to the interpretation of the thoughts God has revealed, in the book which lies ever open before us, are advancing with marvellous rapidity. Their glorious march across the stage of the nineteenth century may well excite our wonder and inspire us with lofty hope as to their future developments. He who tries to keep pace with the progress of any one of them finds that he must not relax his efforts for a moment. Hence has arisen the imperative necessity for men to be specialists, to confine themselves almost entirely to one field or province of thought or research, if they would become proficient in it. And these all are paying tribute to theology—the queen of the sciences. They are lending their aid to the elucidation, and contributing to a more complete understanding, of the deep thoughts of God conveyed by holy men who spoke as they were moved by the Divine Spirit. It is no disparagement to the great theologians of the past to say that we have come into possession of treasures of wisdom and knowledge contained in the Scriptures which they did not even conceive of. Athanasius and Augustine and Turretin and Edwards and Hill,—

“The great of old!

The dead but sceptred sovran who still rule

Our spirits from their urns,”—

were not permitted to enter the wide and rich domain of religious thought in which it is our privilege to expatiate. It is doubtful if they were permitted, even from some Pisgah height, to behold it afar off. And those who come after us will push their way into regions of theological thought which are inaccessible to us. They will witness an expansion of scripture truth which would fill us with wonder and joy had we the power of prevision. It is this constant development that invests the study of revealed truth with such profound interest, and spurs the mind on to fresh discoveries in holy writ. “Every scribe that is instructed unto the Kingdom of Heaven is like a man that is an householder, which bringeth forth out of his treasure things new and old.”

The opinion has gained currency in some quarters that a special theological training is not a necessary part of the equipment of a successful gospel preacher. Moody and others of our time, whose religious teaching has been crowned with eminent success, never studied theology as it is taught in the schools, and the Apostles, it is said, were summoned from their fishing nets and electrified men wherever they preached the truth as it is in Jesus. But it must not be forgotten that the special work of Moody, and men of the same class, is that of evangelists—the simple presentation and illustration of the leading truths bearing upon the salvation of sinners. Their function is to excite men to concern regarding their spiritual safety. It does not lie within their scope to edify or build up men in the religious life, to promote their growth in holiness. That demands thorough, systematic religious teaching, sustained through years, for which they are not qualified. All that is requisite for the work they accomplish is the possession of good natural gifts, a thorough acquaintance with scripture, and a consuming zeal for the welfare of their fellowmen and the glory of God. As for the Apostles, it is a mistake to suppose they had received no special training for preaching the gospel. They were three years under the tuition of the Prince of teachers, learning of Him how they might rightly divide the word of truth. The most eminent of the Apostles was learned in all the wisdom of the Rabbinic teaching, and I think his epistles reveal the fact that his imperial intellect had felt the spell of the Hellenic culture. Besides they received special gifts to qualify them for fulfilling their commission to preach the gospel. Never in the history of the Christian Church has there been so urgent a need that its pastors and teachers should receive the most thorough training, for never was so great an intellectual demand made upon the pulpit as at the present day. Only think what a drain is made upon a preacher's resources by the preparation, week in and week out, year after year, of at least two thoughtful, stimulating discourses on topics in which a large number of people are not personally interested. What an amount

of careful and varied reading and earnest reflection that implies! Yet the critics and the enemies of the pulpit lament that the deliverances of the pulpit are commonplace. Is it to be wondered if they sometimes are, considering the pressure under which the preachers labour? Let the politicians and the barristers, with whom they are often disparagingly compared, go on speaking two or three times a week for a series of years, in the same hall, on the questions of disallowance, or a protective tariff, or commercial union, or the habeas corpus, or some civil or social right or disability, and I venture to say that before many months the most brilliant of them would be found even less interesting than the dry-as-dust ecclesiastics. It is no easy matter, when knowledge is running to and fro in an unprecedented manner, and the general education of society has reached so high a standard, to say what is attractive and interesting from Sunday to Sunday through the course of a ministry of even ten years. A restless, fickle, critical spirit is characteristic of the times, and he who would make religious themes attractive to his hearers, and edify them, must be familiar with the currents of thought that are sweeping them onward, in many cases irresistibly, in others with strong crying and tears, because they shrink with terror from the issue to which they are hastening. There are vitally important questions pressing for solution on the minds of thoughtful men, and the pulpit has to deal with these either directly or indirectly, so that he who has chosen to be their spiritual guide and counsellor must grapple with these problems and be able to give an intelligent answer concerning them. This fact is recognized by all the churches, and they are exacting a higher standard of qualification from those who seek to enter their ministry. Not less theology and philosophy and natural science and physics, but more, are required to meet the increasing intellectual demands of the times upon their religious teachers. The cry repeated by the foes of religion, that the pulpit has been superseded by the daily press and the multiplication of cheap and attractive literature, is not true to fact. Statistics show that while a growing number ignore the existence of churches and the preaching of the Gospel, the number of churches in proportion to population is rapidly increasing. It is true that many speculative thinkers, and men of brilliant abilities in certain directions, look upon the preacher as one whose occupation is gone, an anachronism in these days of culture and high general intelligence, but they are only a small fraction of the best scholarship of the time. They call attention to themselves as the advance guard in the march of thought, and the unreflecting are apt to conclude that the leaders of intelligence are all of the same mind—whereas the foremost thinkers of the world do not imagine they have outgrown the necessity of a preached Gospel. This pride of intellect, which regards the Christian pulpit with immeasurable contempt, has always existed, though it is more outspoken at present than it has been for some generations. Paul encountered it in Corinth when he visited

that city of culture and sensuality. The great Bishop Butler complained that, in the eighteenth century, "people of discernment set up the Christian religion as a principal subject of mirth and ridicule." While the world lasts the preaching of the Gospel will appear to the self-satisfied worshippers of things seen and transitory, to the sybarite and the intellectual dude, to be a beating of the air, a vain and foolish procedure; but to them who are tortured by the guilt and burden of their sins, or who have tasted the powers of the world to come, it will be of unspeakable value.

The preacher of the gospel, then, ought to be a man of the broadest possible culture, while he is well equipped in the special department of theological science, if he would be a good minister of Jesus Christ, and adapt himself to the spiritual needs of men. For though it be true that the cravings of man's religious nature are the same now as in the days of Elijah, and Daniel, and Paul, and John, yet the modes by which these are ministered to are changing with the varying circumstances of society. Education, social surroundings, manners, and modes of thought are factors which have to be taken into account when dealing with men's religious life, in presenting to them the saving truths of scripture. Any one acquainted with the history of preaching knows how very different, for example, was the preaching of the Reformation period from that of the 18th century, or the preaching of a generation ago from that of to-day. The spiritual needs of man were precisely the same, but the methods of meeting them, through the preaching of the gospel, have varied with the altered circumstances. In other words, the truths presented for the awakening of sinners and the edification of believers are unchanging, but the outward forms in which they are set forth change with the passing years. The preacher, therefore, who would be ever fresh, and interesting, and successful, should be always developing, keeping in line with advancing thought. That they fail to realize this is the reason why not a few are restless and dissatisfied, conscious that their well meant efforts are unsuccessful. They have not been moving on in their thought. They are out of sympathy with their ever fluctuating environment, and they are preaching for the past, not for the present. Hence they are not appreciated as they sincerely think they deserve, and they find fault with their congregations, while they themselves are to blame for not discerning that they are not keeping step with the march of the world's thought and life. I would impress on you this fact that when you go into the active ministry of the word, you must, if you would make the most of your privileges, be untiring in your study of the freshest thought of the time, and ever keeping abreast of the great movements that are affecting individual and social life. The preacher ought to be a seer, a prophet, perceiving the present needs of men, and shaping his message according to the requirements of this generation.

Now, to keep up with the progress of the best thought

of your day, and at the same time give adequate attention to the practical duties of the ministerial office, you will require to exercise a most rigid economy of your time, and turn to best account the golden moments as they fly, bearing their record into eternity. The complexion of your future will depend largely on the way you employ every hour and minute of every day. Time is one of our most sacred and priceless trusts. Its faithful administration ought to engage your attention at the very outset of your ministry. Every moment should be spent in doing something which will make your life potent for usefulness, and shed lustre on your future. The secret of making the most of it is being strictly methodical in its use. We are filled with amazement at the amount of work done by some men. They accomplish so much, not merely because they seem to possess inexhaustible energy, extraordinary capacity for work, but because they are eminently methodical, and allow not a moment to be wasted, if that can be avoided. Cultivate this unspeakably valuable habit with religious fidelity.

I would add that you must be possessed with the spirit of sacrifice. Every true worker who would leave the world better than he found it must count on making personal sacrifice. Especially have the great spiritual teachers of the race achieved success only through much tribulation. Socrates had to drink the fatal hemlock as the price of enlightening his countrymen with respect to the mysteries of life and the hereafter. Moses suffered the reproaches and the provocations of the people whom he rescued from bondage and to whom he unfolded truths concerning God and righteousness. And to mention only a few names of more modern times—David Brainerd and William Carey, Livingstone and Hannington, John Williams and the two Gordons, who have made moral wastes fruitful and attractive—have achieved their successes through the sacrifice of self. They counted not their life dear unto themselves that they might finish their course with joy. They were filled with the spirit of Him in whose ministry they served, and who gave His life a ransom for many. From one point of view His ministry might be pronounced a failure. He rallied around Him a few followers, but they were of no account in the society of Jerusalem or of Rome. He came to establish a kingdom, but he suffered the death of a malefactor. The new movement seemed to have collapsed in His ignominious crucifixion. But His death has quickened the pulses of humanity, and inspired the world with a living hope. By the cross He conquered. He saved a lost race, and won a name that is above every name. His kingdom now girdles the globe. Modern civilization and all the glory of these later centuries have been the fruit of His sacrifice. The best benefactors of mankind have surrendered all to promote the welfare of others. You who purpose going into foreign mission service must necessarily sacrifice much when you forsake the attractions and advantages of civilized life to bring the blessings of light and freedom, and social refinement, and religious peace and

comfort to the heathen in their darkness and degradation, to give counsel and the inspiration of hope to those who are perplexed and disheartened with the difficulties that beset them, possibly you will suffer persecution or martyrdom for the good of those who are tormented by their superstitious fears. We thank God that you have the heart to do this. But it is not of the missionary to the savage and cruel heathen only that the self-sacrificing, martyr spirit is required. Those who are to carry the gospel to our enthralled French-Canadian fellow-citizens, or to the sparse and struggling settlers of the Northwest and of the older Provinces of the Dominion, need to be men equally forgetful of self for the greater glory of God and the spiritual enrichment of those among whom they labor. In fact no one can reasonably expect to be successful even in the cultivated centres of population, where all the church machinery of the most approved kind is in motion, and willing workers rally around him to lighten his burdens, except by making constant surrender of self, exhausting heart and brain, and foregoing legitimate personal considerations, if by so doing he may lead to higher planes of thought and experience any who are living in the lower realm of the transitory and the unreal, of self and that world. But out of this experience you will distil your highest enjoyment. Martyrs for the King of saints have been triumphant at the stake and on the rack. For their sacrifice they received a hundred fold more even in this life. You are not your own. Freely you have received, freely give—strength, time, heart, mind, acquisitions of knowledge and experience, life itself, for Him who gave Himself for you.

I bid you God-speed in the work of life. Be strong, be courageous, be true, be faithful. Let your service to God and humanity be the very best in your power. I trust that from day to day the light which lighteneth every man coming into the world may illuminate your intellect and quicken your spirit, so that labor will not be accompanied by a sense of weariness, but may bring joy and gladness to your hearts; that as you help men to escape from the toils of sin and to obtain the glorious liberty wherewith the Son maketh free, your sense of the divine condescension and love may be enlarged, that the resolve already made by each one of you "For to me to live is Christ," may be strengthened, and that your growing experience may be that He is throwing his completeness round your incompleteness, round your restlessness His rest.

One of our new Profs. must have been rather shocked at the familiarity of the Queen's student, when, after vainly endeavoring to find the door-bell of a house, where he was going to spend the evening, he was assaulted in the darkness by these words: "Blame it all! kick the door and walk in."

HE: "Why do you suppose the sea is so popular?"

SHE: "Possibly because it's such a howling swell."

[And the wind———]

COLLEGE NEWS.

COLLEGE WORLD.

THE new Catholic University at Washington will have a chair of Temperance.

Canada has forty colleges.

Shakespeare is being translated into Chinese by the President of the Peking University.

A young ladies' base ball club has been organized at Alleghany College.

The ladies of Harvard Annex have challenged the Columbia Coeds. to an eight oared race.

Each member of the champion Yale Eleven may choose between a gold watch charm, in the form of a foot-ball, and a cameo ring with a raised foot-ball of red, as a championship trophy.

The class prayer meetings are quite a distinctive Amherst idea; in fact, there seems to be nothing similar in any of our colleges to-day.

The matriculation cards of students in German Universities admit holders to theatres at half price, shield them from arrest by civil authorities, and give free admission to many of the art galleries and museums of Europe.

The annual boat race between Cambridge and Oxford was rowed on the Thames on March 30th. Cambridge won by four lengths, rowing the four miles and two furlongs in 20 min. 48 sec. The number of races won by each now stands, Oxford 23 and Cambridge 22.

At Amherst the examination system has been entirely abolished, and a series of written recitations given at intervals throughout the session has been substituted.

During a recent visit of Mr. Robert P. Wilder to Oberlin, thirty-two new volunteers pledged themselves to the foreign mission work and \$400 a year in addition to the \$700 previously pledged, was pledged to the support of a missionary on foreign soil.

Ohio Wesleyan University has been called the "West Point of Missions." At a recent meeting there in the interests of foreign missions, held by Robt. P. Wilder, of Princeton, it was said that the Ohio Wesleyan had sent out more foreign missionaries than any other college in the country.

SENIOR DINNER.

ON Saturday evening, the 20th of April, the year of '89 met at P. McLaughlin's Princess street, and closed their four years of college life in one of the most enjoyable meetings the boys ever held.

True, there was an absence of that hilarity and jovialness which characterize students' meetings, but there were many reasons for this. To say nothing of examination time and the feelings of uncertainty which filled the breast of every one present, we all felt that this was the last time we should meet together as a class, the last time

perhaps we should look into one another's faces and join our voices together in those choruses we had so often sung before.

About 8 o'clock, Dan. Drummond, chairman of the year, took the head of the table and asked the boys to gather round him. We always knew in our meetings that when Dan spoke he was in earnest so we quickly obeyed, and soon were all deeply engrossed discussing the various dishes which Patsey knows so well how to get up. It was a great dinner, and notwithstanding some of the fellows had already had two suppers it was surprising how they ate.

But even the appetites of students don't last forever, and when the last dish had been disposed of we were called to order. The chairman made a few remarks thanking the year for their kindness to him during his term of office as chairman, and then proposed the first toast, "Queen and Royal Family," which was sung most heartily.

Then followed toasts (galeoir) "JOURNAL," "Alma Mater," "Glee Club," "Athletic Association," "Lavana," etc. The speeches were all happy ones, according as the occasion demanded. Mr. C. O'Connor responded for the ladies in a speech sparkling with wit and humor.

Mr. Phalen toasted "mine host" in a manner peculiar to himself.

College songs were sung throughout the evening, and solos by George Dyde, Dan. Strachan and E. H. Russell.

The formation of our class society was completed also, and the officers appointed, viz.: President, Jas. Binnie; Secretary, T. H. Farrell.

A few more college songs were sung, and then we all joined hands and sung "Auld Lang Syne" and the college days of the class of '89 were over. Few words were spoken, but many were the prolonged hand shakes that were taken that night, and many a silent tear was brushed away as we said good-bye to one another. We had a glorious class, and we had glorious times, and our last dinner will not be forgotten when we are relating our experiences at Queen's to those who may come after us.

PERSONALS.

J. RATTRAY, B.A., has made Melrose his home till college reopens.

J. J. MacLennan, B.A., '87, of Toronto, was down for Convocation. He looks as learned as ever, and we were very glad to see him.

J. V. Anglin, B.A., M.D., of Dumont, Pa., came up on a very pleasant errand, accompanied by his plug hat. His business here will be found recorded elsewhere.

H. A. Lavell, '88, our popular Man. Ed., is recruiting his health in Toronto after the arduous labor of editing the previous numbers of this periodical.

Mr. G. T. Copeland, B.A. intends to turn his attention to legal pursuits, and will enter a Cornwall law office next September.

Principal Grant has been appointed Hon. Corresponding Secretary of the Royal Colonial Institute in Ontario.

Rev. James G. Potter has accepted a call from the congregation of Merrickville. His induction and ordination took place May 7th.

Dr. Mundell has gone to New York, where he will attend the hospitals in quest of further knowledge.

Doctors H. G. Tillman, G. F. Emery, W. H. Rankin, A. E. Hilker and John Duff, from Queen's, have left for the Old Country *via* New York. They are all bound for Edinburgh.

Dr. Tillman intends practising in Kingston, Jamaica. Before settling down, however, we expect to see him round here, when a certain interesting event will take place.

Omar L. Kilborn, M.A., M.D., has been appointed lecturer in analytical and practical chemistry during the summer session.

Prof. Macgillivray, Ph.D., will spend the summer in Germany. He goes to publish the work upon which he received the degree of Doctor of Philosophy at Leipsig.

Principal Grant spoke at an Imperial Federation meeting at Hamilton on May 10th.

J. D. Boyd, '89, has been located for the summer at Sharbot Lake. The K. & P. will see considerable of John, as it passes Wilbur and terminates in Kingston.

J. Binnie, '89, will expound the law and the prophets in Carnduff, Souris District, N.W.T.

The Presbyterians in Bryson, Que., are fortunate in securing W. H. Cornett, B.A., for the summer months.

A. G. Hay, '89, is teaching the youthful mind to sprout in Carberry, Man. As he is a member of our staff, we have no doubt he will succeed.

J. H. Mills, '89, has entered upon his duties as assistant classical master in the Almonte Collegiate Institute.

Our subscribers must excuse any want of vim in this number of the JOURNAL, as our fighting editor has retired to his home in Bruce for the summer, to work out some knotty questions in law. He will be back in the fall, however, and then woe betide any one who does not walk circumspectly.

R. J. McKelvey, '90, is taking a special course in the Royal School of Infantry, Toronto.

J. C. Connell, M.A., M.D., and Miss Aggie Hendry were made one a few weeks ago by Rev. Dr. Jackson. The wedding took place on April 30th at the residence of the bride's father, Kingston. The groomsmen were J. E. McCuaig and G. F. Emery, M.D. Our best wishes!

On April 24th, at the residence of the bride's father, Kingston, W. Coy, M.D., '86, was married to Miss Mary McMahon. J. V. Anglin, B.A., M.D., supported the groom in his trying ordeal with his accustomed sympathy and good-will.

Jas. M. Farrell, '89, will spend the summer teaching in Minnedosa, Man. T. L. Walker, '80, will be similarly engaged at Waskada, Man.

D. McG. Gandier has returned to his old field, Matawatchan, Renfrew Co. This is one of our hardest mission stations, and we wish Mr. Gandier every success in his arduous labors.

John M. Millar, '90, has been appointed to look after the spiritual interests of the Presbyterians in Marysville, Wolfe Island. We intend keeping our eye on him, and will faithfully report any misdemeanors.

COLLEGE NOTES.

NO flag was flying from the tower of the University during convocation—not even a broom stick. What was the matter?

The Science Hall has not yet been begun.

The librarian is engaged in compiling a new catalogue of the books in the library. It is quite an undertaking and occupies a great part of his time.

Surely some better provision could be made for the distributing of the mail during the summer session, than leaving it on a table in the reading room.

The halls and campus look very lonely now, but the bowling green is well patronized.

Several of the foot-ballers are still in the city and on some afternoons the red, blue and yellow stripes of the Queen's jerseys may be seen on the cricket field. There is some talk of making up a scratch team to play Brockville.

The gymnasium is to be handed over to the Royal College. It is to be hoped that the senate or trustees will provide some other and more suitable place in which the students may exercise. Could not the drill shed be secured?

The cinder path has already been staked out around the Rugby foot ball grounds. It is 10 ft. from the touch line and a much greater distance from the goal line.

The following students are attending part or all of the classes of the summer session: H. A. Adamson, T. H. Balfe, F. H. Bermingham, J. A. Brady, E. R. M. Brant, H. Douglass, J. Emmons, J. C. Gibson, —, Hogle, H. Jack, J. J. Kelly, B.A., A. Lockhart, F. J. McCammon, B.A., A. E. McColl, B.A., J. E. McCuaig, J. A. McLellan, R. S. Minnes, B.A., G. Neish, J. Neish, J. H. Oldham, H. A. Parkyn, R. R. Robinson, A. H. D. Ross, M.A., J. G. Smith, V. Sullivan, A. O. Watts, I. Wood, B.A., Miss Weir.

The bowling green is in splendid running order, thanks to its energetic secretary. One rule obtains to which there is no exception, viz.: Every aspirant to a game must roll the unoccupied part of the green, at least once, with the heavy roller and to the satisfaction of John

We enclose a circular regarding the *Intercollegian*. It is striving to diffuse a knowledge of College Y. M. C. A. work and we hope it will receive your support. Copies may be obtained through our Sec.-Treas.

A joke, without a precedent, has been perpetrated by a little friend whom we often see in and about the college—selling shingles, for instance. Two nails and a screw were suspended from the frame of the window in John's sanctum, and when that worthy had got comfortably settled for the night with his usual companions—a pipe and a paper—our little friend began to vigorously rattle the nails on the window pane by means of a long string, to the far end of which he attached himself. But John was not to be fooled thus, for he says, "I sprang out and caught the little rascal." The string and appendages were forfeited notwithstanding the threat of said little rascal to tell his pa.

THE LADIES' CORNER.

SOME time ago the officers of the Levana Society were photographed by Sheldon & Davis, and a very attractive and academical picture it is indeed. It is the intention of the ladies to present a framed copy to their reading room and thus inaugurate the custom at present observed by their brother students. This is a good idea and we hope that it will not be forgotten by the lady students of succeeding sessions.

We had a peep into the ladies' sanctum not long ago. It is really quite a cosy place, but a carpet is greatly needed and also more comfortable chairs. Some time in the future the ladies expect to raise funds enough, somehow, in order to procure these luxuries.

We were glad to hear of Miss Maud Squire's success at McGill. She graduated with first-class honors, carrying off a medal in Science.

Miss Beverage, '92, has sailed for Liverpool, where she will spend the summer, returning home in time to resume her studies at Queen's next October.

Miss Alice Cameron, B. A. '88, of Renfrew, was up for the baccalaureate sermon but was unable to remain for Convocation.

✱ DE NOBIS NOBILIBUS. ✱

THIS is a strange institution which makes ladies bachelors and young men M.A.s, isn't it?

We were handed the following by a freshman:

The difference between a senior and an oracle is a difference in deed.

The difference between a junior and an oracle is a difference in kind.

The difference between a sophomore and an oracle is a difference in degree.

The difference between a freshman and an oracle is a difference in spelling.

"Why does Prof. F—— never use a chair?"

"He sits on the class."

When a freshman goes fishing the only thing he is sure of catching is a cold. He catches *that* anyway, and if he gets caught catching a cold he catches a thrashing. Catch on?—*Ex.*

The following was found in the waste-paper basket of a certain freshman:

"The boy hoodwinked a pencil."

"She died of a chronicle illness."

"Momentum—something to remember a friend by."

"Ecclesiastic—a stretchy kind of substance."

His name will be furnished on application at the sanctum, on condition that \$5 is deposited to insure secrecy.

The following remarkable dream was told a while ago by a very matter-of-fact theologue:

"I dreamed that I came across a lady evangelist with black hair, dark eyes and rosy cheeks. She was an extraordinarily beautiful lady. Of course I entered into conversation with her, and she said something about wanting to get a settled permanent charge. I told her that I hardly thought it would be exactly proper for a lady to look after a church, but nevertheless she persisted in saying that she would like to anyhow.

"Well!" said I, a bright thought having struck me, "Wouldn't it be a good idea for you to marry a minister?"

"Oh! I'd like to," she blushing replied, "only I can't get one."

"I woke up feeling rather embarrassed, and I shudder to think of what might have happened if I had remained asleep five minutes longer."

Scene in classics:

Prof.—"Mr. S——, what is the force of the last syllable in the word *quodam*?"

Mr. S———"Makes it emphatic, sir."

One of our revered Profs. has long been accused of a fondness for *pie*; but it is doubtful if even he relished the sauce on Convocation Day.

He was taking her home after the theatre and a little supper at Tim's.

"Darling," said he suddenly, as he gazed dreamily at the silvery disk overhead, "why am I like the moon?"

"It isn't because you are full, is it?" she asked, as she edged away from him.

"No," said he, sadly; "It's because I'm on my last quarter."

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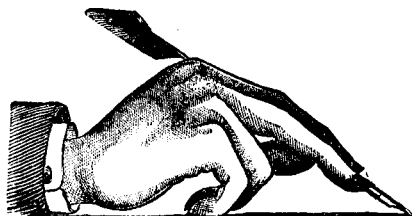
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QUEEN'S COLLEGE JOURNAL.

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All literary contributions should be addressed to the Editor, Drawer 1104, Kingston, Ont.

All communications of a business nature should be addressed to the Managing Editor.

WE present our readers in this number with a clever review of Cameron's "Lyrics," by W. Harry Watts, of King's College, Windsor, Nova Scotia. At times he gets very near to the young poet's heart, and in almost all cases seems to have that sensitive spirit without which there is no criticism worthy of the name. There are, however, a couple of places in which his remarks need special notice. Mr. Watts asks, "Can any Canadian—true to his birthright—deny his obligation, forget his country's welfare, cavil at the fact that England, as expressed in the word 'Throne,' has acted other than as an Alma Mater to her young charge?" The critic has confused here several ideas which are of themselves distinct. No Canadian, true to his birthright, can "forget his country's welfare." But Mr. Watts may find it difficult to prove that our country's "welfare" is "forgotten" by those who disclaim British connection. In the olden times such an opinion would have been considered conclusive. But we live in an age, unfortunately, when nothing is taken for granted. It rests with Mr.

Watts to show that the Throne is responsible for what little national prosperity Canada possesses. A great many people, we fancy, would be ignorant and thoughtless enough to say that she has attained to whatever good she has, not by virtue of our connection with the Throne, but in despite of such connection.

* * *

When he asks "if any Canadian—true to his birthright—can deny his obligation," we ask, What obligation? If he answers, To Great Britain,—we reply that we think the obligation entirely on the other side. This is, doubtless, a very shocking way of looking at the matter, but nevertheless it is our way—and the way of a great many very patriotic spirits, both on this and on the other side of the Atlantic. Supposing the worst possible alternative—that Great Britain had let us go our own way at the same time she let the United States go hers, shortly after 1776—what would have been the result? Judging from what has happened to our southern sister, we would at the present moment have had something like thirty or forty million of a population, and a corresponding amount of wealth. This is a very horrible alternative, but we fancy that most Canadians would be able to endure it.

But how would it be with the Mother Country. Without a naval station in the Western Atlantic north of the West Indies; without a supply centre in the Eastern Pacific north of the Equator; without the Canadian Pacific to transport troops and munitions to Asia in case of a Russo-Anglic war; without a benefit from fish and furs which is not equally open to every other nation; without five million of Celtic and Anglo-Saxon subjects in North America, etc., etc., etc., what sort of a position would she have and hold among the powers of Europe? We would like to ask Mr. Watts and the Imperial Federationists who would be the loser in the event of the dissolution of British connection? They are eternally telling us that the loss would be Canada's. Do they really think so? Because, if they do, we fear that their much learning hath made them mad, and yet more, that their fellow-Canadians will not take long to find it out. No. The obligation, like the profit, is mainly on England's side, so that it is possible, quite possible, that a Canadian should be true to his birthright and yet no admirer of British connection. His birthright includes no obligation to the Throne, but the reverse. Loyalty—to a Canadian—is not devotion to the interests of England, but devotion to the interests and welfare of Canada. Further,

the Canadian citizen who does not put her interests before those of any other nation or power whatever is no Canadian at all.

* * *

In the same way the critic is unfair to the poet's conception of liberty. Mr. Watts must surely have read little of Russian history, or he would know that a more brutal despotism has not existed than the autocracy of the czars. And yet, in all the poet's denunciation of this tyranny, he cannot find a thought on Freedom which is not a true one. He says that Cameron has "robbed liberty of its old chivalric value." Will he then tell us where, in the whole range of literature, he can find better definitions of it than these :

"Love is Freedom's strength,
And Peace her chief foundation stone."

"I am not of those fierce, wild wills,
Albeit from loins of warlike line,
To wreck laws human and divine
Alike, that on a million ills
I might erect one sacred shrine
To Freedom."

"It is in the extreme begins
And ends all danger."

"Ye need not fear the invader's arm :
His strength is but a boast :
But fear what most can work you harm,
Aye, fear *yourselves* the most."

"He who fain would rule a land
Must rule by *love*, or not at all."

"Be thou an Emperor, Sultan or Czar,
Priest or Patriarch, Queen or King,
Thou hast no right to the judgment ear--
Man is the noblest created thing."

"Each has a right each is bound to revere--
The right to be free, to be true ;
The right to be true, to be free ;
So whatever, my lord, is a right for you,
The same is a right to me."

* * *

If Mr. Watts means to say that these sentiments deprive Freedom of her old chivalric value, we fancy that most men will be inclined to ask him what he understands by the words. Here is a poet who tells France that she lost the true idea of Freedom when she gave herself up to *licence* ; that Freedom means love and peace, not murder and anarchy. He tells the Czar that the only true kingship is that which is based upon the love of his people. He tells humanity that Freedom consists in the right to be true to the highest instincts of our nature, and that no sovereign, temporal or spiritual, possesses any right which interferes with the exercise of freedom and truth on the part of his people ; that every man has a right which every other man is bound to reverence.

And Mr. Watts says that in giving utterance to these sentiments the poet "destroys the old chivalric idea of Freedom." If, as the critic says, the belief in such conceptions makes men intellectual slaves, we venture to ask what sentiments will make them intellectual freemen ?

If Mr. Watts will develop somewhat out of his Canadian narrowness--and we have no doubt that he will--we shall hear of him before very long in Canadian letters.

* * *

At last the oracle has spoken. Vice-Chancellor Mulock, at the closing exercises of University College, undertook to answer the questions which the country has been asking on the subject of matriculation standards for the past few years. We congratulate the University that she did at last succeed in "screwing up her courage to the sticking point"--we wish that we could add also, on the success of her reply. But a due regard for truth compels us to draw the line at that. The "reply" was quite unique in its tone and character. It is an example of the old legal saw, "When you have no case, abuse the opposing counsel." In this one particular we believe it to be a success. The editorial of the *World* on the subject is modelled on the Vice-Chancellor's effort, and, like all imitations, contains an exaggeration of the faults, with a lamentable lack of the virtues, of the original. Surely neither the University authorities nor the press of Toronto needs to be told that to shower coarse abuse upon a gentleman of Dr. Grant's character and standing will only do their cause harm. We refrain from making any reply to the statements of Mr. Mulock, because we are anxious to give the Principal a fair field. Without any great desire for a place among the prophets, we venture to predict that when Dr. Grant finishes with Mr. Mulock the latter's feelings will find complete and adequate expression in the complaint of our old friend Aguecheek :

"An I had known he was so cunning of fence"--
The Vice-Chancellor can supply the rest

* * *

We beg to remind the *Canada Presbyterian* that, intentionally or unintentionally, it has treated us very shabbily this year. We did not receive a copy of this paper until after Christmas, and as soon as we received it we gave it an excellent notice. It has seen fit to send us just two copies from that day to this. We cannot believe that this was done otherwise than by accident, but we hope that the age of accidents is past.

* * *

We see by the press that Dr. Grant has just been elected Moderator of the General Assembly. The Assembly honored itself in honoring the Principal, and the only regret that we have at his appointment is that it may prevent his voice being heard on the subject of Jesuitism, titling in Ontario, the teaching of French in our Ontario schools, and kindred subjects.

We cannot conclude our labors as editor-in-chief of this journal without noticing that the time has come when the Celtic and Anglo-Saxon races in this country should make their sentiments and power felt. It is time—and more than time—that it was declared and understood that the English language, and it alone, shall be used as the national speech of this country. The French should be taken out of every court from Cape Breton to Alaska; we say from every court—including the Dominion House. A bi-lingual nation is no nation at all. It is time, and more than time, that Roman Catholicism in every form should be taught that, while it shall be entitled to every right which Protestants claim for themselves, it shall have no right which they have not. It is time, and more than time, that separate schools, except as private institutions, were swept out of existence, and that all classes and creeds of Canadian citizens received one system of education—a system controlled by the state, and influenced by no religious body whatsoever; that the pastors of every denomination shall have the power of giving whatever religious instruction they please to the children of their denomination; but that no sectarian teaching shall be done in school hours. It is time, and more than time, that the Bible—the Word of God, and not a mangled compilation of its books, no matter who does the compiling, should be read every day in the schools of our country, and that no one should be excused from hearing such reading. Upon the supremacy of these principles, and such as these, depends the future welfare of our country, and we believe that the time is near when Canadians from the Atlantic to the Pacific will insist upon their observance. It is not “liberality,” but the most contemptible poltroonery, to concede an iota on points like this to any body of men on earth; and the day is on the wing, if not, indeed, already dawning, when they will be advocated by pulpit, press and people, and obedience to them insisted upon by every class and creed of Canadian citizens.

* * *

“Now hear the end of all the play.”

To our readers each and all, we bid adieu. We are sorry to part from you, but we shall meet again in other and broader spheres of life. For those who predicted our failure we have a smile, for our friends a tear—and to each of our fellow-citizens throughout the Dominion we waft as our last words—

“To thine own self be true!

And it must follow as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man.”

* ASSOCIATE EDITORIALS. *

IT is not all plain sailing as regards federation, at least so far as our sister university is concerned. The opponents of federation are fighting hard for independence and have at least invoked the aid of the courts of

law. There are points as to this course which we do not care to discuss, but we may express our regret that this has been deemed necessary by the parties interested. What the outcome will eventually be no one can conjecture.

We would have liked, however, to see historic Victoria maintain with us an independent position, believing as we do that in this character the church and country would be better served in the matter of higher education than by federation. She has certainly done a magnificent work for nearly half a century, struggling, it is true, against financial difficulties but nevertheless maintaining a high standard of collegiate education.

To us it seems that in entering federation Victoria goes to her death. However, there are those who think differently, who are urging with all haste this movement. Federation, *per se*, is not viewed by some of the advocates as the most desirable end to be attained; it is accepted only as an alternative—for if financial means were forthcoming they would infinitely prefer independence. Here is a point for the Antis., so called. Surely, they hold, there is wealth and spirit enough in the Methodist church to continue and maintain their own university; even now it may not be too late for the alumni and other friends to open their hearts and purses and prevent what many friends of education would deem a calamity. The church and country have derived immense benefit from Victoria university; why, then, should its usefulness be destroyed?

It is said of the late Hon. Mr. McMaster, who so liberally endowed McMaster university, that when asked why, in view of provision being made to federate with Toronto University, he was seeking a charter for an independent university, replied: “I have been an observer for many years of the great benefit conferred by Victoria college on the Methodist church and I am satisfied and hope that what Victoria has done for that church, McMaster can and will do for the Baptist church.” Weighty words from such a man! Surely there must be something wrong when *not one of the other universities in Ontario* can see its way clear to enter federation. Has there not been undue haste in forcing so rapidly a consummation dreaded by so many of Victoria's warmest friends? Make haste slowly, for if once entered there can be no return to independence with honour.

In this discussion a great deal of bitterness, we regret to say, has been evoked and words used that had better not have been uttered. This should not be. For even though the friends of Victoria differ in their opinions, are they not all brethren? Let the spirit of conciliation be more munificent and order may yet emerge out of what now seems confusion.

Again we repeat, let the supporters of Victoria Independent pile up a sum of money to make her so. Imitate, in short, the example of the benefactors of Queen's who in *one year* expressed their opinion of federation by giving \$250,000 with more to come. By doing this they will in the best possible way save Victoria. So may it be.

LITERATURE.

OUR FOOT-BALL TEAM.

WERE a set of foot-ballers as you can see,
Fresh from the midst of a fierce melee,
Tattered and battered all covered with mud,
Ready to use the all cleansing sud.

We've a rattling good team perhaps you don't know it,
But give us a chance and we're ready to show it;
Sometimes we lose but that's not our fault,
Tis' the stupid old referee, not worth his salt.

At half we have Pirie, Twittie and Eek,
And Parkyn with his long kicks plays our full back;
While Smellie and Farrell look after the quarter,
Though compared with the rest they're quite a bit shorter.

In the centre we've Marquis all muscle and bone,
But when in the scrimmage he's not quite alone;
For help he has Cameron, Copeland, Morgan and Chown
Who showed the McGill boys how to "do things up brown."

Then Gillie and Gus, two brothers, have we,
A fine pair of Gandiers, as you easily see;
And Shorty McCammon who by hook or by crook,
Settles disputes not by rules in the book.

And as for our wings they are pretty well feathered,
Six feet if one, when properly measured;
On the right we have Rankin, on the left we play White,
And to see them "get there" is an elegant sight.

THE CANADIAN POETS—CAMERON.

(From King's College Record.)

THE introductory portion of my task is comparatively easy, as the life of the late George Frederick Cameron prefaces his "Lyrics"; I give it as there given.

HIS LIFE.

"George Frederick Cameron, the author of the following poems, the eldest son of James Grant Cameron and Jessie Sutherland, was born in New Glasgow, Nova Scotia, September 24th, 1854. He received his preliminary education at the High School of his native town, and had read the greater part of Virgil and Cicero in the original before his fourteenth year. Even at this age he employed the most of his spare time in poetry. Removing with his family to Boston in the spring of 1869, he entered the Boston University of Law, in 1872. After graduating he entered the law office of Dean, Butler and Abbot in the same city. From this period until 1882 his attention was mainly devoted to literature, and he was a frequent contributor to the *Commercial Bulletin*, *Traveller*, *Courier and Transcript* of the new Athens of America. In 1882 he entered Queen's University and was the prize poet in 1883.

In March of the same year he became editor of the *Kingston News*, which position he held until a few weeks before his death. The latter event took place during a visit to the country, where, on the 17th of September, he expired of heart disease after a few hours sickness. For the last two years of his life he had been greatly troubled with insomnia, getting not more than from two to three hours sleep per night.

He married Ella, the eldest daughter of Billings Amey, Esq., of Millhaven, on the 22nd of August, 1883. His wife and an infant daughter survive him.

That the author did not bubble over in his verse with loyalty to the throne and all it represents was perhaps his infirmity. I tried to persuade him of the advantages such a course would offer to a poor poet like himself, but I regret to say to no purpose. Whether the reason of failure lay in the weakness of the cause or in his want of faith in my sincerity is a moot question with me to this day."

The "Lyrics" are edited by the poet's brother, Chas. J. Cameron, M.A., editor of Queen's College JOURNAL, whose ability and affection entitled him to the fullest sympathy of the now silent singer, and won for him commendation in lines that shew a kinship closer than that of blood.

The following is from the editor's Preface:

In accordance with the last wishes of the author, the first portion of his manuscript is here submitted to your judgment. This volume represents one-fourth of his life work. If it is well received, the rest will follow in due course. This is a Canadian contribution to our common literature, and I hope that it may be thought by the old world a worthy interpreter of our younger and broader national life.

Of the lyrics on Freedom, those on Cuba were written between the ages of fourteen and nineteen, on France about his eighteenth or nineteenth year, and on Russia between then and the time of his death. The verses prefixed to each are from an address written by the author while a student of Queen's University, and inserted as an introduction to that which follows.

In its issue of Friday, Sept. 18th, 1855, the *Montreal Witness* contained, as its first item of Canadian news, the following:

"On Thursday night, George F. Cameron, late editor of the *Kingston News*, died suddenly. He was a graceful writer and a prominent Canadian poet."

This was the sum of the story of his life, so far as the world could tell it. The high position which he took in Canadian literature he won almost in a day, on a few lyrics published in his own paper and in the columns of Queen's College JOURNAL. The preface to this conclusion you will find here.

Young, as the world counts time, at thirty years of age he had run the whole gamut of its pleasures and its pains. There was to him a terrible sameness about it all.

Golden prospects and ominous clouds :
 Impassable walks and level drives :
 Glittering silks and colorless shrouds :
 Flattering records and shattered lives.

These were the elements of its every change, and to his eternal *quid novi*? it had nothing further to answer. So that he who had begun life by being an enthusiast had almost finished it by becoming a cynic.

All heartsick and headsick and weary,
 Sore wounded, oft struck in the strife,
 I ask is there end of this dreary
 Dark pilgrimage called by us life?

I ask, is there end of it—any?
 If any, when comes it anigh?
 I would die, not the one death, but many
 To know and be sure I should die.

To know that somewhere—in the distance,
 When Nature shall take back my breath;
 I shall add up the sum of existence
 And find that its total is—death?

It was impossible, being what he was, that his poetry should be free from occasional pessimism. This was the natural product of the circumstances of his life. It was necessary from the character of the age in which he wrote; it was inevitable from the quality of his own mind.

It is not without meaning that he sings in the last Springtime of his life,

We reach for *rest*, and the world wheels by us
 And leaves us each in our vale of tears;
 Till the green sod covers and nought comes nigh us
 With hopes and fears.

Nor that in its last month we hear him say, as he looks out into the unknown,

For we shall rest. The brain that planned,
 That thought or wrought or well or ill,
 At gaze like Joshua's moon shall stand,
 Not working any work or will;
 While eye, and lip, and heart, and hand
 Shall all be still—shall all be still.

The truest life of a poet is written in his songs. Why then, go further? If they hear not Moses and the prophets,—You know the rest.

From the present he asked nothing; and from the future—but, let him speak for himself:

We only ask it as our share
 That, when your day-star rises clear,
 A perfect splendor in the air,
 A glory ever far and near,
Ye write such words as these—of those who were!

In scanning this Preface a few thoughts suggest themselves. What a prolific pen our author had! If the balance of his work has the merit contained in that be-

fore us, it is unjust to the writer to stipulate that it shall be given to the world only in the event of the "Lyrics" receiving a kind reception. Popular taste neither makes nor mars the poet; it may and does the man, but the singer—never. Add to this that it is a contribution to a literature that is in its formative stage, and its detention becomes a crime. Produce it, it is the writer's due, though the writer himself said,

"And when these musings into verse will flow,
 I hold it right to keep them to myself,
 Nor lumber up my neighbor's groaning shelf!"

There need be little fear as yet that shelves are groaning with Canadian literature.

I hardly like the idea of considering the writer of "Adelphi," "Death," or the "Dedication" to his mother, *blase*. Pessimism may be natural, but when it is acquired by running the gamut of life's pleasures and pains in thirty years, it loses its truth. Such cynicism is questionable, for it is not the result of tired thought, but the outcome merely of overworked energies.

The writer's *quid novi*? The whole of God's creation, the impulse to honest action, the grandeur of making "impassable walks" flowery glades, "level drives" with new verdant beauties at each turn of the wheel; this for answer silent songster! But your own later utterances say more for your honor and are a better explanation than any pen can make for you. Listen to the believer in Nirvana of 1879,

"I would die, not the one death, but many
 To know and be sure I should die."

Compare this utterance of four years later,—

"Oh, I have sinned and I have strayed
 From Thee, the Shepherd of the flock,
 Have scorned Thy guidance, and have made
 Thy law divide a mock.

"But, like the prodigal, my heart—
 Too long undone and desolate—
 Seeks Thine, believing that Thou art
 As good as Thou art great!"

At the close of his "Life" already quoted we find,—
 "Did not bubble over in his verse with loyalty to the throne." Do I read aright? Can any Canadian—true to his birthright—deny his obligation, forget his country's welfare, cavil at the fact that England, as expressed by the word throne, has acted other than as an Alma Mater to her young charge; and now, when her pupil's judgment is called into operation, is there a sign of disaffection? Let the times answer. Introduced discord there may be, but it is the necessary broil to shew the eternal peace.

"There have been kings! There have been kings!
 Proclaim it while it is to-day:
 For, lo! the ages pass away,—
 And men will doubt there were such things
 Ere many centuries decay."

Oh! sleeping songster, Australasia chides you, fellow blood kisses you and remembers your youth.

Would we could have Liberty and not License—Fraternity of Spirit and Equality of Thought. Till then can we hope to see that

“Love is Freedom's strength—
And Peace her chief foundation stone.”

A brief *resume* of the “Lyrics” will be expected of me. Following the division of the “Lyrics” I shall commence with those on Freedom. The incomparable diction of these “Lyrics,” their beauty of form, local coloring, and the verbal dressing oftentimes onomatopoeic in its vividness, cannot wipe out one very grave defect—a defect in the idea. All kings are not tyrants, and if

“Each has a right each is bound to revere,”—

why is not that man's opinion who believes in monarchical government respected by our writer? Losing his common sense in his ideality the writer becomes the tyrant, and they who (from his teaching) endorse his lines, intellectual slaves. The lines are those of a being fighting for Freedom, but what Freedom? Is it possible that the want of mastery over self, the lack of a monarchical principle of self-ruling, first struck the key note which, by the irony of fate, induced utterances so sweeping against logical institutions old as the world? The chivalric bravura of his attack on the Czar, coming from one who had drunk deep of the chalice of despotic misrule, would have been molten condemnation. If I pause a moment and remember they are the lines of our young friend, it is only that I may convince myself how much I enjoy his form, but not the idea it inculcates.

It is too late in the day to ask, What is the aim of poetry? Too often the rhythmic value, verbal melody, unique or beautiful construction, verbal imagery or wealth of illustration charm the taste, and the subject of the picture is forgotten in the admiration of the figures. We can admire any and all of the poetic material I have mentioned in these Lyrics of Freedom, but the subject “Freedom” ceases to bear its old chivalric value. As the age progresses the keen edge of wisdom shall give men a “Freedom” and rescue them from a thralldom more galling than ever inflicted by mortal—to wit, that of Intellectual Slavery.

Lyrics on Love.—These lines are daintily constructed as becomes the subject. The writer of lines so full of filial love as those to his mother which preface the work, so full of the fraternal affection depicted in his “Adelphi,” and lines to his brother and sister, could write at the same time the charming nonsense given us in many of the Lyrics on Love. One stanza from “By the Fountain” may be quoted:

“By the fountain whose pellucid waves within the delicate basin
Daintily tinkling, dropping dreamily, made a music in the ears
Like the echo of some high, some arch-angelic diapason

Drifting downward from the ever-swinging, never-silent spheres.”

Passionately he depicts Time's inability to heal his wound, in an eight-line lyric ending thus:

“I probe my thought and find the mystery lies
In deeming love a merely temporal thing:
Whilst like a beam of light it floats and flies
Upon a weariless wing.”

Sweetly pretty is the lyric, “Away from Me”; and its moral,—

“Judge not by looks, but by immortal merit:
Worth dwells forever in the hidden parts;
And oft the roughest-seeming ones inherit
The very noblest hearts,”—

breathes its spirit.

There is not that intensity of passion which *confreres* of his have possessed, but there is a charming freshness and a happy treating of the subject in its lightest aspect that makes these lyrics as readable as any.

Lyrics in Pleasant Places and Other Places.—A very pleasant part of the book. “Downs and Ups,” from which “Golden Prospects” (given in the preface) is taken, is a strongly terse lyric, but the comparison is too biased in favor of the dark side of the picture. Hope hasn't a place, and he who could write “Fairer than any Future” was for the moment oblivious of Hope's springing eternal. How do I know this? Read “Anticipation,” which by singular good chance follows the gruesome lines,—yes, gruesome,—the clay mouldering beneath, the daisies forgotten overhead, the worms eating the house, but not a mention of the spirit in eternally blissful freedom. A beautiful metaphor in “On Life's Sea,”—

“And now the day goes out the western gate.”

A capital little Impromptu shows the spontaneity of the writer. It is on the national emblem of Nova Scotia, “The Mayflower.”

“You ask me, dear friends, a toast to propose?”

Let me think for a moment—ah, yes! it shall be
The sweet-scented blossom that blooms 'neath the snows,
The sweet little Mayflower for me.

“You may drink to the thistle, the shamrock, the rose,—
May they each bloom on Liberty's shore;
But my toast is the Mayflower that blooms 'neath the snows,
The bonniest, best of the four!”

He betrays a sense of humor twice. I give the first occasion as it is another Impromptu.

“WHAT THEY MEANT.”

“There is a man—an Ishmaelite—
Who never (hardly) does a square thing,
Got drunk, alas! one Sunday night,
Which was—alas! again—no rare thing,
Whose friends all prophesied that he
(Of course they said it not in malice!)

Would break his neck upon a tree,
Or have it broken, so you see
'Twas just the same to you, and me,
And him,—they meant the gallows."

The other is "The Beacon Hill Coquette," which only needs reading to be heartily enjoyed. His opinion of a poet's mission is given negatively in the following lines:

"A singer, I admit: but hath his song
E'er eased the sad, sick soul, e'er dried the eye
Of secret sorrow, bruised the head of wrong,
Or woke the heart to listen to the cry
Of Right downtrodden by the despot-throng?
No? Then, so please you, we will put him by.
He is a poet? Never! I deny
He hath a portion of the sacred rage.
All flowers of speech may bloom upon his page,—
His soft words on my senses idly fall:
Not having any utterance for his age,
He hath no power to stir my blood at all;
So off with him to moulder on the shelf!—
He knows not man, nor any God save self."

If we judge Cameron from his positive standpoint we shall not let his Lyrics or other work "moulder on our shelves." His Sonnets to Nova Scotia might be more properly termed his Farewell to N. S. I only mention them to say that the reader in search of eulogium on Nova Scotia will be disappointed if he looks for it here. Faithfully he recounts the dangers of the seas and his sorrow at leaving his homestead and friends—his admiration and scenic description of his birthplace are doubtless treated of in the work yet to be seen. A lyric on the *Week's* attack on the dead orator, Wendell Phillips, shews his affection for and championship of his friend. His appreciation of a master spirit is manifested in his brilliant eulogium on Shelley thus,—

"Dust unto dust? No, spirit unto spirit."

This lyric is exquisite in form, strict in style, and avoids that exuberance of eulogy too often indulged in by songsters.

"The Way of the World" is one of the strongest numbers of this lyricist's work; not pessimistic, like Bacon's lyric, "Life," but forcibly realistic, its truth induces thought and self-communing, and the highest aim of poetry is attained. A lyric on "Our Boys in the North-West Rebellion" will be a household treasure in any home that boasted a representative in that memorable campaign. "Ysolte" is the longest number in the work, containing perhaps five hundred lines. One stanza exquisitely depicts the enjoyment and loss of something which has given keenest pleasure,—

"He who hath sometime scanned
The stars that gem the sky,
The sea and lovely land—
All beauties that delight the eye,
All things that He hath planned

Or here below or there on high,
And then hath lost his sight,
Hath fuller cup of bitterness
To quaff than he would ever guess
Whose eye hath never seen the light."

Lyrics on Death.—The first of this series was written a few days before his death.

"Draw the dread curtain and enter in!—
In o'er the threshold the millions have trod:
Lose but the dust of the balance, and win—
What a moment ago was the secret of God!"

In a lyric entitled "Rest" we read (he is speaking of a friend at rest),—

"And knew the all that we had need
To know—that God had need of him."

And later (on the death of a child),—

"And won thee from our lower land
To God's high eminence!"

"Death" is perhaps the most impressive lyric in the whole book, full of a sombre beauty,—a dark cloud with this translucent lining,—

"And hold to heaven and that high hope
That death is good in any guise."

Milton's mighty sonnet, "On the Late Massacre in Piemont," has been aptly named a "collect in verse." As justly may we name the lyric "Lord God Almighty" a confession, a self-abasement and heartfelt contrition, closing with this prayerful stanza:

"But like the prodigal, my heart—
Too long undone and desolate—
Seeks Thine, believing that Thou art
As good as Thou art great!"

A fitting prelude to the majestic Gloria of his Easter anthem, "He is Risen."

From his Last Lyrics let me quote the following lines:

"My spring is over, all my summer past:
The autumn closes,—winter now appears:
And I, a helpless leaf before the blast,
Am whirled along amid the eternal years
To realize my hopes—or end my fears."

And this solemn and reverential summing up of the whole matter:

"To God, the Auditor of all accounts,
We shall give up account of all our ill;
And though in men's minds to a mountain it amounts,
Who knows but with His imitateless skill
As recompense
Adding and footing up sin's bill,
He will find pounds of good where man writes pence.
And when I see him I hope and pray
Lifting the hands
That framed all lands
He will say—Benedicite!"

"L'Envoi" (To the Poets of the Past and Future) has a mention in the editor's preface. It has life and speaks.

It is with regret I conclude my review of a work that has so much lyric fervor. Even the author's youthful utterances all but compel one, in admiration of their exquisite form and diction, to lose sight of the incomplete idea; his riper works lose this emotional exuberance and take, first, a more practical ideal, next, a higher form of expression, till at last we feel that when we

"Stood by his bed, and knew that one,
Unseen, beside us held a place,
And waited but for set of sun
To lay cold hand upon his face
And steal its grace,"

we felt further that we

"Knew the all that we had need
To know—that God had need of him."

Nova Scotia, you hold his ashes. Nay, more, you have that of him of which you can shew your appreciation. Honor one who reflects lasting honor on his province.

Canada, read Cameron, for his is no mean name on the scroll of famous men you are now unfurling.

Lovers of verse everywhere, here is one who drew inspiration from "out the secret altar." His hand is stilled, but breathe on his lyre and the sweetest music shall reward you. No great sonorous chords, whose deep vibrations shake the foundations of your being, but rather rippling *arpeggi* of the harp, still vibrating when the instrument is laid aside.

W. HARRY WATTS.

King's College, March 14th, 1889.

✽COLLEGE NEWS.✽

PRINCIPAL GRANT'S ADDRESS TO THE UNIVERSITY COUNCIL.

ON Monday evening, May 27th, a meeting of the University Council was held in the Senate room, when Dr. Grant delivered his second address on the standard of matriculation in Canada.

After referring to his first address, and stating that his aim was not to secure uniformity, but rather the union and harmony of all our educational forces, to secure the best possible results for the whole country, he dealt with the crude conceptions some people had of what is meant by an improved standard, and ridiculed their ideas of education. "Men," said the Principal, "who know what education means desire, not many subjects, but a reasonably accurate knowledge of a few; *non multa, sed multum*."

The Doctor then, combatting the ideas that difficult examination papers are a proof of high standard, held that the fact that a fair percentage of candidates failed to pass the present matriculation did not prove that they would not be able to pass a less decent examination than

the boys of other countries which were further advanced in this matter than Canada. Since, however, we are so deplorably behind, it is time to seek a remedy, and at first we would be inclined to say that this would be found in common action by the Universities. This was the plan adopted in New England, but the result the Principal declared to be not very satisfactory, especially regarding science. But in the meantime it would be well for us to learn a little from the experience of our wideawake neighbors.

Reference was then made to the relation of Toronto with the other Universities regarding matriculation, and the speaker said that he had no hope of the former changing its attitude, and it would, under the circumstances, be a waste of time to make new overtures.

Dr. Grant then went on to say:

"Since concerted action on the part of our Universities cannot be had, what are we to do? I have come to the conclusion that the plan advocated by Professor Dupuis in his address on University Day, 1886, is the one that we should press, viz., that instead of the present July matriculation there should be a "leaving" or final examination for the High Schools and Collegiate Institutes. This would mark the completion of the school life of our boys and girls who do not intend to take a college course. All who pass this examination would receive certificates equivalent in value to that now marked by matriculation, and they could become undergraduates of a university by complying with its special regulations. Each University might hold an examination for scholarships and honors in September, immediately before class work commences, or at any other time it thinks suitable. Let me add emphatically that I would not advocate this plan if the examining board were to consist only of the regular educational machine. I speak of it with all respect, but for his own sake, and the sake of the cause, the Minister of Education should avail himself of other forces. The board should consist principally of representatives of the High Schools and Universities, and include men in whom the whole country would have confidence. The members should receive no remuneration beyond their travelling expenses. Though appointed by the Minister of Education, they ought not to be dependent on him for salary or promotion. They would be responsible to the public and open to criticism, as a political department is not. Besides, anyone could criticize their action without exposing himself to the charge that he was attacking this or that institution. Such a board might somewhat resemble the old Council of Public Instruction, a body that discharged functions that have never been so well discharged since. To this board should be delegated the power of determining the character of the "leaving" examination, as well as of preparing the papers and reading the answers of candidates. It might discharge other functions, but I need not particularize. I confine myself at present to the importance of securing a uniform matriculation or its equivalent, and of creating a body that would adequately

represent the educational life of the Province; that would improve the relations between the various Universities and between them and the High Schools; that would co-operate with the best teachers in liberating the schools from a killing routine and bringing about improved methods of teaching; and that would assist the responsible Minister of Education in doing with the best light that the country could give the unspeakably important work committed to him by the Legislature. The present position is intolerable. I ask you and every friend of education to join in obtaining some such reform as I have indicated. I may add that there is scarcely a single branch of our school system that is not in need of vigorous criticism; but I shall reserve what is to be said on other departments to future occasions."

After the reading of the Principal's paper there was an interesting discussion, in which Messrs. Drummond, Macdonnell and Chown, Professors Williamson, Dupuis, Watson and Dr. Knight took part, and a committee, consisting of the Principal and Rev. Mr. Milligan, was appointed to bring the matter before the Minister of Education. It was also decided to print and circulate the address. The meeting then adjourned until October 16th, 1889.

THE SCIENCE HALL.

PROFESSOR DUPUIS has kindly written for us the following description of the Carruthers Science Hall:

Owing to the present crowded state of the Science Department in Queen's, the Board of Trustees has concluded to proceed at once with the erection of the new Science Hall, for a part of which special provisions were made in the Jubilee Endowment Fund.

The new building will be of stone, 60x124, and will, as far as circumstances allow, be of much the same style as the present college building. It will be divided by a permanent stone wall into two sections, one 60 by 64 and the other 60 square. The larger section will be in the main the chemical section, and the other the physical section, except that the second flat of the physical section and the whole of the attics will be devoted to natural science and biology.

The building will face towards Gordon Street, and will have back entrances for students to all the departments, the entrances being along the north college road. The north end will form the chemical department. The building will be heated with hot water, each section having its own heating apparatus.

Although the architects' plans will be completed for all the departments, it is the intention to finish at present the chemical portion only, the remainder being left until circumstances or some kind friend supplies sufficient funds.

Beginning with the chemical part, there will be in the basement, which will be high and airy, besides the heating apparatus, a store room, an assaying room, a room for special metallurgical operations, and a room in which

will be located a gas engine, a dynamo, an electrolytic apparatus, with reservoirs for oxygen and hydrogen, a condensing pump and an exhaustion pump, and some other pieces of apparatus. This room, in the completed building, will be common in its use to both the chemical and physical departments.

On the first flat are situated an assistant's room, with adjacent store room, a quantitative laboratory, a large lecture room, seated for 150 students, the professors' preparation and private rooms, balance room, etc.

From the main hall of the building we can enter directly into any of the rooms on the first flat except the class room. To enter it we ascend a stairway to a height of seven feet to an elevated hall, from which we enter directly into the class room, at the level of the highest platform. Or from this same elevated hall we go to the second flat of the chemical section, or by an opposite stairway to the second flat of the physical section, which, as has already been said, is given to natural science and biology.

By descending four steps from the main hall, and under the elevated hall, we enter the students' cloak room, which is about 40 feet long by 15 wide. The back entrance opens directly into this. From the cloak room we descend to the basement.

Ascending to the second flat, we have a quantitative laboratory, a medical analytical laboratory, special laboratories for gas and water analysis, assistants' room, store rooms, a ladies' private room, and a library.

The tables in the laboratories will be fitted up in the most modern and improved method. A ventilating shaft and hood upon the table will be common to every four experimenters, and each table will be supplied with water, gas, air pressure, suction and electricity. The ventilation of the laboratories will be solely by means of the ventilating shafts upon the work tables, and the air will be put in motion by a fan driven by the gas engine. We believe that the chemical section, when finished, will be one of the most complete chemical departments in this country.

In the physical department will be found a class room to seat about 80 or 90, an apparatus room divided into sections, a physical laboratory, with work tables and appliances, special rooms for experimentation in optics, acoustics, electricity, etc. But as this section will probably not be completed for a few years it is not necessary at present to say any more about it.

PERSONALS.

PROF. and MRS. MARSHALL have left for England, where they will spend the summer. They were accompanied by Prof. Cappon.

Principal Grant has been unanimously elected Moderator of the Presbyterian General Assembly.

Rev. George Lang, B.A., was married last Wednesday to Miss Belle Renton, of Kingston.

Neil McPherson, '90, is stationed at Portsmouth and Collinsby for the summer months.

Rev. John Hay, B.A., of Campbellford, has received a call to Cobourg Presbyterian church.

In our last number we accidentally omitted the name of Mr. Frank King from the list of B.As.

E. H. Britton, B.A., has closed his law office in Toronto and will shortly take up his residence in Chicago, Ill.

We are glad to report that Dr. W. Downing, who was taken very ill while in England, is now at home improving very quickly.

Rev. F. Johnston, B.A., of Chaumont, N.Y., has received a call to Norwood, N.Y., and it is likely that he will accept it.

Dr. Ada Funnell, '87, of Hamilton, is in Kingston looking after the practice of Dr. Alice McGillivray, '84, who has left for England.

Principal Grant has just announced that he will reply to Vice-Chancellor Mulock next Friday evening before the University Council.

We hear that Fred. Pope, '90, is instructing the youths of Elginburg in the mysteries of football. This is a new departure for our friend Fred.

We congratulate Messrs. J. F. Carmichael, B.A., '87, V. Bain, B.A., '88, and J. Hales, B.A., '88, who have successfully passed their first intermediate examination in law.

We regret to record the death of one of Queen's young and talented graduates, Dr. Thomas B. Scales, B.A., who since graduating has practiced at Gananoque. He graduated from the Royal in 1886, having previously taken an Arts course here.

Gil. Gandier, '91, is preaching at Mattawachan. He reports that the mosquitoes are thicker than cold porridge and as blood thirsty as the average bull dog. Nothing but several charges of buck shot will kill them.

Our elocutionizing friend, J. B. Cochrane, '90, has left Kingston to join a surveying party which will spend some months in the North-West Territories this summer, travelling over the "banks and braces" in that region by the great shoe line.

E. S. Griffin, B.A., '89, has entered the law office of Meredith, Clark & Bowes, of Toronto; J. Madden, B.A., '89, is with Beatty, Cassells, Hamilton & Standish of the same city; P. Mahood, B.A., '89, is in J. Machar's office in Kingston, and F. King, B.A., '89, is in the office of Macdonnell & Mudie.

In the recent first intermediate examination of the Law Society at Toronto, the candidate who headed the list and carried off the \$100 scholarship was W. Stewart, B.A., '79, who is a graduate of Queen's and completely blind. In the examination he was given a separate room where a child read him the questions, to which he replied on a type writer. Queen's is proud of such sons.

We extend our heartfelt sympathy to Rev. G. C. Patterson, M.A., in the recent loss of his beloved wife.

Rev. J. Cormack, B.A., '92, was recently inducted to the Presbyterian church at Maxville.

J. Sharp, '90, has been appointed to the charge of the mission field of Chalk River and Point Alexander.

A. G. Farrell, B.A., '86, is getting ready for a bold venture. Look out for squalls.

LATER—The squall has arrived just as we go to press. To-day he has taken for his better half Miss Belle Dick, of Kingston, who is well known among the students as an exceptionally attractive and accomplished young lady. Mr. Farrell must be congratulated on his wise choice. J. Miller, B.A., '86, officiated as groomsman.

E. H. Russell, B.A., took part in the opera "Bells of Corneville," recently presented by amateurs in Kingston. His acting and singing was greatly admired. Didn't we tell you so. Gumdrops!

S. Chown, B.A., has been preaching about 20 miles from Kingston—out Division street somewhere. He leaves for Japan next August.

T. H. Farrell, B.A., '89, and A. E. Lavell, '91, left two weeks ago on a cruise down the Rideau. They were well armed with mosquito nets and cooking utensils. Poor beggars!

Miss Minnie Chambers, '91, is spending this month in Ottawa, after which she will go to St. Catharines, where she will remain till college re-opens.

W. S. Morden, B.A., '88, is in the law office of Clute and Williams, Belleville, and says he enjoys his work.

A. M. Fenwick, '90, was seen not long ago going along with a tin box, an umbrella (This is of the orthodox style. It is a great big white one lined with green and had a cross-eyed handle.) and a girl. He told us afterwards he had been out botanizing and did a lot of pressing in the evening. No doubt!!!!

Dan Strachan, B.A., '89, is grinding away at Hebrew at his home in Rockwood. He says it's funny if you feel that way.

J. G. Potter was duly inducted pastor of the Presbyterian congregation of Merrickville a few weeks ago. His father, mother, brother and sister came all the way from Halifax, N.S., to see their son and brother settled in his first charge.

Rev. Alf. Gandier, M.A., B.D., who for the past two years has been studying at Edinburg, has accepted the call tendered by the Presbyterian church at Brampton. He expects to take charge in September.

Dan. R. Drummond, '89, is in charge of the spiritual and intellectual welfare of the inhabitants of Kalestino, N.W.T.

Rev. Orr Bennett, B.A., was ordained as a minister of the Gospel in St. Paul's, Peterboro, on May 22nd. Mr. Bennett's field of labor for the present is the mission station of Minden.

G. E. Hartwell, '88, has successfully passed the examinations of the first year in the Drew theological seminary, New Jersey. Mr. Hartwell is at present engaged in mission work in New York.

Rev. Roderick McKay, B.D., '86, was inducted pastor of the Presbyterian congregation of Bromley a short time ago. The induction services were participated in by Revs. W. J. Drummond, '85; R. G. Lang, '85; A. Patterson, '84, and D. J. McLean, '55.

We have received from Rev. J. P. McNaughton, B.A., '84, of Smyrna, Turkey-in-Asia, a letter enclosing his subscription fee for the JOURNAL, and as it may prove interesting to many of our readers we publish a part of it. After referring to the enclosure and his delay in remitting it he writes: "Please do not think I had any idea of beating you out of the amount, although I suppose I could do that, and as that is the principle generally in vogue in this country it would be the most natural way of *showing my gratitude*. The reason I have delayed so long was that I was not in possession of anything that might serve as a medium of exchange in America unless I expressed a part of my wardrobe or a box of figs. In looking about among the many money changers of this city, what do you think I found? A real, live, Yankee one dollar note. I can hardly tell you with what avidity I seized it and clasped it to my bosom as an old familiar friend. With a good deal of *heart ache* I part with it, not, of course, on account of its intrinsic value, that is a little thing, but on account of the associations." This interesting letter closes as follows: "Distance has not in the least abated my love for good old Queen's, nor my respect for the *dear JOURNAL*, nor my esteem for the editors and treasurer. Though I have little time for reading I always manage to take an hour when the JOURNAL presents its dear old face. Let me in closing send you all the salaams of the sultan and sublime porte." We are greatly indebted to Jim for the salaams, the dollar, and especially for his encouraging letter, which is worth a number of dollars and comes to us as a refreshing drop of dew after a long drought. We would be glad to receive more drops of dew flavored, of course, with "a real live note."

COLLEGE WORLD.

YALE has sent out thirteen thousand four hundred and forty-four students.

Princeton is to have a chemical hall to cost \$80,000.

The University of Oxford has appliances for printing 150 different languages.

Four hundred colored teachers have lately been examined at Atlanta, Ga., for license to teach.

The Argentine Republic has two Government Universities which rank with Yale and Harvard in curriculums and standards of education.

The University of Mexico is the oldest university in America. It was founded fifty years before Harvard.

The University of Pennsylvania is to have the largest dormitory in the United States. It will cost \$125,000.

An industrial college for women has been founded at Wayne, Pa., at a cost of \$1,500,000, by A. J. Drexel, the New York banker.

A feature of the gymnasium exhibition at Bates College will be a fencing match between a gentleman and a young lady of '91.

The Methodists are about to invade the Mormon territory and establish a University at Ogden, Utah, where large grants of land have been made to them.

The highest prizes, at the examination held by the Irish Royal College of Surgeons, in descriptive and practical anatomy, have been awarded to two lady students.

In England there is only one undergraduate college paper published, the *Review* of Oxford University. In the United States there are nearly 200, and in Canada 22.

Efforts are being made to raise \$100,000 for the endowment of a chair of protection to be inaugurated at Yale University. The iron men of Pittsburg are said to be subscribing to the fund.

The department of biology in the University of Pennsylvania is hereafter to be a separate school, with four years instead of a two years' course. Its graduates will receive an appropriate degree.

Colby is to have a new observatory and physical laboratory to cost about \$15,000. It is the gift of Colonel R. C. Shannon, of New York, an alumnus of the college, and member of the class of '62.

Fisk University, at Nashville, Tenn., has just completed a new gymnasium, the only one for colored people in the world. A fireproof library building with a capacity for 130,000 volumes, is now being erected. The Freshman class numbers nearly 200.

COLLEGE NOTES.

The members of the JOURNAL staff are requested to return their sanction keys to the Secy.-Treas. as soon as possible.

The cinder track has been completed, and altogether looks very well indeed. Hereafter the sports are to be held on the University grounds, instead of in the park, as formerly.

We regret that we were unable to publish in our last issue the valedictory of Dr. Norman Grant. It was unusually interesting, and contained many useful and timely suggestions.

The will of the late Dr. Day, of Fullerton, bequeaths the whole of his estate, valued at \$10,000, to his sister during her lifetime, after which it goes absolutely to Queen's University.

It would greatly help the management of the JOURNAL if the fifty subscribers who have not as yet sent us the necessary dollar would do so without further delay, so as to make it possible to close the business connected with this session's publication at once.

The University authorities have been considering the advisability of building a number of houses for the Professors upon college property. If their intention is carried out, in all probability the buildings will be placed in a row east of the drill shed, facing Gordon Street. This, of course, will not take place till the shed is removed.

We understand that a concert was given at Iroquois recently by some fellows calling themselves the Queen's University Glee Club. We do not know the names of any of the performers, but we do know that the above named club did *not* sing anywhere this year since College closed. We hope no more towns will be imposed upon in this way.

Mr. Lane received from I. Kohler, publisher, No. 911 Arch street, Philadelphia, an interesting work entitled "German for Americans." It is written by Dr. Jacob Mayer, a scholar of undoubted ability and a recognized authority in his especial department of Modern Languages. In his preface the author explains that his object is not to produce a new German grammar, but rather to present the language in such a manner as to render it possible for students to acquire a general knowledge of it in as short a time as possible. This we believe he has succeeded in doing, and we cordially recommend the work to those of our readers who are interested in this study. Price, in cloth, \$1.

The faculty of the Royal Medical College has made arrangements for putting the college buildings into first-class order during the vacation. The large apartment heretofore used for gymnasium purposes is to be refitted as a pathological museum and lecture room, and as soon as the Science Hall is built the present practical chemistry class room will be at the disposal of the medical authorities, rendering the college complete in all branches and up to every modern requirement. The various class rooms will be entirely refitted and refurnished and made both convenient and comfortable. These improvements augur well for the success of the old Royal, and will be heard of with delight by her sons.

✱DE*NOBIS*NOBILIBUS.*

HERE is something which the writer has the cheek to call a poem. We acknowledge that it is slightly out of season. But the fact is we were scared to publish it until the parties interested had got out. As they are now enjoying their vacation, here goes:

A SCENE ON THE CAMPUS.

The high winds blow,
And whirl the snow
Across the campus wide,
Drifts fill the path;
We nurse our wrath,
And wade the frozen tide.

The wind blows high.
Alas, the tie,
That held a maiden's hat,
Has proven false;
And for a waltz,
The coiffure goes like "scat."

Slowly at first,
In craft well versed,
It moved, to tempt a chase;
But soon with bound,
And rushing sound,
Alone it ran apace.

With tears bedewed,
Helpless she stood,
Watching its mad career.
She little thought,
Her plight had brought,
A willing helper near.

Ho! now the fun
Has just begun:
A race 'twixt hat and man.
O, which shall win?
To miss were sin;
At headlong pace he ran.

Ah! maidens' smiles
Can make short miles;
The hat he soon o'ertook,
And panting back
He came. Alack!
Crushed hat, but joyous look.

Bright face did meet,
And kind words greet,
The gallant's glad return.
Such double pay,
Not every day,
His deeds of kindness earn.

His willing aid,
Ten times o'erpaid
With hearty word and look.
The hat in place,
With beaming face,
His homeward way he took.

Shortly before college closed a very exemplary sophomore one evening was entertaining his fellow boarders by endeavoring to imitate, to an exaggerated degree, the conduct of a highly excited "drunk." In the midst of the

performance one of the audience slipped from the room and gravely informed the landlady that "A—— was away off." The astonished woman, after convincing herself by a glance through the key-hole that such was the case, rushed forth in a search after a "peeler," leaving the heartless informant in convulsions in the hall. After a vain search, however, the landlady returned and received the assurance from the sympathetic student that his unfortunate friend would be watched all night. Next morning at the breakfast table the irate woman charged A—— with having been intoxicated, and asked him what he was going to do about it. Denials were of no avail, protestations of innocence fell to the ground unheeded and the audience of the previous evening now shook their heads gravely and heaved long drawn sighs much to the successful actor's astonishment. After the interview, however, the perplexed landlady suspecting a joke set out to find the Principal to ascertain something definite about A——'s character, and when she found out that he was a Y. M. C. A. young man studying for the ministry she decided to try him a little while longer.

WE WOULD LIKE TO KNOW—

Who struck Billy Patterson.
At what date a freshman becomes a sophomore.
If Victoria will stay injunctioned.
If the federationists ever got left.
How many Queen's men belong to the Collegiate Institute foot-ball team.
What's going to be done with the drill shed.
How many lady freshmen we will have next session.
A sure cure for toothache.
Who will run this periodical next session.
If new window curtains will soon turn up.
Who can provide the Sec'y-Treas. with copies of No. 12 of Vol. XIII and No. 1 of Vol. XV.
When John is going to get his degree.
Why the dickens———

WHAT THEY ARE SAYING.

Wha-at are the diveesions of the Bible?
D. STR—N.
It greaved me so to leave Division street.
T—LLM—N.
Who got that joke off about South Wales?
A. G. HAY.
I wonder what is the botanical name for burdocks. Is it *rhubarbium vulgus*?
A. M. F—NW—K.
Oh say, did you ever hear Queen St. church choir?
Talk about your Pattis and Albanis. Huh!
W. N—K—LE.

Before retiring, the De Nobis man wishes to congratulate himself and his readers on account of being still extant. Notwithstanding the fact that during the session he was continually stepping on A's soft corns, or rubbing B's fur the wrong way, or trifling with C's tender passion, or putting his foot into D's pie and making himself generally obnoxious; notwithstanding the fact that private detectives, lady students, the janitor and bull dogs have been put on his track in the vain endeavour to apprehend and pulverize him; notwithstanding the fact that he has had to chain up his conscience and smother all sentimental ideas of sympathy and charity; notwithstanding all these facts he is still on this terrestrial planet alive and kicking. He really expected to be assassinated several times before reaching this eventful moment. He is indeed rather disappointed in not having been so used, but is bearing the disappointment with heroic fortitude and patience, in the hope that greater deference will be shown his successor.

With all his faults he is assured that many readers of this influential journal still regard him with affectionate and fraternal interest. He assures them that their sentiments are reciprocated, although he is quite aware that this is not the universal opinion which would make him a modern Ishmael. They are on the wrong track who think so. The De Nobis man of next session will be second edition of the present one, who, however, by virtue of his experience now gives the former the following directions:

Be outwardly all love, good humor and sympathy, but inwardly—adamant.

Publish everything you sincerely believe the parties interested would rather keep private.

If you cannot get a practical joke of actual occurrence in which to implicate a victim, manufacture one.

Stick to the truth rigidly when you can't help it.

Make as many people as possible uncomfortable and endeavour to keep them so.

On the whole the prospects for a successful De Nobis column next year are very good indeed, and the present responsible party hands over the sceptre and things with very little regret. Before climbing down from his high roost, he wants to say that after all he has rather enjoyed his regime, for the narrow escapes incident thereto made things rather exciting at times. He would also like to say that the forty-nine students who have been unfortunate enough to be suspected are entirely innocent and have had nothing at all to do with this column. The guilty one has not yet been discovered. He is ubiquitous but there is no use in hunting for him, for he has positive proof that will certainly exonerate himself and convict several others among whom is a professor. *Au revoir.*

The executive committee of the Canadian Press Association has decided to accept an invitation from St. John, N.B., to attend the summer carnival at that place. The annual meeting will be held in Toronto on Thursday, July 18th, and the excursionists will leave Toronto that night.

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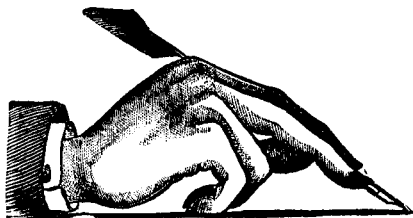
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